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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE NEGRO EMPIRE OF HAÏTI: SPECULATIONS POLITICAL AND POETICAL.

POLITICIANS, who love to contemplate events on a great scale, have within these few years seen a succession to their heart's desire. They have witnessed the fall of ancient monarchies, and the establishment of new: they have beheld those new ones fail, and have contemplated the consequences, so far as they are hitherto developed. But there remains one of these novelties, more striking than any of the rest, from the circumstances which attend it; and this to the eye of the sagacious, offers results, perhaps not very proximate,—perhaps too, not very distant,—in which a larger portion of mankind is concerned, than the generality of those who pass for well-informed allow themselves to believe.

It is no more than natural, that Europeans should feel the most lively interest in events of which Europe has been the theatre; and the British isles, by their adjacency to the principal seat of revolutionary ferocity, have been occupied most intensely with the scenes passing immediately around them. The consequences left by those scenes shrink into diminished proportion when compared with what the intelligent are inclined to predict as probable, from the new condition in which a part of our species heretofore considered as property—absolute property—now find themselves. The Negro kingdom of Haïti is one of those extraordinary incidents in the history of mankind to which attention will be drawn, sooner or later, if not by its peculiarity yet by its importance. It took its birth amidst the most horrid of political convulsions; jealousy and revenge were its parents; fire and massacre were its sponsors; devastation and ruin were its guardians, and its tutors were barbarous chiefs, rendered still more barbarous by the keen sense of treason and treachery practised against them, from which they barely escaped; and of oppression, the wounds of which they still retained, not skin deep, but deep in their flesh. In its earliest infancy this singular community resisted with complete effect the most mighty efforts of its mother country, Imperial France. Buonaparte sent thither, under his brother-in-law, and one of his ablest generals, General Le Clerc, a force of 35,000 men; and to this he added reinforcements exceeding 20,000. They perished. More than 25,000 preceded General Le Clerc to the grave; and the whole number that fell victims to the attempt against Haïti, in the short space of thirty-four months, amounted to 62,500.

It is not to the military skill alone of this negro population, that this effectual defeat of a powerful and inveterate adversary should be attributed: the nature of the climate, with the inevitable severities of the service, induced diseases, rapidly extended them throughout the army, and rendered them peculiarly fatal. We have now, therefore, to contemplate this race of blacks as left to themselves, and no longer compressed by apprehension, or swayed by the alternations of hope and fear. What is their policy, when thus at liberty? This is a question for the meditation of statesmen. What is their literature?—and what character is it most likely to present? This rather meets our present purpose; and is more susceptible of a definitive answer. And yet, in truth, these questions are more intimately related than the judicious have hitherto inclined to admit; and, because this relation has been overlooked in some late speculations on the subject, we shall here introduce a few words respecting it. Our readers know that St. Domingo, the former name of the island of Haïti, was divided, as property, between the French and the Spaniards; and that the French part of the island is that which has destroyed, or expelled, its former masters, and assumed independence as a state. That portion of it to which we immediately refer has already seen three chiefs, of whom two have caused themselves to be crowned as kings, (or emperors), have exercised the power and prerogatives of royalty, and have enacted laws and originated constitutions, with all the forms and

phrases of unquestioned and unquestionable monarchs. The first king was Dessalines, who was crowned emperor, Oct. 8, 1804, under the name of Jacques I. He was killed on the 17th of October, 1806. The second emperor is the now reigning sovereign, who was crowned June 2, 1811, under the name of Henry I. The character and policy of this chief deserves attention.

We are not about to estimate his military character; nor, properly speaking, that of his internal government: it is enough for us to recal to mind, that he was originally a French slave; that French was the language spoken by his masters, and by the population of which he is now the head; in short, French was his mother tongue. Yet does this Negro emperor prefer the language, the dress, the manners, the appearance, and the institutions of the English. When commander of Cape François, under Toussaint L'Overture, the first of the three chiefs, he gave public dinners, to which the British officers within distance were invited; and his conversation was always in English, which he speaks with considerable fluency. His dress, when he dresses to please himself, is the Windsor uniform. He is ambitious to commit the conduct of his public institutions to Englishmen. Dr. Stuart has the care of his military hospital; he has established parochial schools for the instruction of children, on the principles of Bell and Lancaster; and these are superintended by Englishmen. In these the English language is taught; and the scholars read and write, and perform their exercises in this language. In short, this language receives every encouragement in the power of the king, that is calculated to render it popular. The children of the public functionaries are *expected* to be well versed in English; and the influence of fashion, as adopted among the higher ranks, is, even on the mind of a negro, incalculable and indelible. If any ask, What has this to do with policy? it might be asked in reply—Whether the blue mountains of Jamaica are not visible from Haïti; and what is the language of the black population on that island? Moreover, what language is likely to be spoken among their descendants, all of whom *must* be born on the island, no fresh importations by which the dialects of Africa might be refreshed or renewed, being permitted. A more extended enquiry would ask, also, What is the language of the black population in America? of that numerous body of oppressed individuals which has not now to learn its own preponderance in point of numbers in Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas, &c.? The various African dialects of these slaves are so numerous and so heterogeneous, that the most accomplished emissary could never make himself intelligible to all who speak them; but let him address them in a language they all understand—they all *must* understand—and preface his elocution by the words "LIBERTY and EQUALITY," the consequences cannot possibly be doubtful.

Even at this moment, if we may believe Mr. Bristed, who is no hesitating partizan of America, or Mr. Randolph, the Virginian, from whose speech in Congress he borrows his information, "whenever the midnight bell tolls the alarm of fire in any of the towns or cities of Virginia, every mother clasps her infant to her bosom, in agonizing expectation that the tocsin is sounding the cry of a general negro insurrection, and warning the devoted victims of the near approach of indiscriminate pillage, rape, murder, and conflagration."—BRISTED's *Statistical View of America*, page 390.—Is this true *now?* What will it be when the ships of Imperial Haïti shall display their colours in the ports of the United States, and when it will be no longer possible to conceal from the most illiterate slave in the most remote back settlements, that there exists an empire governed by kings of his own caste, and in which subjects of his own colour are free, by habit, by privilege, by the constitution? Those who think, that when the vessels of Haïti are in condition to cross the Ocean, they will direct their prows eastward to the country of negro ancestors, have taken a very different view of Haïtiean policy, from ourselves. The cultivation of the English language can facilitate neither communication nor invitation at Guinea, or Congo, with the royal stem of Dahomey, with the Jaloffs, the Foulahs, the Soosees, or any other tribe of African population; but with the manacled inhabitants of the Antilles, of the Floridas, of the southern provinces of North America, it is a necessary preliminary to confidential intercourse.

It is no part of our present purpose to consider with what policy this possibility should be met. To us, futurity is a blank; nor dare we presume to lift up so much as a corner of the veil by which it is concealed from mortal ken. But while mutability so strongly character-

izes, as of late, whatever appertains to our globe and its mortal inhabitants; and while we have before us the most wonderful instances of the most inconceivable changes, involving not individuals only, but empires, we must be allowed to think nothing so unlikely that it cannot happen, and nothing impossible, because we can at this moment discern no immediate or direct connection between what is obvious, and, as it were, tangible, and what is yet in embryo, in the womb of time. Nor shall we allow ourselves here to speculate on the eventual advantages or disadvantages of extending liberty throughout the black races of men. This, however, we may be allowed to affirm, that the moral and religious culture of the human mind, under whatever anticipations, and in whatever station of life, can do no harm, and must do good: and it is enough to ask, under this view of the subject, whether any one would rather fall into the hands of an absolute barbarian, void of every principle, or into those directed by a mind imbued with the softening influences of Christianity?—But we turn to our more immediate object.——

A truce with politics and political events, on a large scale: a thousand incidents may intervene to annul the most plausible theories framed by human foresight; we, therefore, now direct our attention to existing circumstances. The religion of Haïti is the Roman Catholic; and the clergy are established and endowed by the state. This should seem to imply the preservation of as much Christianity, and as much Latin, as may at least serve to secure the performance of ecclesiastical offices. But the literature of the more liberal spirits and of the writers of Haïti, is derived from that very defective and perverted French school of poetry and imagination which degraded the later days of Louis XIV. Nothing can be done without the intervention of heathen deities; Jupiter and Apollo, Minerva and Venus, no longer confined to the regions of the East, to Olympus or Ida, to Athens or Rome, their natural establishments, now actuate the sable armies of Haïtiean patriots; and display their powers as divinities at Port-au-Prince, or Cape François.—Milcent's Ode on the taking of the Mole affords distinct evidence of this: the invocation of the second strophe may be quoted as an instance:

Quel *inconcevable* délire
Me transporte au sacré vallon?
Quel dieu fait résonner ma lyre?
Est-ce toi, divin APOLLON?
Non! c'est l'Ange de la patrie
Qui vient à ma MUSE enhardie
Apporter d'immortels crayons.
Flambeau de ce brûlant tropique,
Soleil! à ma verve héroique
Prête l'eclat de tes rayons.
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Qu' entends-je, O ciel! quel bruit horrible
Fait retentir l'air en tous lieux?
JUPITER n'est pas plus terrible,
Quand sa main ébranle les cieux.

Here we have Jupiter, Apollo, and the Muse, all duly registered in the true taste of French heroics: in another poem, addressed to a mistress, we find the Goddesses of antiquity introduced with equal propriety, and more than equal felicity: were the country of the writer unknown, the piece would certainly be assigned to some *bel esprit* of Paris, and its saloons of good company.

Il est une jeune beauté
Prés de qui Vénus n'est plus belle,
Qui par ses graces, sa bonté,
Soumet le cœur le plus rebelle.
Je sais que la Reine des cieux
En conçoit de la jalousie;
Que Minerve lui porte envie,
Et que de son char radieux
Phébus ralentit la vitesse,
Pour contempler avec ivresse
Son port noble et majestueux,
Et sa taille svelte et divine,
Et ses yeux plus vifs que l'eclair.

What adequate conception can we form of a swart beauty, by whose side Venus is no longer beautiful—of whom Juno, though the queen of heaven, is jealous—and Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, is envious? These three female deities, who strove together on Mount Ida for the prize of beauty, might strive in vain, it seems, in competition with this fair of Haïti; and Phœbus, sly fellow, thinks nothing of his crime in delaying to enlighten half the world, while a damsel so majestic of carriage, yet so slender of figure, intoxicates him with admiration.

After all, there is not a word of truth in this envy, and jealousy, and rivalship; for another poet sings in directly contrary strains, in praise of a young charmer whom he calls Celestina:

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Tu reçus de chacune d'elles
Un don qui fait voler les amours sur tes pas.
Tes sourcils, tes cheveux d'ébène,
Ne sont-ils pas de la Nuit un présent?
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La perle qui fait l'ornement
Et de tes yeux et de ta bouche.
Lorsque la pudeur s'effarouche,

Les roses de ton coloris
Decelent les bienfaits de Flore.
Ton air est de Junon ; et ces pieds si jolis
De la nymphe des bois sont des faveurs encore.
La Mère des amours a placé dans tes mains
Ce trait qui charme quand il blesse ;
Et pour te préserver des pieges des humains,
Minerve dans ton cœur fit germer la sagesse.

Unquestionably this is the more civil piece of the two; and the lady is described with a much greater number of accomplishments, and with charms mental as well as personal. It seems that Night made her a present of her black hair and black eye-brows; while Aurora, who always follows Night, not to come behind in her gifts, bestowed the pearls which glisten in her eyes and mouth; and Flora, when her lover breathes a whisper too ardent, bestrews her black cheeks with blushing roses. Blushes not seldom betray secrets; but let not her lover presume; Minerva has endowed her heart with wisdom, and wisdom is an effectual security, when consulted, in such cases: certainly not less than the dread inspired by a Junonian air of majesty, and the terrific dart of Cupid, committed to her hand by Venus; a dart that while it wounds delights:

Tela mea dedi blando medicata veneno.

If the following is not a copy from some French madrigal of the last century, it is a close imitation: the original was certainly penned by the side of the Seine:—*n'importe;* it is now naturalized in Haïti; and a thousand young enchantresses, black as ebony, smile with graceful self-complacency, when flattered with being the subject of the portrait painted by the God of Love, and so delightfully sung by a poet of their own island.

Un jour d'été proche d'une onde claire,
Dormait Adèle à l'ombre d'un ormeau ;
L'Amour la vit ; et prenant un pinceau,
En souriant, il peignit la bergère.
Puis aussitôt, s'envolant à Cythère,
A mille amans il offrit le tableau.
En l'admirant, chacun dit, *sans mystere :*
" Amour, voilà le portrait de ta mère."

To complete this picture, the reader should recollect the national forms and features of these *belles negresses.* We are accustomed, unhappy mortals as we are, to consider these black specimens of the fair sex as combining flat noses, prominent cheeks, thick lips, sunken eyes, woolly hair, with a long train of *et ceteras,* essentially different from those disclosed by the Venus of Medicis—

The bashful statue that enchants the world!

Must, then, the goddess yield to these more favoured mortals? What was, as Minerva fleeringly reported, the scratching her hand by the buckle of a new zone to this?—or what the wound inflicted by the too hardy Diomed? In vain shall the " snowy arm'd Venus" again attempt to solicit by embrace—

— et niveis hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis
Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet——

the sable Celestinas and Adelaides of Haïti have arms more flexible and seductive:—no longer let her boast

—— the bloom of young desire,
The purple light of love:

in the cheeks of these darker goddesses glow more captivating tints, the gifts of Flora. Let Venus transfer her cestus; these more than rivals, these *victrices,* will wear it with a grace infinitely superior; and to these must the queen of smiles and soft desires resign the strongly contested prize of Ida; nor longer retain the apple inscribed—" *à la plus belle:*" we need no Paris now, to be, as Ovid calls him, *Arbiter Formæ.*

Nothing can be more suitable than the prejudice of every country in favour of the beauty produced among its own inhabitants. The European boasts the captivating form and the delicate tincture of his mistress; the Asiatic calls the European complexion cold, and sighs for the warmer hues inspired by a more ardent sun: while the sooty African rejoices in the exquisite blackness of his irresistible mate, and deems the line of facial beauty absolutely the reverse of that adopted among the Greeks, in the figures of their celestials. The very Hottentots have their beauties; and Vaillant describes his favourite Narina as mistress of " a countenance altogether enchanting; she had the freshest and most beautiful teeth in the world; her person was slender and elegant, and her shape, formed to inspire love, might have served as a model to the pencil of Albano. She was the youngest of the graces, under the figure of a Hottentot." Equally elegant and excellent!—the blind English populace saw nothing of this, in either Martha or Mary, who some years ago were brought over by the Missionary Society, and attracted the gaze of all London, though not as personifying either of the graces. Since that time the notorious " Hottentot Venus" exposed herself to the curious, and died at Paris, where her dissection afforded a treat to the inquisitive in nonnaturals, and stands recorded in the imperishable archives of science. It is well

that Hottentot men should be partial to Hottentot women: "Like loves like," says the proverb; but Vaillant was a Frenchman — hence his gallantry and his praise of Narina. It must be recollected, that in language entirely, and in manners almost entirely, the tribes of Haïti are Frenchmen too. They delight in dignities and titles: they have their Count Limonade and Count Marmalade; a hereditary nobility, consisting of two princes, exclusive of the blood royal, eight dukes, eighteen earls, thirty-two barons, and eight chevaliers. They have a royal and military order (of St. Henry), and the staff of the army comprises six grand marshals, fifteen field marshals, eight lieutenant-generals, six major-generals, and one hundred field officers. It is no bad type of their character, that "the dresses of velvet most magnificently embroidered, which not long ago arrayed the most noble senators of the most noble senate, representatives of the most powerful nation in the world, being no longer in request at Paris, have found their way to Haïti, and now adorn the persons of the representatives of the various departments in the monarchy of his Majesty the Emperor Henry the First.

Their dresses, then, are French at second hand; their language is also French at second hand; their style *was* French at second hand (it is now somewhat improved, *i. e.* the bombast is diminished, by Christophe): what their poetry is, the reader has seen. What second hand French, engrafted on colonial English, may ultimately produce, can only be the subject of unconnected conjecture. In what negro blood and talents, amalgamated with French loquacity and restlessness, and modified by English instruction and institutions, may eventually issue, who shall be bold enough to determine? Here, then, we must close: at present, these Haïtieans are justly proud of the beauty of their native island, and of its rich productions: not omitting their poetry, also, of which the following is evidence:

Au rang des nations Haïti rappellée,
Du sommet d'Helicon sera-t-elle exilée?
La nature en ces lieux étale à chaque pas
Les biens qu'elle dispense aux plus heureux climats;
Sa bonté libérale, aux charmes de la vie,
Ajoute les présens qui suivent le génie.
* * * * * * * *
De tes roseaux sucrés vante-nous la douceur;
Exalte du Caffé l'agréable saveur,
Du Coton dépouillé du fardeau de sa laine
L'étonnante blancheur . . . . .
Sous ces vastes berceaux je vois la Grenadille;
J'unis ses grains de laque au nectar qui petille;
Je brise le Coco; son amande me plait;
J'en prise la blancheur, j'en savoure le lait.
C'est en vain qu'Apollon, dans sa carrière ardente,
Epand sur moi les flots d'une flamme brulante,
Je goûte la fraicheur sous ces Bananiers verds;
Beaux arbres, aux mortels vous serez toujours chers.
C'est peu de me donner un aliment solide:
Vous offrez à ma soif une liqueur limpide;
Vous dérobez mon front aux ardeurs du soleil,
Et préparez un lit, propice a mon sommeil.
Ah! si jamais du ciel la bonté liberale,
Livre à mes vœux une coin de ma terre natale,
Chers Bananiers, au bord d'un tranquille ruisseau,
Je vous réserverai l'asile le plus beau . . . . .

ON THE PHŒNIX OF THE ANCIENTS.

MR. EDITOR,

ON perusing your last Number, p. 83, I was much struck with a couple of paragraphs in reference to comets; they have determined me to throw together a few thoughts which are not the mere effusions of the moment, but have been revolving in my mind for some time past.

Within the memory of man the number of known comets attached to our system has been greatly multiplied, by the diligence of observers, and they have been found moving in all parts of the heavens; but the majority of them are discovered only by professional men, and by means of powerful instruments. Now and then, indeed, the public is favoured with the appearance of one visible to the naked eye; and the splendid visitant is freely gazed at by all whose curiosity impels them to this easy gratification.

Comets formerly were occasions of alarm: they were supposed to announce evils of every kind, and in long succession: chiefly, were states and empires, rulers and governors, concerned in their predictions; and, they "with fear of change perplexed monarchs," worse than eclipses. Modern days hold different opinions; they are now objects of expectation, as well as subjects of record. Their appearances are studied; their

places are ascertained; their orbits are delineated; their periods are calculated; and neither the learned nor the unlearned express the smallest degree of terror at their splendor, or of anxiety at their forms, once so portentous! Astronomy finds great variety, and great dissimilarity in their respective periods; and we are lately informed by the public journals, that one which has been repeatedly seen and examined, must be struck out from the list of comets, and be admitted to take its station among the planets of our system. It moves in a regular orbit around the sun; which never ranges beyond that of the planet Jupiter: its period is about three years and a quarter: it has become visible in the years 1786, 1795, 1801, 1805, and 1818-19. It crosses the orbit of the earth very frequently.

That these heavenly bodies appear under different shapes, according to the aspect and position in which they are viewed by beholders, is well known; and that a lively fancy, or an excited imagination, may liken them to objects more terrestrial, and more familiar to observers, is unquestionable. Hence we read accounts of blazing stars being *bearded*, or assuming the form of *flaming swords*, or being *lance-shaped;* with a variety of other ideal resemblances found or feigned. The same has been the disposition of mankind in all ages; but, different ages, and different parts of the world, would fix on different objects of comparison; and would find likenesses according to their modes of thinking, to the turns and figurative expressions of their language, to the popular belief, or superstition of their country, and to those habits—those invincible habits—which result from professional studies, or which fix themselves on the mind, in consequence of notions pre-conceived, or of conceptions and contemplations too long continued, or too deeply indulged.

What shall we think of that imagination which first peopled the path of the celestial luminaries with animals? Where is the resemblance between the stars which compose the sign Aries, and a Ram? or, the sign Taurus, and a Bull? or, the sign Leo, and a Lion? The most vigorous fancy is foiled, when a similarity of form or likeness is in question. Nor are animals only placed in the heavens; the constellations of the Pleiades, or the Doves, of the Eagle, of the Swan, bear witness that birds also partake in the honours of this celestial exaltation. We touch now on the explanation of an article that has been concealed under a similar configuration for some thousands of years: for, if astronomical fancy could find birds among the fixed stars, where is the wonder that it should find the likeness of a bird in a cometary visitant? Not, indeed, a very common bird; but, whoever, with this idea in his mind, contemplates a *perfect* "bird of Paradise," will not be long in perceiving that its small body and its long tail, bear no distant resemblance to the small body and long tail of a comet. Nay, it so has happened—the comet of the year 1764, is an instance—that the curvature of the train of a comet has exhibited a very tolerable, not to say a correct, similarity to the curvature of the tail of the bird alluded to. This bird, as we know, flames with gold, purple, green, and every possible variety of refractive hue: and, especially when flying, glows in the eyes of beholders, with the most superlative beauty, and (apparently) emitting the most vivid rays. Its name in the spice islands, where it is native, is *Manucodiata*, "God's bird." This implies an imputation (perhaps, a participation) of divinity, and is improved by a multitude of stories, all expressing its wonderful powers and properties; among which our collections of natural history bear too effectual witness to one—that *it is ever on the wing, and never rests;* and to justify this, the original sellers of the bird cut off its legs, and with so much skill, that for many years their story passed current. The same probably was reported anciently; and with it, as now, a thousand other tales. But, our present business is not with a real bird, though this affords the subject of allusion, but with an imaginary or emblematical one; not with a terrestrial eagle, or swan, or dove, but with such an one as astronomical imagination has placed among celestial forms. Perhaps, too, not to astronomical imagination only may this type be attributed, but to astronomical secrecy and jealousy also. The same people which could lock up their science in hieroglyphics, and could sedulously conceal their discoveries from the populace of their own country, and from the learned of other countries, who visited them, by talking in symbolic language, would be at no loss to reveal, yet reserve, their observations on comets; and this use we know they made of metaphors and figures of speech, as well as of figures of delineation. In short, the famous *Phœnix* of the Egyptians was

neither more nor less than a *comet*; the name of which they disguised, together with its figure, under that of a bird; and the period of which they had either observed or calculated, with a very laudable degree of accuracy.

Sir William Drummond some time ago (Classical Journal, Nos. XXVIII. XXIX.) obliged the learned with a curious dissertation on the phœnix; but,—of all men living I should least have expected it from him—he omitted any reference to its celestial origin. I avail myself of some of his citations; and freely confess my obligations to his elaborate article. He says—

"It may seem unfortunate for the ancient reputation of this celebrated bird, that no mention, at least as far as I recollect, is made of it by Homer. In revenge, however, it is noticed by Hesiod, who makes it exceed all other creatures in age, except the nymphs."

Herodotus is the earliest writer who gives a detailed account of the phœnix. "There is (says he) another *sacred bird* (in Egypt) named phœnix. *I have only seen its picture.* Indeed it (the bird itself) is rarely seen: and according to the report of the people of Heliopolis, it comes but once in *five hundred years* into the country, when its father dies. If it be like its picture, some of its feathers are *golden, and some are red.* They say, (but it seems to me incredible,) that *coming out of Arabia*, it carries to the temple of the sun its father, wrapped up in myrrh, and there buries him. It contrives the matter thus. It forms a mass of myrrh in the shape of an egg, and such as it may be able to carry. Then it excavates the egg, places its father within, and stops up the opening with fresh myrrh; and this it carries to the temple of the sun."

Lucian, who flourished in the time of Adrian, [say A. D. 120,] makes the phœnix an Indian bird.

Artemidorus, the Ephesian, in the time of Antoninus Pius [say A. D. 140,] says the phœnix flies into Egypt, *from a place unknown;*—after the pile (of myrrh) has been consumed, and *a certain time elapsed*, a worm is produced from the ashes, and this worm being transformed, becomes again a phœnix, and flies to the place whence its progenitor had come.

According to Philostratus, the phœnix resembles an eagle; and *emits rays of light from its feathers.*

Achilles Tatius gives a long account of the phœnix; it comes *from Ethiopia* into Egypt; is like a peacock in size and *colour*; its feathers are variegated with gold and purple; it vaunts the sun as its lord, as is testified by *the image of that luminary with which its head is crowned*; it is of a cerulean colour, of a rosy aspect, and its feathers *project like the solar rays.*

Tacitus says, the phœnix was seen in Egypt in the reign of Tiberius, A. U. C. 787.

Xiphilinus says, it was believed to announce the death of Tiberius, [who died A. D. 37.] Pliny says it was seen A. U. C. 800.

Pomponius Mela makes the period of its life *five hundred years*: Solinus makes it *five hundred and forty years*: Suidas says it appeared in the reign of Claudius, after an absence of *six hundred and fifty-four years.*

In these particulars, collected by Sir William, the reader finds a mingled confusion of the allegorical bird with the real object. It sometimes comes from Arabia, sometimes from India, sometimes from Ethiopia; that is to say, comets traverse the heavens in all directions. It comes from a place unknown, and returns to a place unknown: this is clear enough. Its "first appearance is that of a worm," it is very slender when issuing from the solar rays; this is "after a certain time;" and after another certain time it again becomes a phœnix, having resumed its length of tail, and refulgence: in other words, it "emits rays of light from its feathers;" and this in its passage to, as well as from, the sun; "whose image crowns its head," meaning what we call the *nucleus.*

Observe again the interval between its appearances; this is most commonly stated at 500 years; but one writer says 540; and another says upwards of 600. Sir Isaac Newton calculated the period of the great comet of 1680 at 575 years; with which, under the circumstances of the case, the Egyptian numbers may be taken as a wonderful coincidence. Sir Isaac's period is the medium of the years calculated by the Egyptian astronomers; and differs from 540 only by 35 years; which in so long a period, and amidst so many intricacies, not to call them uncertainties of calculation and record, may be taken as a close approximation, if not as an identity.

Without meaning the slightest imputation on Sir Isaac's accuracy, might we take the period of the great comet at about 550 years, we should find that three of its revolutions would bring us

to a date that coincides near enough for our purpose, with the close of the reign of Tiberius: and as to the dates of other appearances of similar wonders, we know that there are plenty of comets to agree with them.

But, now comes the moral of the subject. Sir William informs us, that "the bird, called the phœnix, owes its imaginary existence to the Egyptians. It was a type of the renovation of the year, and of the sun; and indeed its picture, which Herodotus more properly calls γραφὴ was a mere hieroglyphic. Horus-Apollo says, that the Egyptians depicted this bird, to denote—1st, *the soul dwelling for a long period here;* 2dly, an inundation; 3dly, a traveller returning to his native country after a long absence; and, 4thly, any lasting re-establishment, or *period renewed.*" Concerning the 1st and 2d of these similitudes he thus expresses himself: "When the Egyptians wish to describe *the soul lingering for a long time here*, or an inundation, they paint the bird called the phœnix. Thus they typify the soul, because this creature exceeds all others in the world, in length of life." Sir William adds: "I cannot help suspecting, that the phœnix was the symbol of that great inundation, which once certainly took place. The *renovation of nature*, after so terrible a catastrophe as the flood, would be well expressed by the phœnix, *the symbol of renovation.*" Sir William's good sense has penetrated the true import of the emblem: the phœnix was a symbol of renovation. In this I have the honour to agree with him completely, as applied to the renovation of nature after the deluge; and, could Whiston rise from the dead, he would add, "Yes, and of its previous destruction, as I have demonstrated." Perhaps this might be allowed, so far as respects the *old* phœnix; nor would I deny the explication of Horus-Apollo, in reference to the lingering soul, so far as it may be restricted to the *old* phœnix. But the new, or young phœnix, was certainly an allegory of RENOVATION *only;* and I take this opportunity of remarking, on a want of candour in the learned writer, whose lucubrations have given occasion to this paper. He says, "It cannot be denied, that some of the most eminent, and some of the earliest fathers of the Church actually believed the fable of the phœnix to be true. Clemens Romanus has not only stated it at length in two different places, but *has drawn from it an inference, which might have been spared.*" Now, let us inspect the first Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, cap. xxiv. xxv. with the idea of renovation only in our minds. By means of natural objects he is illustrating the notion of a resurrection: "Let us contemplate, beloved, the resurrection that is made continually in every *(revolving)* season. Day and night manifest a resurrection to us: the night lies down, and the day arises: again, the day departs and the night approaches."—What is this but renovation? "Let us behold the fruits of the earth. The sower casts the seed on the earth—it falls dry and naked, but in time dissolves; and from this dissolution, the great power of the Providence of the Lord raises it again; and from one seed many arise, and bring forth fruit."—What is this but renovation? But, as yet, he has adduced no illustration derived from animal life. Had the good father proceeded to say: "You see how the grub becomes a butterfly, by quitting its old tenement, and rising to a new life, which is notorious in the Greek story of Psyche, the emblem of the soul;" every body would have been delighted with the elegance of his allusion. Instead of this, he instances an Egyptian story to the same purpose: for it is clear, that the Egyptians referred the phœnix to the soul. "Let us consider that wonderful sign *(symbol)* of the resurrection, which is *(reported)* in the East, *i. e.* in Arabia. There is a certain bird called a phœnix: of this there never is but one at a time; and that lives 500 years. And when the time of its dissolution draws near, it makes itself a nest of frankincense, myrrh, and other spices, into which, when its time is fulfilled, it enters and dies. But its flesh being subject to corruption, breeds a certain worm, which being nourished with the juices of the dead bird brings forth feathers." Then he proceeds to relate its flight to Heliopolis, almost in the words of Herodotus; which is clearly an Egyptian addition, for the honour and profit of *that* temple especially. Now admit that a *good* man dying amidst his virtues may be likened to an *old* phœnix dying amidst spices, while the soul revives in an infinitely more splendid form; and, we have the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, at least equally well illustrated in this Egyptian tale of the phœnix as in the Greek story of Psyche; and the whole resolves itself into a mythological expression of future renovation, or renewed life. In short, the Christian father, by adhering to the idea of

renovation, keeps more closely to the true import of the "sign," than Horus-Apollo does with his "lingering soul."

This paper is already too long; but I cannot close it without taking advantage of an observation made by Sir W. D. (*Class. Journ.* xxxi. p. 157.) "Aristotle says (*Meteorolog.* lib. i.) that the Pythagoreans held a comet to be one of the *planets*, which appears after a long interval of time; and which, at the apex of its very elliptical orbit, is at as small a distance from the sun as the planet Mercury." Now the Chaldeans held comets to be *planets*: (Senec. *Quæst. Nat.*) and the Egyptians predicted their returns. Connect this with what Clement affirms: "The Egyptian priests search into the records of the time, and find that the phœnix returned precisely at the end of 500 years."

But my principal design is, to illustrate an expression of the Apostle Jude, v. 13, who speaks of evil persons as "*wandering stars*, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." The terms Ἀστέρες ΠΛΑΝΗΤΑΙ, seem somewhat harsh to us who are accustomed to distinguish between *planets* and comets; the term *planetai (erring, causing to err,)* seems to be not well applied to fixed stars, or to regular planets: moreover, it cannot be said of *planets*, that to them is "reserved the blackness of perpetual darkness;"—consequently all interpretations hitherto, which go on the hypothesis of a reference to the *planets*, and planetary motions, are erroneous. But, if the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and the Pythagoreans, who derived their knowledge from the East, held comets to be a species of *planets*, then we see at once how the term applies, especially as used by a Hebrew writer: since an interval of 500 years, or more, between the appearances of a comet, may well pass figuratively for an adjudication to perpetual darkness.

Mr. Editor, we sometimes speak of an eminent man as "a phœnix;" to be sure, the station you occupy well entitles you to that distinction; accept it, therefore, as the best compliment in the power of one, who, though he subscribes himself your very humble servant, is, nevertheless, No Phœnix.

TRAVELS ROUND MY CHAMBER.

(Concluded from p. 26.)

CHAP. XXXVIII.

I SHOULD never come to a conclusion were I to describe a thousandth part of the events which occur when I travel in the vicinity of my library. The voyages of Captain Cook, and the observations of his companions, Drs. Banks and Solander, are nothing in comparison to my adventures in this one district. I really think I could here pass my whole life in a kind of extacy, were it not for the bust which I have already mentioned, on which my eyes and thoughts are always finally fixed, whatever be the state of my mind. When too violently agitated, or when a prey to despondency, I have only to glance on the bust, and my mind is restored to its natural pitch; it is the diapason to which I tune the many variable sensations and perceptions which constitute my existence.

How striking is the resemblance!—There are, indeed, the features which Nature gave to the most virtuous of men. Ah! if the marble could express his excellent soul, his genius and benevolence!—But whither am I wandering? Is this the place to pronounce an eulogium?—Do I address it to the men who surround me? Alas! how little do they heed it!

Let me be content to kneel before thy beloved image, oh! best of fathers!—Alas! that image is all I now possess of my native country. You departed this life just as France was about to fall a prey to vice and horror; and such are the evils that weigh upon us, that even your children are compelled to regard your loss as a blessing. How many sufferings must you have undergone had Heaven thought fit to prolong your life! Oh! my father! is the fate of your family known to you in the abode of the blessed? Do you know that your children are banished from that country which you served for sixty years with such unexampled zeal and integrity? Do you know that they are forbidden even to visit your grave?—But tyranny cannot deprive them of the dearest legacy you could have bequeathed to them—the recollection of your virtues and the force of your example. Amidst the torrent of vice which swept their country and their fortune into the abyss of destruction, they remained indissolubly united on the line which you had marked out to them;

and when they may be again permitted to bend over your venerable tomb, your spirit will acknowledge them.

CHAP. XXXIX.

I promised to give a dialogue, and I will now keep my word.—It was break of day, the rays of the sun gilded at once the summit of Mount Viso and the lofty mountains of the island at our Antipodes; and already my *body*, or *animal part*, was awake.—This premature waking was perhaps the effect of those nocturnal visions which always excite a fatiguing and useless agitation, or it might be that the Carnival, which was then drawing to a close, was the secret cause; that period of amusement and festivity having an influence on the human machine, like the phases of the moon and the conjunction of certain planets. Be that as it may, my body was awake, and entirely awake—when my soul, of its own accord, shook off the bonds of sleep.

For some time previous the latter had been participating confusedly in the sensations of the *other*—but it was still enveloped in the crape of night and sleep; and the crape seemed transformed into gauze, lens, and India muslin. My poor soul was, in a manner, fastened up among these cobwebs; and the god of sleep, to hold her more securely in his empire, added to his bonds tresses of fair hair, bows of ribbon, and strings of pearls.—It was really lamentable to see her struggle in the toils.

The agitation of the noblest part of myself was communicated to the *other*, and the latter in its turn powerfully agitated my soul.—I was in a situation difficult to describe, when at length my soul, either by sagacity or chance, found means to extricate herself from the suffocating gauzes. I know not whether she found an opening, or whether she simply raised them up, which was the most natural way; but at all events she found an outlet from the labyrinth. The beautiful tresses of fair hair still remained; but instead of being the *obstacles* they were the *means*: my soul seized them as the drowning man catches the herbage on the shore; but the pearl necklace broke in the motion, and the beads falling from the string, rolled on the sofa, and thence in every direction over Madame de Hautcastel's drawing-room carpet; for my soul, by some unaccountable whim, fancied itself on a visit to that lady.—A large bouquet of violets fell on the ground, and my soul being roused just at that moment, returned home, bringing reason and reality in her train. As may well be supposed, she strongly disapproved of all that had happened in her absence; and thus commenced the dialogue which forms the subject of the present chapter.

My soul never experienced so bad a reception. The reproaches she vented at that critical moment, completely destroyed all domestic harmony:—a revolution, a formal insurrection was the consequence.

"How now!" said my soul: "thus it is during my absence, instead of recruiting your strength by tranquil slumbers, and thereby rendering yourself the better able to execute my orders, you *insolently*"—(the term was somewhat strong)—"presume to yield to transports unauthorized by my will."

Being rather unaccustomed to this haughty tone, *the other* angrily replied:

"It becomes you well, *Madam*"—(the title was applied with the view of removing all appearance of familiarity from the discussion)—"it certainly becomes you to set forth airs of decorum and virtue. You know very well that what you disapprove in my conduct is solely owing to your flights of imagination and extravagant notions.—Why were you not here?—What right have you to seek for pleasure unaccompanied by me?—Did I ever disapprove of your wanderings in the Empyrian or the bowers of Elysium; your intercourse with the learned, your profound speculations"—there was a little raillery in all this—"your castles in the air, your sublime systems?—And when you thus forsake me, am I to blame for enjoying the blessings and pleasures which Nature offers me?"

My soul, astonished at this unexpected warmth and eloquence, knew not what answer to make.—She thought it advisable to adjust the quarrel, and to disguise the reproaches she had uttered under the mask of good intention; but lest she should have the appearance of making the first advances towards reconciliation, she chose also to assume the ceremonious tone.

"Madam," said she, in her turn, with affected cordiality, (if the reader should have thought the term misapplied when addressed to my soul, what will he say now!) "Madam," said she, "I assure you nothing would gratify me more than to see you enjoy all the pleasures of which your nature is susceptible, even though I should not be a participator, if those pleasures were not calculated to injure you, and to destroy the harmony which ——" Here my soul was

suddenly interrupted. "No, no, I am not the dupe of your affected goodness; our forced confinement in this chamber, where we are both travelling together; the wound I have received, which had well nigh proved fatal, and which is still far from healing—all is owing to your extravagant vanity and barbarous prejudices!—My welfare, and even my existence, are counted as nothing when your violent passions lead you astray; and yet you pretend to interest yourself in my behalf, and would insinuate that your reproofs are merely the result of affectionate anxiety."

My soul found that she was not playing the best part in the affair; she also perceived that in the warmth of the argument the cause had been forgotten, and taking advantage of that circumstance to waive the dispute: "Prepare the coffee," said she to Joannetti, who at that moment entered the room. The jingling of the cups and saucers then attracted the attention of the *insurgent*, and all the rest was forgotten; as by holding up a coral to a child we make it forget the unwholesome fruit for which it has been crying.

While the water was boiling I fell insensibly into a slumber. I enjoyed that delightful pleasure, to which I have already alluded, and which consists in feeling one's self asleep. The agreeable noise which Joannetti made by opening and shutting the lid of the coffee-pot, occasioned a vibration through all my sensitive fibres, as, by striking one string of a harp we make all its octaves resound. At length I saw something like a shadow flitting before me; I opened my eyes and beheld Joannetti. What a perfume! what an agreeable surprise! coffee! cream! a pyramid of toast!—Good reader, stay and breakfast with me.

CHAP. XL.

What numberless pleasures bounteous Nature affords to the man whose heart is susceptible of enjoyment! Who can calculate their multifarious shades in different individuals and the different periods of life! Even now I feel a thrilling kind of delight when I look back on the amusements of my childhood. Shall I attempt to describe the sensations experienced by the young man whose heart first begins to glow with the fire of sentiment! In that happy age, while we are yet ignorant of the very names of interest, ambition, envy, and all the hateful passions which degrade and torment humanity; in that happy age which, alas! is too short, the sun shines with a brilliancy never observable in after-life. The air is more pure, the fountains more limpid and fresh; Nature presents beauties which we never behold in mature age. What perfume the flowers exhale! How delicious are the fruits! In what varied colours Aurora is decked!—Women are all fair and constant; men virtuous, generous, and susceptible; we every where find cordiality, frankness, and disinterestedness: Nature presents nothing but flowers, virtue, and pleasure.

The agitation of love and the hope of happiness fill our hearts with glowing and varied sensations. The aspect and the contemplation of Nature, in the whole and the detail, unfold an immense career of enjoyment to the mind, which imagination, hovering over this ocean of pleasure, serves to augment: the varied sensations being united and combined together, new ones rise out of them:—the dreams of glory mingle with the palpitations of love: benevolence goes hand-in-hand with self-love; and melancholy occasionally throws her dark veil over us, and converts all our tears into pleasures. Finally, the perceptions of the mind, the sensations of the heart, and the recollections of the senses, are so many inexhaustible sources of felicity and pleasure to man. It is not, therefore, surprising, that the noise Joannetti made with the coffee-pot, and the unexpected sight of a cup of cream, should have made so powerful an impression on me.

CHAP. XLI.

I immediately put on *my travelling coat*, after having examined it with an eye of satisfaction, and I then determined to write a chapter, *ad hoc*, to make the reader acquainted with it. The form and use of these coats being pretty generally known, I shall more particularly treat of their influence on the mind of the traveller. My winter travelling coat is made of the warmest and softest cloth I could procure; it completely covers me from head to foot; and when I sit in my arm chair, with my hands in my pockets and my head buried in the collar of my coat, I resemble the statues of Visnu, without hands or feet, in the Indian Pagodas.

The reader will, perhaps, be inclined to doubt the prejudiced influence which, in my opinion, travelling coats produce on the minds of travellers; however, I can positively affirm, that to me it would appear quite as ridiculous to advance a

single step on my journey round my chamber, dressed in my regimentals, with a sword by my side, as to go out in the street in my *robe-de-chambre*. If I were thus dressed with all pragmatical precision, I should not only be disabled from continuing my journey, but I should not even be capable of reading what I have already written, at least I am sure I should not understand it.

But this is by no means extraordinary; do we not every day see men who fancy themselves ill, because they have not been shaved, or because somebody told them they were not looking quite so well as usual? Dress has so powerful an influence on the human mind that many invalids imagine their health improved when they wear a new coat or a well powdered periwig. Thus they deceive themselves and their friends; and it is no uncommon case to see one of these fanciful valetudinarians full dressed in the morning and stretched in his coffin before evening.

In the class of men among whom I live, how many are there who, because they are dressed in regimentals, fancy they are officers, until the moment when the fatal appearance of the enemy undeceives them. Nay, more; should the king be pleased to permit one of them to wear a certain piece of gold lace on his coat, he immediately thinks himself a general, and the whole army salutes him with the title, without smiling—such is the powerful influence of a coat on the human imagination.

The following example will better prove the truth of what I have advanced.

Whenever the Count de ..... had to mount guard, it was customary for his valet to warn him of the circumstance a day or two before-hand. However, it once happened that the servant forgot it, and early in the morning a corporal tapped at his chamber door, to communicate the unwelcome tidings. The idea of rising in a hurry, buttoning on his gaiters, and going out without having thought about it the night before, so disconcerted the count, that he preferred saying he was unwell, and not able to quit his room. He put on his robe-de-chambre, and sent away his hair-dresser; this gave him a pale and haggard appearance, which alarmed his wife and family, and at length the poor count really began to feel a *little indisposed*.

Every one who chanced to call was told of his illness, partly to keep up the deception, and partly because he was *not quite well*.—The influence of the robe-de-chambre insensibly began to operate; the broth and gruel which he had been compelled to take, whether he liked it or not, produced nausea:—his relations and friends sent repeatedly to enquire how he was; this was quite enough to make the count keep his bed.

In the evening Dr. Ranson found his pulse *concentrated*, as he styled it, and ordered him to be bled the next day. Had this treatment continued a month longer, it would have been all over with the patient.

Who then can doubt the influence of travelling-coats on travellers, when it is recollected that poor Count de ..... oftener than once thought he should depart for the other world, because he had imprudently put on his robe-de-chambre in this?

CHAP. XLII.

I was seated close by the fire, after dinner, wrapped up in my travelling coat, voluntarily yielding to all its influence, until the hour of departure should arrive, when the vapours of digestion rising to my head, so completely obstructed the passages through which the ideas flow on their way from the senses, that all communication was intercepted; my senses could not transmit a single idea to my brain, and the latter in its turn was incapable of emitting the electric fluid which animates them, and with which the ingenious Dr. Valli brings dead frogs to life.

The reader will readily conceive, after glancing over this preamble, how my head happened to sink on the bosom, and how the muscles of the thumb and fore-finger of my right-hand, not being excited by the fluid above-mentioned, became so relaxed that a volume of the Marquis de Carraccioli's works, which I had been reading, slipped unperceived from my hand and fell on the hearth.

Some friends had just been calling on me, and our conversation had turned on the death of the celebrated Dr. Cigna, who had just departed this life, universally regretted: he was a learned and diligent natural philosopher, and an excellent botanist. The merit of this highly gifted man wholly occupied my mind; and yet thought I, were it in my power to conjure up the souls of all whom he has sent to the other world, who knows whether some little slur might not be cast on his reputation?

I proceeded insensibly to a dissertation on medicine, and the advancement which the science has made since the days of Hippocrates;—I asked myself whether

the celebrated characters of antiquity who had died in their beds, such as Pericles, Plato, Aspasia, and Hippocrates himself, died as people in general do, of putrid or inflammatory fevers; and whether they were bled and half murdered with remedies?

I cannot precisely say why I happened to think of these four individuals, rather than others. How is it possible to account for a dream? All I know is, that my soul conjured up the celebrated physicians of Cos and Turin, and the great statesman who achieved so many noble deeds, and at the same time committed so many errors.

As for the fair and accomplished friend of Pericles, I humbly confess that my *other half* beckoned on her. Yet when I think of it, I am almost tempted to indulge a little feeling of vanity; for it is evident that in this dream the balance was four to one in favour of reason.—And that's pretty well for a lieutenant.

Be that as it will, while I was absorbed in these reflections, my eyes closed, and I fell fast asleep; but though my eyes were shut, the forms of the persons of whom I had been thinking were painted on that delicate canvas called memory, and these images mingling in my brain with the idea of calling up the dead, I soon saw Hippocrates, Plato, Pericles, Aspasia, and Dr. Cigna, with his enormous wig, all arrive in succession.

They seated themselves on the chairs which had been placed round the fire; Pericles alone stood, reading the newspapers.

"If the discoveries to which you allude have really been made," said Hippocrates to the doctor, "and if they have proved as useful to medicine as you represent, I should doubtless have observed some diminution in the number of souls which daily descend to the Empire of Shade, but which, according to the registers of Minos, which I have myself examined, is certainly as great as in former ages."

Dr. Cigna turned to me. "You of course have heard of these discoveries," said he; "for instance, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; and that of the immortal Spallanzani, respecting the digestion, of which we now know all the mechanism." He then entered into a detail of the numerous discoveries which have a reference to medicine, and the countless remedies for which we are indebted to chemistry: he concluded by delivering an academic discourse in favour of modern medicine.

"But," said I, "can I suppose that these great men are ignorant of all you have been saying, and that their souls, freed from the shackles of matter, can find any thing obscure in nature!"

"Alas! how great is your error!" exclaimed the *proto-physician* of the Peloponnesus: "the mysteries of nature are hidden from the dead as well as the living. He who created and who directs all things, He alone knows the mighty secret which man vainly seeks to discover; this is one certainty which we learn on the banks of the Styx. Take my advice," he added, addressing the doctor, "divest yourself of every particle of that professional vanity which you have brought with you from your mortal abode: and since the labours of a thousand generations, and all the discoveries of man, have not availed to prolong human life a single moment; since Charon's boat is daily filled with as many souls as ever—why should we take the trouble to defend an art which, among the dead, where we are, is useless even to physicians."—Thus spoke the famous Hippocrates, to my great astonishment.

Dr. Cigna smiled. And as great minds cannot resist proof, nor disguise the truth, he not only concurred in the opinion of Hippocrates, but he even confessed, blushing, as a man of learning may be supposed to blush, that he himself had always entertained doubts on the subject.

Pericles, who had approached the window, heaved a deep sigh, the cause of which I could easily guess. He was reading a number of the Moniteur, which contained abundant proof of the decay of the arts and sciences: he found that enlightened scholars were quitting their sublime speculations to invent new crimes, and he shuddered to hear a horde of Cannibals compare themselves to the heros of generous Greece, whilst they dragged to the scaffold, without shame or remorse, venerable old men, women, and children, coolly committing the most atrocious and unprovoked crimes.

Plato, who had listened to our conversation without joining in it, finding that it terminated in so unexpected a way, now began to speak in his turn.—"I can easily conceive," said he, "how the discoveries which your great men have made in every branch of natural philosophy are useless to medicine, which can never alter the course of nature, save at the expense of human life.

But surely it cannot be the same with regard to politics. The discoveries of Locke, on the nature of the human mind; the invention of printing, the accumulated observations drawn from history, the many profound works which have diffused learning even among the common people: all these miracles must doubtless have contributed to improve mankind, and the happy republic which I imagined, but which the age in which I lived regarded as an impracticable dream, doubtless exists now?"—At this question, the honest doctor cast down his eyes, and answered only by tears: and as he dried them with his handkerchief, he unconsciously turned his wig, so that it completely hid one side of his face.—"Immortal Gods!" exclaimed Aspasia, uttering a shriek, "what strange figure is this? do the discoveries of your modern great men teach you to adorn your heads with the skulls of other animals?"

Aspasia, who was weary of these philosophic dissertations, had taken up a *Journal des Modes* which happened to be lying on the chimney-piece, and she was turning it over and over when the doctor's wig drew from her the above exclamation. She had without ceremony rested her delicate feet, ornamented with sandals, on the wicker chair which stood between her and me, and she leaned her elbow on one of Plato's shoulders.

"It is not a skull," replied the doctor, taking off his wig and throwing it into the fire; it is a wig, madam; and I can't tell why I did not throw the ridiculous ornament into the flames of Tartarus when I first arrived among you. But folly and prejudice are so inherent to our miserable nature, that they follow us even for some time after we descend to the tomb."—I felt singular pleasure in thus seeing the doctor abjure at once both his medicine and his wig.

"I assure you," said Aspasia, "most of the head dresses represented in this journal deserve no better fate than yours, they are so very extravagant." The fair Athenian appeared to be highly amused in examining the prints, and was justly astonished at the variety and extravagance of our modern dresses; one figure particularly struck her; it represented a young lady, with one of the most elegant fashionable head-dresses: Aspasia found no fault with it, except that it was somewhat too high. But the piece of gauze which shaded the bosom was of so prodigious a size, that it almost concealed the lower part of the face.

"Apparently," said she, "the women of modern times wear clothes rather to conceal than to dress themselves: they scarcely allow their faces to be seen, by which alone their sex can be ascertained, for the form of the body is disfigured by enormous folds. Of all the figures represented here, not one appears with the bosom, arms, or feet uncovered. Judging from the remarkable difference in the style of dress, the virtue of the women of modern times must greatly surpass that of my contemporaries."—Aspasia looked at me as she uttered these words, and seemed to expect an answer. I pretended not to observe her meaning; and to give myself an air of distraction, I took the tongs and thrust the remains of the doctor's wig into the grate. Then perceiving that one of the bands which fastened Aspasia's sandal was untied, "Permit me, madam," said I; and I stooped stretching out my hand towards the chair where I fancied I beheld the beautiful feet which had made fools of the greatest philosophers of antiquity.

I am convinced that at that moment I was verging on true somnambulism; for the motion above described was real; but Rosine, who was reposing on the chair, thinking the motion was intended for her, jumped lightly into my arms, and thus plunged into the kingdom of darkness the celebrated spirits which my travelling-coat had conjured up.

Charming region of imagination! Thou, whom the supremely beneficent Being has granted to man to console him for reality, I must now quit thee. To-day, certain persons, on whom I depend, promise to restore me to liberty; as if they had ever deprived me of it! as though it were in their power to snatch it from me for a single moment, or to prevent me from roaming at will, through the vast space which is ever open before me! They, indeed, banished me from a city, a mere point, but they have left me the whole world; immensity and eternity are at my command.

To day, then, I am free, or to speak more properly, I must again put on my chains. The heavy yoke of business will again oppress me; every step I take must be measured by decorum and duty. I may think myself happy if some capricious goddess should not make me forget both, and if I escape a new and more dangerous captivity!

And why did they not allow me to continue my journey? Was it by way

of punishment that they banished me to my chamber? To that delicious country which includes all the comforts and wealth in the world? It was something like banishing a mouse to a granary.

I never before so clearly perceived that I was *double*. But whilst I regret my imaginary enjoyments, I feel that I must of necessity console myself: I am impelled by a secret power, which tells me I have need of air and light, and that solitude resembles death. At length I am dressed; my door flies open; and I dart through the spacious porticos of the *Rue de Po*; a thousand agreeable phantoms float before my eyes. There stands the house—the door—the staircase;—my heart throbs in anticipation.

Thus while we are cutting a lemon to eat it, we are sensible of an acid taste before-hand.

Poor *animal!* have a care of thyself.

"T'OTHER SIDE OF THE OHIO."

IN the present ardour for emigration to the western world, those who have retained any rational ideas on the subject, have deemed it prudent to enquire respecting the eligibility of two points; whether they should emigrate at all, a question which the wise man would require no less a time than his whole life to determine; and, if expatriation be determined upon, to what point of the country which they look upon as better than their own, their course should be directed. Nothing is so sanguine as ignorance; no appetite more insatiable than that of a restless, wandering curiosity; and no wonder that when persons go in search of an uncertain, we had almost said of an impossible good, their chase should always be long, and generally fruitless. Most of our countrymen, on their first landing in the civilized parts of America, have found the usual concomitants of civilized society; selfishness, chicanery, fraud, and injustice, as far as it might be practised with impunity. They then very naturally begin to think that they could only have been deceived, cheated, and oppressed at home; they are therefore no better off so far, for the change. On what then do they resolve? Not to return, for that would be to make the acknowledgment so difficult to self-love, that they have been mistaken, but to go further still in search of the perfection

"Which, as they follow, flies."

The frontiers evidently are not the paradise which their fancy had led them to expect; it is then to be looked for in the back settlements—if it is not to be found among a number of men, it happily may exist where there are comparatively few—if it dwell not with the luxuries of life, it may perhaps be hidden among its privations. The haunts of man are therefore to be exchanged for the wild *prairies*, and the wilder the better, where human footsteps have scarcely trodden, and where there is certainly one consolation to human pride, that if disappointment and misery wring a lamentation from human weakness, there is no one to listen to it; no one to reproach the unhappy sufferer with the failure of his views, except the few who have been mistaken and disappointed like himself.

The passion for emigrating to the back settlements is so prevalent among the Americans themselves, that the rational part of the community have lately been anxious to save the *Morris Birbecks* of their countrymen from so ruinous a delusion. The trials and hardships to which the "Backwoodsman" is subjected, have formed the subject of a poem bearing that title by Mr. Paulding, which affords one of the most favourable specimens of native poetical ability that we have yet been presented with by transatlantic genius. The account of the setting out of the hero of the piece, from Hudson to the banks of the Ohio, with his wife and infant family, cannot be read without sympathy in the hopes by which it is prompted, the fears it is calculated to awaken; and the difficulties by which it is certain to be attended.

"The house was lifeless, not a breathing wight
Abided there, at earliest peep of light;
Clos'd were the windows, barr'd the rustic door,
The fire was quench'd, to lighten never more.
The wife and little ones together rode,
While BASIL walk'd, for heavy was the load,
And meet it was to spare the nag the while,
Whose pilgrimage was many a weary mile.
The mother's heart was like to die away,
As looking on the nestling one that lay
Sleeping, in smiles, fast in her circling arms,
And budding forth in all its infant charms;
The brisk boys laugh'd to think they'd have a ride,
Nor seek'd whatever else might pass beside;
While on the father's brow sat anxious care,
And brave resolve his fated lot to bear,

Whether mishap betide, or bright success
With full fruition his high purpose bless.
* * * * * * *
'Twas sweet the morning minstrelsy to hear,
And BASIL felt it to his heart most dear,
Although it was no bright unsullied joy,
But deeply tinctur'd with a sad alloy;
For as with painful effort, faint and slow,
He gain'd the height that look'd o'er all below,
And stopt to rest, and turn'd to gaze behind,
A thousand tender thoughts throng'd on his mind.
Home look'd so happy in the morning's smile,
He quite forgot his sufferings there erewhile,
And but for honest shame, that makes us fear
The pointed finger and the taunting sneer,
That never fail to greet the wav'ring man
Who weakly swerves from any settled plan,
He had return'd, though certain there again
To meet his old associates, Want and Pain."

The journey through the haunts of men is well, though briefly, delineated, and some wild flowers of description are scattered on the way, which speak much in favour of the author's poetic feelings, but it is in proportion as these haunts are left behind, that the route becomes, at every step, more important to poor Basil, and more interesting to those who trace it with him in imagination.

" As down Ohio's ever-ebbing tide,
Oarless and sailless, silently they glide,
How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair
Was the lone land that met the strangers there!
No smiling villages, or curling smoke,
The busy haunts of busy men bespoke:
No solitary hut, the banks along,
Sent forth blithe Labour's homely rustic song;
No urchin gamboll'd on the smooth white sand,
Or hurl'd the skipping stone with playful hand,
While playmate dog plung'd in the clear blue wave,
And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save.
Where now are seen along the river side,
Young busy towns in buxom painted pride.
And fleets of gliding boats with riches crown'd,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,
Nothing appear'd, but Nature unsubdued,
One endless, noiseless, woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie that aye seem'd to be
As level, and as lifeless as the sea;
They seemed to breathe in this wide world alone,
Heirs of the earth—the land was all their own.
'Twas evening now—the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,
And spring upon, and murder them in sleep;
So through the livelong night they held their way,
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day,
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They car'd not though the day ne'er came again.
The Moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well—
That fair-fac'd orb alone to move appear'd,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard.
" In such a scene the soul oft walks abroad,
For silence is the energy of God!
Not in the blackest Tempest's midnight scowl,
The earthquake's rocking, or the whirlwind's howl,
Not from the crashing thunder-rifted cloud,
Does his immortal mandate speak so loud,
As when the silent night around her throws
Her star-bespangled mantle of repose.
Thunder, and whirlwind, and the earth's dread shake,
The selfish thoughts of man alone awake;
His lips may prate of Heaven, but all his fears
Are for himself, though pious he appears,
But when all Nature sleeps in tranquil smiles,
What sweet yet lofty thought the soul beguiles!
There's not an object 'neath the moon's bright beam,
There's not a shadow dark'ning on the stream,
There's not a star that jewels yonder skies,
Whose bright reflection on the water lies,
That does not in the lifted mind awake
Thoughts that of love and heaven alike partake;
While all its newly waken'd feelings prove
That Love is Heaven, and God the Soul of Love,
In such sweet times the spirit rambles forth
Beyond the precincts of this grov'ling earth,
Expatiates in a brighter world than this,
And plunging in the Future's dread abyss,
Proves an existence separate and refin'd,
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We consider this extract as a favourable specimen both of the genius and the tone of feeling evinced in the poem of

the Backwoodsman, but we introduce them more as connected, in some measure, with an ingenious little prose performance, written likewise by an American; and which, under the disguise of a critique upon a poetical article, displays the fallacy of those expectations which look for plenty, comfort, ease, innocence, and happiness, amid all the wildness of uncultivated nature, and all the barbarism of unenlightened man. The work we allude to is published at Hartford in Connecticut, under the title of "T'other side of Ohio; or, a Review of a 'Poem in Three Cantos." By J.Oldfield;" and as it has not yet travelled to this country, we believe, beyond the single copy which has fallen within our observation, we have great pleasure in laying its brief and pithy contents before our readers, as some check, and from a source, too, the sincerity of which cannot be doubted, to the rage for emigration, and for the maddest species of it, which it has been the fashion of our radical reformers so greatly to encourage; and which, if they, and they only, were to set an example of it, we should certainly take no great pains to damp.

"T'OTHER SIDE OF OHIO;"
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"In looking over this work we are reminded of the Alchymists; who, after all their torturings of nature, were unable to find the *Philosopher's stone:* yet from their labours has resulted to man, benefits, which by far exceeds *that*, which would have turned all things to gold.

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Argument.

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"Our children there shall learn to climb trees, and shoot a rifle." *Note.* 10—The patrimony is sold and a waggon and horses bought—the journey commences and proceeds prosperously; so long as turnpikes are walked on. *Note.* 11.—In their first essay to pass the blue ridges of the Alleganies, *Note* 12.—the waggon is upset with a crash; husband frets. *Notes* 13 and 14.—One horse is dead; and the bed, saved from the ruin, is thrown over the other horse: the wife sighs for the broken crockery, and cries for the dead horse, but mounts his mate. *Note* 15—People on the road described. *Note* 16.—The wife by funeral step pursues her route, bewailing her sad fate. *Note* 17.

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The husband trudges on foot after his mounted wife—they crawl over mountain after mountain:—first the Three Brothers, then comes Sideling Hill, *Note* 18.—then Dry ridge, and Scrub ridge, and a dozen more almost impassable ridges; and now the true blue Allegany, king of all mountains, and Laurel Hill, his queen. *Note* 19.—In train appear courtiers, and maids of honour, such as additional ridges, and rivers, and rocks, and rattlesnakes, and ravines, and glades, and glens,—Arrive at last in Ohio. *Note* 20.—A great wooden wilderness. *Note* 21.—Conclusion.

NOTES.

North east winds.

Note I. Canto i.

The folly of expecting to find a better climate "over the mountains," may be seen in the following night-scene, extracted *verbatim et literatim* from a traveller's journal.

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The folly of expecting to find a better climate "over the mountains," may be seen in the following night-scene, extracted *verbatim et literatim* from a traveller's journal.

"After a wearysome day, at night we discoverd the *first rate Tavern* before pointed out to us. My fellow traveller was a Bostonian. The house had two ends; that is, it was a double log hut, with a covered interspace hung with the skins of wild animals, as is common in that country. The *spare bed* we engaged without ceremony,

and the *second sheet* was added in compliment to us yankees. Our lodging room was the farther end of the cabin, partitioned from *out-a-doors* by logs and mud, and from heaven by birch bark, save the lesser half, left for a smoke hole. In the corner of this great room stood the aforesaid bed, well sheltered from storms, which fell *right down*—and now my companion and myself were waiting the approach of

"Nature's soft nurse."—to
"Steep our senses in forgetfulness."

and

"Sleep liest thou in smoky cribs!"

Then here is thy very home and pallet; with all thy buzzing, hushing night-flies.—Yet the dull god we saw not. His old mother *Doze* however appeared with seals and plaster to make all close—when, O gentle sleep

"How they frighted thee,"

with gee! whoa—cum! whoa haw! whoa!!—A child screams———Halloa, the house!—turn out? ho! landlord!——

"—Who's there? some d——d Connecticut teams, clean from Clam-Town."

Soon the Connecticut teams were disburdened of their cargoes of live stock, which consisted of grandfathers, grand-mothers, husbands, wives, children, old maids, and uncles, with all the filling such family warp required, to complete the full complement of three full households. No sooner had the grate received the stroke of the poker, and the dim light of a coal fire half diluted total darkness, than our new guests were seen to be yankees. The little ones ran up to the fire to warm their wet, cold fingers, for the fall rains had now set in, and fell in torrents; the mothers were selecting from their several wardrobes a change of clothes, while the grand-dams held their frying pans over the stinking coal fire, which added to our sulphureous atmosphere the steams of bacon.

The teams turned out, the men came in bowed down with bed and bedding—the *floor of slabs* receives the beds—the fuming, steaming atmosphere the down—and our ears the following conversation.

HUSBAND.

"I wonder if it rains eternally here! I'd give more for an acre of clear sky over my head, than for the best acre of land on God's earth,"

WIFE.

"This is Ohio—the pleasant land of Ohio!—where storms never come; where sunshine and harvest last all the year round, day and night and all. This is the land of promise—paradise—clear paradise; and so it is, but 'tis PARADISE LOST."

A LAD OF THE COMPANY.

"Is this Ohio? I should'nt thought o' that—they said Ohio was all a plain; but old Mount Tom himself is a fool and an ant to these hills."

OLD WOMAN.

"I knew and told you 'twas all a pack of plaguy lies."

How long we should have been edified with the repinings of the pilgrims I cannot say, but now a new arrival from the west of three horse waggons came thundering up: each waggon afforded a man and wife, who spread their beds and combed their hair, and questioned the yankees; so we had another dialogue.

OHIO WOMAN.

"Stranger—you seem to've come a great way; pray how far?"

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN.

"From Belfast—Kennebeck, ma'am. Pray whence came you?"

OHIO WOMAN.

"O, from Sciotha, ma'am."

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN.

"From Sciota—Sciota; Sciotha?"

OHIO WOMAN.

"Aye, ma'am; the New-England people speak it Sciota, but we, who live there, Sciotha."

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN.

"Why, that where we are going to; pray are you journeying to visit your friends?"

OHIO WOMAN.

"Going to visit? Aye, better *as* that; we are going to live with them; to spend, as we hope, our days at Konnemaugh."

NEW-ENGLAND WOMAN.

"Konnemaw! where is that, ma'am?"

OHIO WOMAN.

"Up the Allegany mountains, ma'am."

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN.

"Why choose that awful rough country?"

OHIO WOMAN.

"Why, ma'am, seven years ago we three neighbouring families passed here, to the westward, as you do now, with our little ones and our parents; we hoped to plant a little colony on the Sciotha; we paid all we were worth for wild lands, and settled on them—we had hard work of it surely. Wild lands are not a house and garden; good highland breezes come not to swamps and bottoms. Our parents sickened of *that country fever*: we could not send to Konnemaugh for our family physician, and they lingered and died;—and so they might at home, but then 'twould been at home; the pure mountain would have revived them—aye, in the first 'twould never brought them such a *fever*, and had they been sick at home there would have been no lack of any thing while they were alive, nor after they were dead———but that's not all; our children, poor things, grew pimping, pined away—'twas all so damp and sickly; and there they lie beside their grand parents.—But we are spared, yet hardly half alive, and so far back."

NEW-ENGLAND MAN.

"A sad tale for us to hear."

OHIO WOMAN.

And for us to tell—but we have left all behind to go to Konnemaugh, for we had rather have *health* up the Allegany, than *wealth* down the Sciotha."

The conversation ceased, and all was

still as any room could be where twenty weary travellers were labouring hard to rest.

A little urchin half waked up by inward dreams or outward squeeze, now squceled out something which I cannot spell, and kept his tune a-going; the mother fondly tries to still the child with coos and whispers—the father aloud finds fault with the child and mother—when my companion with proud cockney tone vociferates, *Damnation!!* It was silent now as the house of death for twenty minutes, when breaks out another child; the mother whispers, the father frets—and the Bostonian roars! This thrice went round; as for me, I pitied every *slabful* of this group from the bottom of my soul, and vented not a single mouthful of spleen, nor felt it in my throat.

October 20th—
Thirty miles from Zanesville.

Parish taxes.

Note 2. Canto i.

No one is compelled to pay parish rates even in Connecticut; yet if I had a lamb I set store by, I would take some pains to keep her in the flock, rather than see her wallow with swine: and as *man* is acknowledged to be gregarious, for the benefit of my children I would help maintain society, if from no higher motive.

It is surprising, how much unthought of are the benefits derived to society from our sabbath institutions. One would suppose that a *liberal dissenter* would prize the course of religious instruction regularly delivered from the sacred desk. Although he may differ in some things of opinion, still in the main he must agree: and how much easier it were for him to point out to his children what he considers erroneous; than to undertake and perform, alone and unassisted, the task of fitting his dependents for that "world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"There's a better world," said Bonaparte to Duroc. "May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his," said Balaam to Balak.

If men, who stand on the pinnacle of this world's glory, cast a wishful eye to the haven of eternal rest; how should we, who are forgotten in this world, value his services and his servants, who said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Turnpike gates.

Note 3. Canto i.

Avoid them—go through swamps and woods; they are no worse here than in Ohio. Say, New-England man, will you see your wives and daughters exchange the elegant and safe gig-ride, for walking in the pack horse path, where bullies grope, in rifle frock and webbing belt, one shoulder supporting a musket, and the other covering a powder horn? without shame, and without religion, which alone teaches the stronger to respect and protect the weaker sex.

Where corn grows.

Note 4. Canto i.

One would think, by the stories of the corn fields over the mountains, that New England would soon be deprived of all the benefit of Squanto's legacy; (Squanto, the Indian, who first taught the English to cultivate maize, Indian corn, in Old Massachusetts,) but 'tis not so.

In consequence of the unusual and universal failure of crops in 1816, the whole world came as near a state of starvation as the world's people could well endure. This was foreseen by the eagle-eyed speculators of sea-ports, and great quantities of corn were engaged on the Muskingum and other tributaries of Ohio, to be delivered so soon as the ripening should allow. But what with the delay of running down a 2000 mile river, through rapids, and falls, and shallows, and snaggs, and sawyers, and 'gainsters, and musquitoes, and agues, and fevers, and drunken boatmen; together with delay at New Orleans, and wharfage, and sinkage, and then running through pirates, and patriots; this boasted supply arrives at last into the world's highway and thoroughfare, the blue Atlantic. But long ere this can be accomplished, the world has found a belly full, and laughs at this outlandish *gourd seed;* and 'tis left to rot and ruin the concern. So by a fair experiment, 'tis fully proved Ohio corn will never come in time to make a yankee hasty-pudding: nor will it ever sell where yankee *flint corn* comes to market.

And whiskey is cheap.

Note 5. Canto i.

We will leave it to our readers to *guess* what is the state of society, where a man may get dead drunk for two-thirds of a groat.

Deer plenty as lambs.

Note 6. Canto i.

The writer of these notes, during a stop at Marietta, was disturbed one morning by the lamentations of the family over their favourite house dog, which had been shot in the night. The circumstances were as follows:—The night previous, a great number of sheep had been slaughtered by *dogs*, as was supposed. The owners of dogs refused to pay damage. The shepherds next night doubled their watch: armed, not with humble crooks, but well charged rifles, and killed sixteen dogs, beside my landlady's.

The night after the day of lamentations for the dead dogs, the sheep were left alone to graze and lick the dew: but morning's dawn discovered a score and a half more of fresh slain ewes and lambs. And now was heard from every quarter, the wolves! the wolves! and not a single dog to bark at 'em; and so I left this boasted yankee colony, made up of French, Irish, Dutch, Virginians, backwoodsmen, and wolves: and lest

my readers should suppose this took place a long time since, some twenty years ago, I declare it happened as above related, long since M'Donough's cock crowed on Lake Champlain.

The pigs grow fat without feeding.

Note 7. Canto i.

This is literally true of Ohio; four-fifths of the country consisting of hills thickly wooded with white oak: 'tis a fine place for *shack*, which is alike good for pigs and water-fowl.

But when wild hogs grow fat on acorns, where is the food for the minds, and polish for the manners of your children?

Numbskull.

Note 8. Canto i.

I would leave this stanza without a comment; did it not contain all the wife's argument, which had any weight with her husband. The fine things before enumerated made no impression. In a woman's plea, *time* and *plan*, and even *expediency*, are of little moment; but *provocation* is a potent *engine*.

"*Husband resolves to go.*"

Note 9. Canto i.

I would not by any means be thought to countenance our hero's conduct here; although our heroine seems to have been a shrew of the *first water*. I think, with my old aunt Bathsheba, "that to get on in this world in peace, we must all *conform*, *reform*, and *uniform*," and not because we are teazed, adopt resolutions that will most assuredly bring misery sooner or later.

Why, I know forty wives who scold and fret, and chafe, as bad as Petruchio's Kate, and all for nothing; yet these women, under real adversity, are "calm as a summer's sea, when not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface."

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspine made:
Yet, when pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

"*Our children.*"

Note 10. Canto ii.

At Zanesville, a distinguished emigrant lodged a night in the same room with me. He had been long a resident of the State of Ohio, though not of that town or county. The following is a faithful epitome of his narrative.

"I left New England young, yet I had married, being a disciple of Franklin in matrimonial affairs. I stopped on the North River, till my children were so old as to bring with them to this State the remembrance of their home. Attracted by the reports of this famed Elysium, we came here. My wife was delicate in every respect; formed for society, she had tasted its sweets: she loved her friends and her home. O how much unfitted for the change which brought her from the scenes of her youth to these wild woods, to become the companion of exiled foreigners, who were for ever chanting—

"O when shall I visit the land of my birth?
'Tis the pleasantest land on the face of the earth."

Or,

"O where is my mother that watch'd o'er my childhood?"

* * * * * * * *

"How soon would I have gone back! but we had embarked our all. Pride and the dread of penury chained us to this hated soil. My companion was soon—ah! too soon, released from banishment: the dank vapours of Sciotha's fens overpowered her frail form, and her spirit rests in heaven. My children, what did they lose? nothing, for they found their mother! Stranger, you think this is a picture *painted;* and so it is to the life, from a group of dying originals, who, had they staid where heaven did place them, would now have graced the earth. Though mistaken in my plan for life, and disappointed, I had been faithful to my charge; my conscience was at peace with all the world; yet I could not but regret the blind infatuation, the source of all our sufferings.

"From my earliest years I had been bred to business: active industry was now diversion; and though I was a sincere mourner for the dead—in time, I felt a wish to collect about me a home. My estate lay round my "fair family dissolved." In short, I chose a wife who had never seen New England. She is my wife, and her children are also mine. I am rich, for I abound in every thing this wooden country affords. My children are all this country can make *her* children. But believe me when I say, old as I am, and rich as I am, all that I possess I would give, and that cheerfully, if my children were such as a New England bringing up would have made them.

"You, who have seen both sides of the Allegany, cannot mistake my meaning, or doubt the sincerity of what I say. We all admire the disinterested heroism of a Pocahontas;* yet we could not wish she were the mother of our children.

"I cannot delineate to you, nor is it necessary, what constitutes the surprising difference between the minds and manners of our young people and yours. But I can detail some things which lead to it.

"In your country, you think a village school in danger if but a single expert villain comes into it. Here, if a school is formed, (an almost unknown thing) 'tis literally made up of little villains, whose parents teach them to despise subjection, to make God's holy day a day of feasting and hunting; a time to shine out in fringed barbarian rifle frocks, and yellow tasselled, walnut coloured gowns; to sing wild Irish

* A celebrated Indian queen.

songs, and hoot the Yankees. Oh! it is too much: my children are likely, but unpolished; my wife is faithful and affectionate; but, they all are totally denied that social intercourse, which alone can polish and refine: and believe me when I say, *the man who leaves your eastern States for western wilds, will antedate his race a hundred years!*"

Journey commences.

Note 11. Canto ii.

One can hardly help wishing God's speed to the cheerful faces, so full of expectations which appear in the little ones, who commonly accompany a neat little Yankee waggon, on their way to the west.

"But, oh! their end, their dreadful end."

The horrible mountains are yet to be passed.

Alleganies.

Note 12. Canto ii.

The Allegany mountains are spoken of as if they would trouble one a day or two; for such are the comparative hillocks, called mountains in New England. But the Alleganies are no less than 150 miles across, composed of huge mountains, and deep vallies and ravines between; so that after you are completely exhausted, still

"Hills peep o'er hills, and alps on alps arise."

Nothing can equal the grandeur of the scenery when viewed from these lofty heights. One peak shows you a snow storm eddying round its summit; another, less elevated, a rain-cloud adorned with its bow; a third glistens with chrystals, shot upon the boughs from the last night's spray: a fourth enjoys the clear shining of the sun. And all these are multiplied, till the endless gallery of nature is lost in blue, of lighter or deeper die. How does the *soul* expand! But frail man has a *body* too, that needs some comfortable things; something besides fog and sun-beams: "something substantial, even though it should be nothing better than a luncheon of bread and an onion," as says governor Panza.

But where *great* things are plenty, little necessaries are scarce; and in their lieu we behold hungary ravens over head, a slippery glade beneath, a broken waggon on the right and a dead horse on the left.

Husband frets.

Note 13. Canto ii.

Notwithstanding all the losses, and crosses, and fretting, and fuming, and pious resolutions, and seemly speeches, suffered and vented on this woe-betided highway to the land of promise; our new discipled emigrants calmly set down to compose a letter to their friends in New England, somewhat as follows:

Pittsburg, Oct. 28th. &c.

DEAR FRIENDS,

We arrived safe at this place last week. this is a great city, a'most as big as N. York. we shall go on as soon as the fall rains are over. they say the half has not been told us of the Excellency of the country west of Ohio. But Old Marietta and Muskingum are worn out and good for nothing. we shan't stop we think short of Indiana. Indiana we think we shall like. every body knows how Ohio is cried up for goodness, but they say here Indiana is Ohio twice over. we hope you won't fail to follow us next summer at farthest. come in summer, not in fall rains. Yours, &c.

P. S. One thing I don't like—they are all agreed to curse the Yankies, with their frisking French, broken-jaw'd Dutch, broad Scotch, and blarney Irish; and for all, not one in ten can write his name.

Waggon is upset with a crash.

Note 14. Canto ii.

This is not a solitary case. Hundreds might be instanced, where a waggon wreck on the Alleganies has caused the loss of all the choice things, reserved from the sacrifice of household furniture at the commencement of the journey.

The writer stopped a time at Jenkinson's Hotel, Steubensville, Ohio, (a fine place, indeed, and the best inn to be found over the mountains). Says the landlord, "Not long since, one of your countrymen passed here. He was from Hartford. His name was Bull.* He told me, when he had fairly passed Connecticut line, he kneeled down and thanked the Lord, for that he had brought him out of that rebellious state. And when he crossed here, he did not look as if he need to thank the Lord for any thing. It cost him about 2000 dollars in broken waggons and other accidents, to perform his journey."

The bed is thrown over the remaining horse.

Note 15. Canto ii.

Every one who has crossed the Alleganies on the great route to Pittsburgh, can never forget the woe-begotten countenances of mothers, situated literally as is here described. Their misfortunes begin with their journey; the expenses soon eat up the reserved change, and nothing remains to do, but to part with some of their loading at every stop; and this is done to the greatest disadvantage; when all is gone but the bed, that is commonly laid over the horse, and the woman rides on it; while the little ones, like gipsies' heirs, sometimes lead and sometimes follow.

People on the road described.

Note 16. Canto iii.

Add to all the vexations which are seen to attend this journey, that of hearing the questions which you put to the people on the road answered in some broken-jaw'd language, which you cannot understand: or, what is still more provoking, a total indifference,—as "shall I find the road a-head

* Mr. B. had for years been partially deranged in his mind, and had been violently opposed to the politics and religion of the state.

any better?" "So—oh, so—so, tolerable bad." Compare this with the well known courtesy of Old Massachusetts.

There is, however, a kind of hospitality to be found among the backwoodsmen, who reside off the great routes; which I have not seen elsewhere. The following is an instance. I was travelling through a western bottom, in an unfrequented path.—In my course lay a river, and I knew not the fording place. I was hesitating, at the moment a young man of the country accosted me familiarly—

"Stranger, for God O'mighty's sake give me a chew of tobacco."—"Friend, I use none—can you direct me to the *ford?*"—"Stranger, I'll shew you:" and he commenced running by my horse's side—talked incessantly of "below," *i. e.* states east of the Allegany. He was Nature's own child, though a white man. His rifle frock was blue and white chambray, close buckled with a webbing belt, and fringed with a bright opposing colour. His rifle and powder-horn bespoke no mean rank of their owner. His mockasins were new, and seemed almost to give springs to the feet and ancles. We were soon at the fording place, although he had run full two miles to serve me. As I crossed he watched me, and pointed to the right or left, as deeps and shallows required. When safe over, he waved his hand, and said—"Stranger, I wish you well," and suddenly disappeared: yet I could hear him, with a bold, unpent voice, sing—

"Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the morn."

* * * * * * *

And did you reward him handsomely? thinks the reader. I gave him nothing but a cheerful attention to what he said to me, which was principally in short questions, as, "Stranger, you come from below?" "Yes." "That's a great country—you have bridges there?" "Yes." "You have roads, where ladies drive wheel-carriages all safe: you have schools too; every one from below reads well, and can write; but a man may be a greater rogue for it. Did you ever see the Constitution, Independence, or any of those great ships?" "Yes." "Oh, that's a *great country*, where every nation's vessels can come to. They say, in New England you are never out o'sight of a steeple, and from one hill you may see a dozen or more. My mother was a Christian, and she told me of the Old States. My father cared for nothing but his bottle and his hounds. Did you ever hear a bugle horn?" "I did, from Queenstown heights." "Oh, then you have seen the British red coats! Oh, yours is a great country, with all the world around you!"

Wife bewails her sad fate.

Note 17. Canto iii.

A *man*, with a common share of magnanimity or enterprise, may render almost any situation tolerable. But 'tis not so with *woman*. She must have a home:—the little expectancies of every day must be realized; her landscape must speak human residence and cultivation: her house must be inviting; her rooms furnished: she must possess the facility of social intercourse, the smooth road, and spring-carriage. If she be married, her husband must not be a *boor*, but a civilized man, who keeps up with the times—who—needs not a *hunt*, a *horse-race*, or a whiskey shop, to enable him to endure life; but who, in the hours of business, is industrious in a respectable calling, which enables and disposes him to spend his leisure and resting hours in the bosom of his rising family, amid the pledges of affection, the promises of a future race, who shall honour the memory of those who watched and nursed their helpless infancy. Banish a woman from all this, and after mountains of suffering and fatigue, place her in a log cabin, the chinks daubbed with mud, the light of heaven coming in only where the smoke goes out; their *all* paid on the road for *trouble;* her husband out of employ; her babe rolled in a rug, laid in a bit of hollow log which rocks on a slab floor; herself shaking with an ague, and shrinking before an attack of fever; her other children, which once were dressed in white, and rocked on a rich carpet in a still crable, now smoked and dingy, running in and out where a slab is shoved aside for a door; now begging for a piece of hoe-cake, or for parched corn—can she be happy?

Sideling Hill.

Note 18. Canto iii.

This monstrous mountain, *Sideling Hill*, lies nearly at right angle with the other ridges of the Alleganies, so that the path running on the north side near its backbone carries the waggon so near a topsy-turvy position, the driver feels for whole days as if his waggon, wife, children, horses and all were plunging broadside foremost down into the great north-west abyss, there to remain a prey to ravens and turkey-buzzards.

Laurel Hill.

Note 19. Canto iii.

Of all the mountains "Laurel Hill" is the worst. The paths over it pass necessarily in a zigzag direction, and the several *tacks* of road become so many eave-troughs for the torrents of rain and melting snows, which channel out excavations broad and deep enough to swallow up a house. But as there are no houses to tumble in, the bottom is only piled with undermined stones and rocks, which to pass over safely would puzzle a mountain goat.——'Tis ten miles over this *hill*.

Arrive at last.

Note 20. Canto iii.

Perhaps our readers (if readers we have any), will *guess* our travellers have got new horses, or they could not bounce along at this rate, toward the *fag end* of creation, and the winding up of a heap of toils and discomfitures.

But they will guess wrong; for the wife is still pinioned on the bed, which still hangs over the back of the relict of a pair of yankee horses—and the husband is half his way deliberating, *whether to jump into a slough or a thorn bush.*

Yet we say they got to Ohio, and refrain to linger out a diary of disasters; but one word more of *sloughs* and *thorn-bushes.* The roads through the bottoms in the western country are literally mud without bottom; and the borders most bushily palisaded with thorns: so that the foot traveller, such as our unhorsed, unhoused, husband, in his impatience to extricate his feet, up to his knees or more in mire, drives his head into a thorn-bush; and thus becomes fast anchored, not by his head alone, as was Absalom, but by his feet too, or, as the sailors say, "handsomely moored, sir, by a *bow fast* and a *stern fast*, which makes all fast."

The woodsmen sometimes attempt to mend the roads in the *swales*, as they say, by cutting and laying logs side by side for a long distance. This is *vastly better.* It is like riding over an everlasting wood-pile; and besides, a rain or a thaw puts this all afloat. And to crown all, after the flood ceases, the boasted log-way is part in the place where a road should be, and the rest are heads and points and *every which* way, as the Pensylvanians say.

To a place of much wood.

Note 21. Canto iii.

Nothing can exceed the irksomeness of for ever inhaling the smell of rotten wood, of being day and night immersed in the dank vapours of a woody bottom: oozing continually a *fever and ague sweat:* and how much is this enhanced to those whose memories are constantly presenting images

"Of hills, and dales, *** and lawns, and spires,
"And glittering towns, and gilded streams,
"——Unfailing in the summer's drought."

CONCLUSION.

Finally, the question is simply this: shall I stay, and enjoy the fruits of two hundred years labour of my ancestors; or go, and toil and sweat for those who shall come two hundred years after me! Not indeed for those of my posterity; for if they inherit the true spirit of emigration in their several generations, they will get to be subjects of king Maquina, or some other North west coast potentate, long before two hundred years have elapsed, or run by like so many bedeviled swine into the western ocean.

And now, gentle reader, one more story, and we will take leave of each other; I to my patrimony, in the land of steady habits; and you, if you please, to the fabled regions of the west.

On my return to the eastern states, I stopped for the night at an inn in Fairfield, co. Conn. My *chervalles*, and other riding habiliments, quite worn, led the circle round a cheerful Christmas fire of walnut wood, to inquire if I had been over the mountains. I said yes—and a conversation followed.

Gent.—"You have travelled in Ohio?" Yes sir.—"Is the water good?" Sir, it will nauseate you, or any other New England man. "I am told the streams are boatable to their very source—is it so?" In freshet time, every valley is a river; and in drought, every river is a dry ditch. "Then what secures the bridges in floods, and supplies the mills in drought?" Nothing. "They say crops are liable to few casualties there?" If floods, and droughts, and hurricanes, are erased from their chapter of casualties, it reads like your's. "Hurricanes?" The tops of all their hills are bared with them, and the cornfields so frequently ruined, that the planter considers an escape two years in three, better than the common run. "Hills?—'tis represented all a plain, a dead level!" I know they say so, but I who have been familiar with Vermont and New Hampshire from my youth, never have seen such hills as those of Ohio. "What have they then?" Plenty of wild hogs, hominy, hoecakes, and fever—"and *maladie du pays*,"* adds a gentleman opposite, who had also a travelling garb not a little worn. "Have you, sir, been there too?" "I have," says the traveller.—"What do you bring us of that country?" "Nothing in addition to what you have heard, but the filling up of the outline so honestly sketched by the gentleman in *chervalles*."—"How is it possible then to keep up the delusion?" "Why, sir," says the traveller, when I first went over the mountains, two years since, every emigrant I fell in with, was preaching up the country as the pinnacle of perfection. I soon learned the dialect of the backwoodsmen, and could effectually keep from my countrymen that I was a yankee. In this way I traversed most of the western regions, stopping with the eastern emigrants, and feigning myself a Kentuckian: for I could say I had 'come all the way from Rocky River;' that 'I was a real horse;' that 'I had seen a steam-boat—and whoever rides me rides a d—d stiff colt;' that 'I'd the best shooting rifle, the fastest trotting mare, and the handsomest sister in all Kentuck, by G—d!' And although I could act the backwoodsman to the life, yet I did it no farther than to serve my purpose. As often as an opportunity offered, I entered the cabins of my countrymen, and questioned them of their country. An instance I will particularize; the man had gone for some beer, which he kindly proffered me. In his absence, 'Madam,' said I, 'don't you think you'd been as happy had you staid in your own country?' 'O sir, it was a delightsome land to dwell in, and over near Boston.'—So soon as the man came in, I said again—'Old gentleman, are you more happy than if you had staid below?' O sir, that is a delightsome land to dwell in—that

* Home sickness.

Boston state;' and the tears filled both their eyes. I pursued my route, and every day found yankees; and never found any, but upon questioning of their old homes, would immediately fall into a strain of repinings, and in the most plaintive tone describe the enjoyments of their former situation, which, compared with their tale of suffering since they left them, added to the despair of ever again visiting their native soil, or making their adopted country seem like home—was enough to wring the hard heart of a land-jobber himself. I shall for ever hold in utter abhorrence those men who bait my countrymen to exile.

"All this I have seen, and 'tis too much; the delusion practised upon the people of New England is beyond all human endurance. The conscriptions of Bonaparte were fair dealing, compared with the arts and practices of land speculators in this country. In Europe, the imperial ravisher of villages in time became the patron of his victims: If he despoiled their bosoms of the sacred love of home, in its stead he infused the love of glory; if he placed them in a new sphere, himself was there; he shared their toils and privations, and held within their reach the star of honour. Not so with the evil Genius which haunts New England; like a mean archer, he is ever where he cannot be hit, and his victim carries a poisoned wound for ever in his bosom—the remembrance of better days, and a better home than the lone land of exile."

Thus we have, as was proposed, selected from the notes, mentioned in the beginning of this book, such pieces of history as would best exhibit the effects of emigration on the happiness of those, who leave their homes for a wilderness.

Whether the picture drawn is true or false must be decided by those who have visited western bottoms, *yet have no interest there.* Hitherto the world has been inundated with "tales," and "tours," and histories of a country beyond the hills, which escaped the curse of "Cain's unresting doom;" but facts are rising up, and wrecks are drifting eastward."

Such are the arguments, such the feelings of an American, respecting a voluntary exile from the abode of his forefathers; a self-inflicted banishment from all the joys and charities and intellectual refinements of social life. And can an Englishman then view the subject with indifference? Can he, who has surely more to lose, more to regret, than any American whatsoever, stifle all the best feelings of his heart, extinguish all the clearest dictates of his reason, to give his children another name, another country, and himself a foreign grave? No: we trust that, as in America, the wise, the enlightened, and the good, take care to ascertain the probable truth of those visions which would tempt them to the "other side of the Ohio," so the same class of people in Great Britain, and we would still hope that of such the bulk of her subjects are composed, will have the courage and the good sense to resist the idle or insidious adventurers that would tempt them from their native shores to the "other side of the Atlantic"—as permanent residents, to the neglect and injury of their mother country.

ON ARABIAN POETRY, ESPECIALLY THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR.—BY MR. JOSEPH VON HANMER.

(Concluded from p. 18.)

AS all the bibliographical sources, and even Hadschi Chalfa, observe a profound silence respecting the author of this romance, we can only appeal to the internal evidence furnished by the work itself. As Assmai, one of the most distinguished geniuses who flourished in the courts of the Caliphs Haroun and Mamoun, which were so propitious to poetry and all the sciences, is mentioned throughout, and almost in every leaf as the first author, there can be little doubt that this is so far correct. But besides him, frequent mention is made of two other persons as authorities, as relators of the history of Antar, viz. Ebu Obeide, and Dschohainn, the son of Ghailem* from Yemen, both contemporaries of Assmai, and both well esteemed like himself, at the court of Mamoun, the great patron of learning and learned men.†

* It may be right to observe, that in the proper names we have preserved the orthography of M. Von Hanmer, except in some instances, familiar to the English reader, see following note.

† These three names are mentioned together in the English translation in the 22d page, only disfigured by errors of the press. "Now the narrators of this history, Asmael and Zotreina, and Aboo Obeidah, state." The editor, who overlooked this passage, names in the preface Assmai alone as the author. In the latter parts, besides these three above names, others are often mentioned, as Ibn Hascham, &c. but which are evidently interpolations of the copiers, who have made additions of their own, and concealed the obscurity of their own names by the lustre of great names handed down by tradition.

It can scarcely be doubted but that Assmai is the first and principal author of this celebrated and admired romance; but the epoch of the reign under which it was composed is not so expressly stated in the work, as the name of the author, the usual dedication to the Caliph, by whose leave it was composed, or to whom it was presented, is wanting; yet it appears to us, that from a distinguishing characteristic of the hero, and from what the Arabian history relates of the birth of Mamoun, it may be decided with some degree of certainty, that this romance was not composed either under the government of Haroun, or that of Emin, but in the golden days of the Caliphate, that is, under the reign of Mamoun, and for him. The circumstance that a work of such extent and importance must be ascribed rather to the later than to the earlier part of the author's life, and that the court of Mamoun, far more than even that of Haroun, was the fairy palace of the poets and reciters of tales, who waited the whole day through before the curtain, or outside of the door of the hall of audience, to be ready, when the Caliph clapped his hands to call them in, to divert him with poems and tales, these two circumstances, of themselves, give some probability to the opinion we have expressed of the period to which the work belongs, and it is much strengthened by the following internal characteristic feature in the history of Antar and Mamoun, as far as certainty can be obtained without express authorities.

Antar, the knightly singer of one of the seven poems, suspended to the Kaaba, to which the Arabians paid, as to the holy house itself, divine honours, by reverence and prostration, and revered in them the work of poetic genius, as the fruit of divine inspiration, was, as we know from historical sources, the son of a female negro slave, not born in regular marriage; and in the same manner, Mamoun was not the son of the consort of his father Haroun, Zobeide, who was of royal blood, but of a female negro slave. The Arabian historians relate very particularly the strange occasion of this birth. Haroun, who was very fond of playing chess with Zobeide, one day agreed with her, that the losing party should submit to the will of the winner, and punctually perform whatever condition should be required. Zobeide lost the first game, and Haroun, who knew her reserve (in which, perhaps, there might be a little affectation), exacted of her that she should immediately strip herself quite naked before him, and so make the round of the court. In vain she refused to comply with this faunish humour; in vain were all her entreaties or tears, she was obliged to submit to the penalty imposed, and to redeem her given word. But now she was to have an opportunity of taking her revenge upon the same conditions. Haroun lost the second game, and Zobeide, haughtily abusing the right she had acquired, demanded (what another woman would not so easily have demanded from her husband), that he should pass the next night not with her, or with one of the seven hundred Arabian, Persian, Grecian, Tartarian, Egyptian, and Circassian beauties who composed his harem, but with the ugliest negro slave who was just carrying wood and water into the kitchen. In vain the caliph offered to the mistress of the harem the half of his treasures, to be excused from so disagreeable a penance, (and his excuses were perhaps more sincere than Zobeide's). In vain were all his entreaties, he was forced to submit to the penalty imposed, and to redeem his word given. The fruit of this lost game at chess was Mamoun, who ascended the throne of the caliphs after his brother Emin. It is natural that so singular a descent should afford the wits of those days materials enough for satire and malicious jests, and that if at a later period, when the son of the negro slave rose to supreme power, the wits and epigrammatists, for fear of losing their heads, might repress the licence of their tongues, yet this compelled silence could not probably obliterate the memory of the true descent of the caliph. It was therefore a fine and happy idea of Assmai to unite the descent of the son of the negro slave, invested with the robe of the caliphs, to the highest honours of eloquence and valour, by a reference to Antar, the father of knighthood, the first Arabian poet of the golden age before Mahomet.

Thus the descent of Mamoun from the negro slave, which could neither be denied nor glossed over, appeared in a much fairer and more favourable light, when compared with Antar's descent from a negro slave, which was also a known historical fact. For Mamoun, though the son of a slave of the harem, and inheriting the colour and ugliness of his mother, was, however, as lawfully begotten as if he had been the son of any of the seven hundred beauties of the harem. With Antar the case was very

different. He was the fruit of a promiscuous intercourse of several men with a slave, which, before Mahomet, was allowed as the third and lowest kind of marriage, but which, with several other shameful customs of idolatrous worship, was abolished by the prophet in the name of heaven and of the one only God. According to this custom, which was abolished by Islamism, marriage was of three kinds; the first for life, (with the reserve of divorce,) as now established by the Mahometan law, the cohabitation of one man with one or more slaves, and the promiscuous intercourse of a female slave with several men. On the birth of a child it was examined by persons skilled in what was called *Ilmol-kiafet*, or physiognomy of the limbs, and adjudged to that one among the men whom it most resembled in the form of the head and limbs. Thus Antar, the son of the negress Sebibe, was adjudged to belong to the brave knight Schebad, because he more resembled him than any other of the nine knights, his associates, to whom Sebibe belonged.

If, therefore, the descent from a negro slave, sullied besides by the licentious cohabitation of the mother, could not deprive Antar, the father of chivalry, the hero of the golden time before Islamism, of the immortal glory acquired by valour and eloquence; if, by the might of his sword and the energy of his language, he reduced envy and censure to silence, and proceeded without interruption towards the great gaol of lasting honour, and happily reached it, how welcome must the narrative of his life and heroic deeds be to the caliph, whose obscure descent from a negro slave, exposed to manifold satire, was so splendidly veiled by the great qualities of his character, by his great talents for government, that his reign became the most brilliant epoch of poetry and of the abstruse sciences, the golden age of the caliphate. This coincidence of descent from a negro slave, which was common to the greatest hero before Islamism, and the greatest patron of the sciences in Islamism, namely, the Bedouin knight, Antar, and the Abasside caliph, Mamoun, decides, in our opinion, with much probability, the time when Assmai, the most esteemed of the geniuses who lived at the court of Haroun, Emin, and Mamoun, wrote this romance.

Assmai, the most distinguished by his talents and by the favour of the caliph among the poets at the court of Mamoun, drew, therefore, in this work the picture of the golden age of the Arabians before Mahomet, which was hardly two hundred years before him. The two most brilliant periods in the Arabian history are the time immediately before Mahomet, and the reign of the first seven caliphs of the family of Abbas. The first period includes the fairest days of Arabian freedom and independence; in the second the empire of the Arabians had attained the height of greatness and power. In both periods the genius of intellect rose to immortal glory. The first, in which poetry and eloquence were in their prime, produced the greatest Arabian poets, and Mahomet the greatest of them all, was at the same time the prophet and lawgiver of his nation. The saying which he left as a legacy to his people, *la nebbi baadi*, "after me no prophet will come," is strictly true, even if by the prophet we should understand only the poet; for no great Arabian poet arose after him: and all the attempts of later poets to rival the Koran, even those of the greatest of them, Motenebbi, who, as his Arabic name expresses, *would be a prophet*, ended in the discomfiture of those who made them, and in the triumph of the unattainable energy of the Koran, and confirmed the high opinion entertained by the nation of the divinity of its word.

Mahomet, concluded, as lawgiver and poet, in the name of Heaven, that is, as prophet, the golden age of chivalry and poetry in which Antar, like the star Antares, so called by the Arabs after him, shone as a star of the first magnitude in the sphere of chivalric honour and poetical glory. This golden age of the language and poetry is called by the Arabs, "the time of ignorance," merely in reference to the sending of Mahomet, who led his people from the gloomy night of idolatry, to the bright light of Islamism—that is, devout faith. Setting aside the flourishing state of poetry, the age immediately preceding Mahomet may be justly called the age of ignorance, in comparison of the age of the highest attainments in science, under the first seven caliphs of the family of Abbas, and especially under the seventh of them, Mamoun, during whose reign the learning of the Arabians was at its height. The history of Antar is therefore a romance, the hero of which lived in the golden age of Arabic poetry, immediately before Mahomet, and the author in the golden age of science and learning among the Arabians under Mamoun. The court poet Assmai described the heroic deeds of the Bedouin poet Antar: the brightest

genius at the court of Mamoun did homage in this romance to the first poetic genius before Mahomet, and to the caliph himself; for the crown of honour and glory which Assmai wove for the dark brow of Antar, was woven also for that of the caliph; and the splendor of divine reverence, with which the Arabians before Mahomet honoured the work of their greatest national poets was reflected upon the poetical biographer.

Thus the history of Antar is the picture of the manners, of the spirit, and the character of the most brilliant epoch before Mahomet, described in the most brilliant period of the caliphate; a picture of Bedouin chivalry, drawn at the court of the caliph; and is, therefore, as well through the spirit of the hero, as the age of the author, deeply imbued with the vivifying energy of chivalry and poetry, such as, before and after Mahomet, it issued from the desert, awing and subjugating nations, as, treading under foot effeminate nations and unstable thrones, it penetrated through Asia and Africa to the pillars of Hercules; and breathed the southern spirit of romantic poetry, and chivalrous honour through Spain, into the heart of Europe. Hence appears the great difference between the romance of Antar, and the Tales of the Thousand and One Nights, and others of the same class. Mahomet prohibited his people from reading the Persian Tales, but recommended the heroic traditions of Antar, thus "their hearts might be steeled by them, harder than a rock;" the former are pure, and mostly extravagant fictions, the adventures of Antar, for the most part historical; many of the former are laid in the time of Haroun and Mamoun, in which the author of Antar lived; and they speak of those days as of the good old times, whereas those days were the very period in which Assmai drew the picture of the more ancient and golden times, before Mahomet.

The time to which the history of Antar belongs, comprehends the most remarkable events mentioned in the history of the Age of Ignorance. The wars of the Arabian viceroys in Mesopotamia and Syria, with the Greek and Persian emperors, the battles of the tribes of Stony Arabia (Hedschaf), with those of the Happy Arabia (Yemen), the celebrated race of the two horses Dahes and Gabra, from which tedious wars arose; lastly, the contests in eloquence and poetry, in presence of the people of Arabia assembled at Mecca, and the honours of divine reverence decreed to genius.

Antar was born under the reign of the great King of Persia, Nouschirwan the Just, and died after the birth of Mahomet, a short time before the latter had announced his divine mission: his life extends to nearly a whole century, which, perhaps, would have borne the name of Antar had not the prophet appeared. It is the century of Arabian eloquence, and Arabian chivalry.

After what is already known of the manners and character of the Arabs, and what has been said here, it is unnecessary to shew that the spirit of Arabian chivalry, though it excited that of the European, is different from this, which being transplanted from the east to the west, has, by the influence of climate, the doctrines of Christianity, and the progress of civilization, assumed among us a very different form.

We recognize, indeed, in the spirit of European chivalry, the breath of the south and the east, which first issued from burning deserts, inhabited by independent tribes, penetrated the kingdoms of Asia, and thus over Africa to Europe; but in crossing the sea its fervour was cooled, and tempered with the genial breath of spring, which melted the ancient ice of northern barbarism, and soon put forth in the southern parts, the blossoms of Provençal poetry. Without a knowledge of the Arabian chivalry, that of the European would be imperfectly comprehended; for the former is the root, from which the chivalrous spirit of the middle ages in Europe grew up into a wide spreading tree. The romance of Antar, a faithful picture of the Arabian middle ages, in the most flourishing time of Arabian chivalry, which is here represented on all its light and dark sides, is less a romance than many a pretended historical work written in our times, upon the European middle ages. Assmai, who, at the court of Mamoun, was in the very focus of all the rays of Arabian civilization, does full justice, it is true, to the warlike virtues, and natural eloquence of the Bedouin, in the age of ignorance; but he does not (like many German *beaux esprits*, who overvalue the middle ages of Europe, and praise them far beyond the truth,) ever think of placing the state of chivalrous rudeness, and half civilization, above an improved state, and refinement of manners. Assmai is no exaggerated panegyrist of Bedouinism; but the praise of Arabian chivalry is

meant for his own time, in which he lived, in which the chivalrous spirit of Arabian manners cherished at the court of the caliph by art and science, had developed itself in great perfection. The praise which he bestows on the becoming valour, and the poetic refinement of the Bedouins before Mahomet, is for his own age; towards which he is, therefore, far more just than all the eulogists of the middle ages, who praise and extol them at the expense of later times. These persons are in the situation of those who admire the coloured play of light in the clouds, illumined by the sun, who admire and gaze at their splendour at a distance, and cannot sufficiently praise the light and the colours, and the motion, and the shape of the cloud: but if it were to sink down on the earth, what would it be, but mist, cold, and damp, in which we should insecurely and uncomfortably grope our way, without being able to find the right road? We will, therefore, very willingly praise the beauty of the clouds in the sky painted by the morning or evening light, and wonder at the strange and varying shapes which the eye of the imagination gives them; but to wish the cloud to descend, that we may wander in obscurity, or to praise the obscurity of past ages, this be far from us, and from all those who desire neither the fate of Ixion, nor the part of the panegyrist of the clouds, in the comedy of Aristophanes.

But, on the other hand, we will by no means be blind to the advantages and bright sides of Asiatic chivalry, which was transplanted first by the Moors through Spain, and then by means of the Crusades into all the countries of Europe, nor be unjust to the middle ages of Europe or Asia. The faithful, animated picture which the Romance of Antar draws of it, affords the best point of comparison of the Asiatic and European chivalry, and explains the origin of the one in the desert, the improvement of the other in town and castles by civilization and religion. The principal duties of chivalry are common to the Arabian and the Christian knight; but the basis of them, the law, and idea of honour, is very different in the desert of the east, and the civilized countries of the west. The defence of the oppressed and of the weak, the protection of the women, the exercise of hospitality, and all the duties of probity; inviolable observance of the plighted word, the splendour of birth, the power of family, the glory of adventures achieved, are in the sphere of the Asiatic as well as the European chivalry. The Arabian knight, like the European, recognises the law of honour as the principle of his conduct, as the guiding star of his actions; but how different is the idea of honour entertained by the "Chevalier loyal et féal" from that of the knight of the desert.

The first law which honour prescribes to the Arabian knight is revenge. Revenge! revenge! bloody revenge! is the furious cry of the individual Bedouin, and of the whole tribe, so long as the smallest iujury suffered by himself, or the most distant of his relations, has not been washed away in the blood of the offender. The war cry of Antar and his companions is "En-nar, En-nar, wela-el-aar; fire! fire! and not shame!" —or "Revenge! revenge! and not infamy!"— This thirst of revenge, which is inherited from generation to generation, was the source of the perpetual wars and feuds, by which Arabia was torn previously to the mission of Mahomet. It was he who, denouncing in the Koran the anathema of heaven against private revenge, and fixing the price of blood-shed, gave a check to the farther shedding it; who, forbidding hatred to be appeased by murder, collected the scattered strength of the hostile tribes into one point, against common, external enemies, and taking the task of avenging blood that had been shed, from the sword of the individual, assigned it to the sword of justice. The savage thirst of revenge was thus, in some degree, softened in its effects; and the period when Arabian club law properly flourished, ended with the mission of Mahomet; but notwithstanding his prohibition of private vengeance, pronounced in the name of Heaven, the duel continued in Arabian chivalry, as a satisfaction for insults received, and passed with it into the system of European chivalry, where, notwithstanding all the opposing doctrines of the Christian religion, it maintained itself as a tribunal of honour. As this false notion of honour and satisfaction was unknown to the most polished people of classical antiquity out of the field of battle, and originated in the ideas and manners of the middle ages, the spreading of it, after the introduction of Christianity, may serve, not indeed as a proof of the preference of old religions, but as an historical confirmation of the truth, that the manners of nations are more surely founded by the general dictates of the

moral law, impressed by nature on all men, than by the doctrines of positive religion. Notwithstanding the evangelic doctrine, which commands him who has received a blow on one cheek, to present the other to the offender, the barbarous custom of obtaining satisfaction by duelling has prevailed among all Christian nations; and the European knight did not dream that his way of thinking and acting was only that of the Arabian knight (cooled and modified by the climate,) to whose character, as painted in Antar, we now return. Impatient, violent, imperious, and, above all, proud, the Bedouin knight admits of no contradiction or opposition, and revolts at every limitation or humiliation of his native freedom and independence, by the superiority of another in birth, honour, or power. He loudly proclaims his own precedence, ready on all occasions to assert it, and to subscribe in characters of blood, with the point of his sword, the commendations which he bestows upon himself.

He breathes only revenge and blood in the combat and on the field of battle, and indulges, without bounds, in the gratification of the senses in the days of peace and repose: he spends the days of his youth and vigour between the sword and the bottle, between the din of battle and the joy of feasting, combating, fighting, singing, and drinking. The feelings of tenderness, which he loudly proclaims, are no less rude than his notion of honour. His love is nothing less than the delicate mysterious passion of the knight of the middle ages in Europe, which was cherished by a single look or pressure of the hand, which inviolably observed the faith vowed to the sovereign of the heart; still less is it allied to that cold gallantry and false sentimentality, which, in later times, took the place of the delicate passion of ancient chivalry. This passion deprives him of all command over himself; he proclaims it aloud to the whole world; he eagerly presses to the attainment of his object; and supplies by the violence of his flame, what it may want in constancy. Nevertheless, he is not a stranger to constancy; nay, he even boasts of it as a virtue natural to him; but constancy to the first object of his love does not exclude subsequent adventures: the mistress of his heart must be content with the precedence which he gives her above all others, and must not consider herself as injured by the number of rivals who share his bed with him. This plurality of wives has also its foundation in the manners of those times, when the number of wives was not limited among the Arabians. Mahomet, who wished to check the abuse of the liberty of taking an unlimited number of wives, first fixed the number of lawful wives at four; and instead, therefore, of favouring polygamy among his people, as is generally, but erroneously believed, he, on the contrary, set bounds to it. On the other hand, he forbade the women "to go out and to adorn themselves as in the days of idolatry;" and by confining them in harems, and concealing them under veils (imitating in this the custom of the ancient Persian kings) he threw the veil of mystery over the social intercourse of the sexes, and over the expression of the reciprocal feelings, which had been free and open in the fair days of Arabian independence.

If the European knight excels the Arabian in the superior refinement of his moral feeling, in the more just application of the idea of honour, in the superior delicacy of his declaration of love, he is surpassed by him in magnanimity, liberality, and hospitality; he gives all he possesses to the poor, the orphan, or the stranger, even to his last camel, and to his last shirt. Whoever comes is welcome to share his table and his couch; whoever has drunk of his milk, or has but touched the cords of his tent, is safe under the palladium of his honour, (*Irs*). He has found a sacred asylum, which insures impunity to the guilty, even in the dwelling of the injured person, whose just vengeance he had provoked.*

Lastly. The knight of the European middle ages is the knight of society, of castles, of rising civilization: the Arab is the knight of the tent, of the desert, of nature. Notwithstanding this striking difference of physiognomy and character, which we have just remarked, there will still be found sufficient resemblance to point out their common origin and relationship. We find persons, situations, achievements and adventures, which seem to be exactly copied from those in the most celebrated French romances, and Italian romantic poems, which is not surprising, since the very spirit and substance of chivalry, and its romantic stories, migrated with the Arabians from the East, through Spain to Europe. The good Bishop Turpin and Charlemagne were contemporary with Assmai and

* What Pomponius Mela says of the Germans, is wholly applicable to the Bedouins: "Jus in viribus habent; adeo ut

Haroun-Al-raschid; but the romance-writers, who relate the deeds of Orlando and the treacheries of the house of Mentz, did not appear till two centuries later, when the spirit of the Arabians had been diffused over Europe by their conquests in Spain, and by the crusades. In Antar, who was contemporary with Arthur, we find more than one feature of the heroes of Ariosto and the Round Table. Charlemagne acts as insignificant a part in the Morgante of Pulci, as the good king Kais in the history of Antar. Rebia and Amara are no less perverse and treacherous enemies than Pinabel and Ganelon, and the families of Siad and Korad, are in the same hostile attitude with respect to each other, as the houses of Mayence and Clermont (from which Bayard descended). The horse's Bride d'Or, and Rubican, seem to be imitations of the Arabian coursers Dahes and Gabra, or of the mare Dschirwe, and Antar's war-horse Ebhar.* Durendal and Flamberge seem to supply the place of the sword Dhami made out of a thunderbolt (a meteoric stone) and of another which was in the possession of Antar and of king Kais. But notwithstanding all these coincidences, the romance of Antar is infinitely more reasonable than the Italian and French romances, since there are neither flying horses nor enchantments in it, neither sorcerers nor fairies, neither invulnerable knights nor horses that speak, neither journeys to the moon nor descents into hell; in a word, nothing supernatural, nothing contrary to the course of nature and historical probability; for the immense number of enemies killed, while the hero always escapes either unwounded, or wounded but very slightly, passes with the Arabs, as well as the contents of the whole work for historical truth. However great the value of it may be in the eyes of all lovers of Arabian history, geography, genealogy, and adventures, it has certainly a much greater and more general value for all classes of readers, through the faithful picture of the manners and character of this astonishing people, who, issuing from their deserts, in which they were never conquered, subdued a great part of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Antar engages the reader, not so much by the delicacy of the sentiments, by the interest and novelty of the situations, by the wonderful nature of the events and adventures, as by the faithful picture of Arabian manners, customs, prejudices, and passions, which is more accurately drawn here than in all the accounts of travellers—nay we do not hesitate to say more accurately than in the Thousand and One Nights, the greatest merit of which lies in the strange and marvellous.

In the Thousand and One Nights we chiefly become acquainted with the inhabitants of cities, and the manners of the court; and this could hardly be otherwise in a work, the greater part of which modelled at a later period on the old Persian form, was to all appearance, first written under the government of the last Mameluke sultans in Egypt, at a time when the era of Haroun was considered as the golden age of the caliphate, and his court as the ideal of all oriental courts. In Antar, on the contrary, we see only the Bedouin, the son of nature; we live with him under the tent and in the desert, and accompany him only to the court of the Arabian viceroy, or governor of Nouschirwan, and to the court of the king of kings Nouschirwan himself. Assmai, who lived at the court of Haroun and Mamoun, was still near enough to the time before Mahomet which he described, to give a more faithful picture of it, than the later Egyptian narrators of tales could give of the golden days of Haroun; or, if we go upon the indisputable truth, that every writer of romances as well as of history, irresistibly influenced and penetrated by the spirit of the age in which he lives, writes far more certainly in the spirit of his own age, than that of those which have preceded him, Antar is for the most part, properly the faithful picture of the golden times of the caliphate, in the reigns of Haroun and Mamoun, when it was written, and the Arabian Nights, chiefly but the picture of the later time of the empire of the sultans of Egypt, in which (to judge by several indications), the more modern and greater part of the Thousand and One Nights was mixed with ancient Persian work. Assmai was besides, himself a Bedouin, if not by birth, as is probable, at least in inclination and manners, and his acquaintance with the customs of the desert, as appears from several passages of his life, which history has handed down to us.*

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ne latrocinii quidem pudeat tantum hospitibus boni.—*Pomp. Mel.* l. iv. c. 2, *Germaniæ Descriptio.*

* This name, probably from an erratum in the Arabic MS. is wrongly spelt in the English translation Abdjar.

* See, for instance, the anecdote related in "the Ottar of Roses," vol. ii. how to put to

Where could we find a more faithful picture of the character and manners of these sons of the desert, who had attained, however, a certain degree of intellectual polish? In Antar we meet with a great number of the most striking traits characteristic of the Arabs before Mahomet. We find in it, a number of civil and religious institutions, which Mahomet did not introduce, but only confirmed; others, which he changed or established. The natural enmity of the frontier inhabitants of Hedschaf and Yemen (the Stony and Happy Arabia), robbery, recognised as a valid title of legal possession, the immense chasm which separates the free-born from the slave, the titles and pretensions of the nobility, regard for the widows and orphans and for the priests, who are alwaystaken among the aged and the wise; the right of the conqueror; the adoration of idols; the pilgrimage to Mecca; the suspension of arms in the sacred months of repose; the honours paid to kings, and the reverence shown to the master-pieces of poetry; the feasts, the games, the tournaments, and triumphal processions, the adorning of the idols with wreaths of flowers, and bright red colour, the pride of the men in splendid arms, of the women in braceelets, ancle rings, &c.: the solemnities of the three great epochs of human life, the birth, the marriage, and the funeral; the nobility of horses, the attention paid to the harem and to the stud;—the ticklish purity of female honour; and the jealousy shown respecting the unmixed races of the horses, &c. None of all these particulars is forgotten in this faithful picture.

For the historian, the geographer, and the genealogist, it is of particular value, from the names of Arabian tribes, chiefs, mountains, and rivers (the scene being always in the interior of the country), the smallest part of which are noted in the best map of Arabia which we hitherto possess, namely, that of Niebuhr. There we have the names of the tribes, and their branches, whose amicable or hostile relations are carried back to the original division of all the Arab tribes, into the descendants of Adnan and Joktan. There we have the significant names of the mountains and vallies in Hedschaf and Yemen, and all the charms of the most fruitful vallies of the Happy Arabia vanish, when the hero of the history and the people of his tribe, the sons of Abs, are seized with a longing after their home in Hedschaf, and after the happy mountain and the well watered valley. A map, noting only approximately the names of the mountains, vallies, defiles, and torrents, occurring in Antar, would be a chief requisite in publishing this romance in an European dress, if the reader should not lose the geographical information to be derived from it.*

The name of Antar has long been noted in history, and like that of other heroes, been given to places, which are found in our maps, without being intelligible to the European who is unacquainted with the history of the "Father of Knights." In Niebuhr's map we find Chubli Antar, the abode of Antar, and in all the Egyptian maps Istabli Antar, the Stable of Antar. In the Arabian Isak, the town of Nehr Antar. Antar was in possession of Ebhar, the celebrated war-horse, and in general not less famous for his horses than Diomedes: as the memory of the Grecian hero has been preserved in local names, in the island called after him,† and in the stable of his horses,‡ the Arabians have

shame the memory and the covetousness of Haroun, he announced himself at court, disguised as a Bedouin, declaimed as such a Bedouin poem, which, on account of the extraordinary harshness and strangeness of the forms of speech employed in it, Haroun himself could not repeat after him, and was therefore bound, according to his word, to pay its weight in gold. When the caliph, in anger, ordered the Bedouin to produce the trash, to have it weighed against gold, it appeared that it was engraved on the architrave of a column, and was loaded on a camel, standing at the palace gate, so that according to the word of the caliph the stone was to be weighed against gold.

* As one instance of the information that might be derived from it, by comparing it with the ancient geographers, we will mention the Volcano Dschebeled Duchan, i. e. the mountain of smoke; the eruptions of which are circumstantially described in Antar; but have not been noticed by any traveller or geographer since the days of Pliny. Mons *adusto* similis. iv. 1.

† Coriha [Apulum litus *Diomedea*, conspicua monumento Diomedis. Plinius, l. iv. c. 26.

‡ Oppidum fuit *Tirda* Diomedis equorum stabulis dirum, Plin. l. iv. c. 11. In Solimis Polyhistor, we have Tyrida oppidum fuit equorum Diomedis stabulum, xv. This is indisputably one of the many corrupted passages of this ancient geographer, whose text is much in need of a critical examination. Take, for instance, the passage in xix. cap. *de Hypani ac Borysthene;* where mention is made of the Riphœans, and of the snow which falls among them in the shape of white feathers, of which Herodotus

preserved the memory of Antar by the name of the above place in Arabia, and in Egypt by that of his stables, which tradition states to be the grottoes hewn in the rocks on the bank of the Nile.

The interest which the romance of Antar excites as a poem, is equal to that which it presents to the historian or the geographer. Antar was not only the greatest hero, but the greatest poet of his time, and the masterpiece of his genius was displayed among the seven poems (Moallakat), written upon parchment with golden ink, and suspended to the Kaaba, to receive divine reverence. The poet who pretended to this honour, hung up his poem himself in the Kaaba in the presence of all the tribes of Arabia, who had come thither on pilgrimage. By doing this, he not only challenged all the poets of his nation to a poetical contest, but also all those who opposed or envied him (who without being poets themselves grudged him this honour), to a trial of arms. Every critic who declared the poet unworthy of such honour, was at liberty to break a lance with him in mortal combat; and the latter was required to be equally ready with his tongue and his arm, to maintain the honour which he claimed, against rival poets and knights, by the superiority both of his eloquence and valour. Mere censure availed nothing; the critic was required either to excel the poem which he blamed by a better one, or to give decisive weight to his criticism by the point of his spear. Only the poet who was equally master of the sword of the tongue, and the tongue of the sword, remained master of the field of combat and honour, in sight of all Arabia collected, and of future generations as long as the Arabic language should live. Thus Antar, the father of knights, and the poet of heroes, gained the immortal honour, that the tribes of Arabia revering the divine genius of poetry, prostrated themselves in adoration before his poem suspended in the Kaaba.

Besides this masterpiece of Arabic poetry, the romance of Antar contains numerous other fragments of poetry, which the hero declaims extempore on various occasions in the highest fervour of enthusiasm, and some of which, of the highest poetical excellence, are with justice, no less celebrated than the poem hung in the Kaaba. This latter is contained twice in the work; once in fragments, as the hero delivers them extempore on several occasions, in the ardour of the moment, in praise of his mistress, of his horse, his sword, his tribe, &c.; and again, on occasion of the poetic contest before the assembly of the tribes at Mecca, when the poet united the hitherto scattered pearls of his genius by the golden thread, and suspended them to the Kaaba. This historical circumstance of the origin and completion of one of these seven masterpieces of Arabian poetry explains at once the hitherto obscure enigma of the want of connection which is observable in each of them. In the Persian gazelles, that is, short effusions of the lyrical enthusiasm of the moment, the want of connection between one distich and another, can, indeed, be explained only by the bold flight of eastern imaginations; but in longer poems, like these Arabian Kassides, the combination of the praise of quite different objects, the sword, the flock, the camel, &c., without any connection, into a really disjointed whole, merely by putting together the various poems composed on different occasions, is now, for the first time, sufficiently and satisfactorily explained. We cannot so satisfactorily answer the question, which of the numerous poetical fragments inserted in the romance really belong to Antar, which to Assmai, and which to the later editors, copyists, and interpolators. Certainly only the smallest part belong to the real hero and poet, Antar, many to the later editors, and the most to the poet Assmai, the original author of the romance. Of such fragments there are, in the voluminous work, very nearly a thousand, of which, perhaps, a tenth part might pretend to the approbation of European amateurs of eastern poetry, without fearing the reproach of tautology and prolixity.—This, too, would probably be nearly the due proportion in making a translation of the most interesting extracts: the sixty octavo, or six folio volumes, of an Arabic copy, if compressed into about the same number of small octavos, or duodecimos, might perhaps hope for publishers and readers, which could hardly be expected, if the translation were made more voluminous.

It appears to us, that the English translator has not paid due regard to this proportion, which is so necessary for the information, the taste, and the impatience of European readers. To judge by the volume before us, which

says the same thing. The passage—"Quisque casus continuarum *ruinarum* quidam ibi exprimit simile pennarum," is nonsense, which becomes sense, if for ruinarum we substitute pruinarum.

comprehends about the eighteenth part of the original, the English edition of the whole, if continued in the same manner, would make eighteen or twenty similar octavo volumes, the perusal of which is more than can be fairly expected from the patience of the most intrepid romance reader. On the other hand, the translator, notwithstanding this too great prolixity of his translation, has entirely passed over many historically and ethnographically remarkable circumstances, which ought not to be wanting, even in a compressed extract. Thus at the very beginning a part is omitted which is extremely necessary to every reader who wishes to acquaint himself with Arabian history, which is much interwoven with the romance: we mean the historical detail of the original division and splitting of the Arabian tribes into true and collateral Arabs (Mostarab, from which arose Mozarab), the history of the four sons of Nesar, from which Voltaire (after D'Herbelot) imitated the anecdote of the acuteness of Zadig, their settling with 120,000 souls, on the river Abrima, in the finest part of Hedschaf; the contests of the tribes under Rebia, the son of Madar, the grandson of Nesar, on account of the ram with the golden horns, and of the camel Serab, belonging to the old woman Besus; the vengeance of the sons of Kolaib and Hassass, the settlement of the sons of Abs, on the frontier between Yemen and Hedschaf, on the Happy Mountain, (Alemes-saadi,) and the well watered valley (Wadiosch-schorbe).

Besides these historical and geographical details, which would be one of the most useful results of a judicious abstract of this romance, many other remarkable psychological and ethnographical traits are wanting, which deserve far greater attention than the finest descriptions of battles, some of which fill in the original ten leaves. Thus at the beginning (page 27,) we miss the important circumstance of the explanation of the hero's name, to whom King Soheir gives the name of Antara, *i. e.* Little Lion, because, while still a boy, he, in his presence, with the courage of a lion, tears from a dog the meat which had been thrown to it. Farther on there wants entirely the adventure with Fatek, the son of Mahbub, who, at the head of a party of the sons of Khatan, makes an incursion into the territory of the sons of Adnan; and on which occasion Antar received the honorary title of Hamie Abs, *i. e.* Defender of the sons of Abs. It is inconceivable that the translator should have deprived the appearance of Abla, the beloved of Antar, who inspires him to perform all the heroic deeds of his youth, of the great interest which it receives in the original, from the minute description of her beauty and her dress, where Antar, filled with rapture at her sight, breaks out into the praise of her charms. It was on the first day of the month Redscheb, the sacred month of repose of the ancient Arabs, in which the din of arms was hushed; the description of this sacred solemnity, when all the tribes went in pilgrimage to the Kaaba, is also very improperly passed over, as well as the description of the feast of spring, at the Pond of the Gazelles, &c.

It would on the one hand carry us too far, to point out, with the original in our hand, the historical, geographical, and ethnographical omissions of the translator; and on the other hand not be worth the while to break off the thread of the story with the present volume, that is before the marriage of Abla. We content ourselves for the present with having here given the account, omitted by the translator and the editor, of the nature, the value, and the spirit of this most remarkable of all Arabian romances.

JOSEPH VON HAMMER.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GRAY, WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS. BY T. J. MATHIAS.

IT is well known that Mr. Gray at his death made a deliberate, solemn, and final bequest of his manuscripts and letters to his accomplished friend Mr. Mason, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion. Mr. Mason accordingly gave to the world, not all that he thought valuable among them, for in that case there would probably not have been a line left for any succeeding editor to add; but as much as he deemed it advisable to give for the first edition, and selected from such parts as were most likely to afford general satisfaction. The remainder he left to his friend Mr. Stonehewer, who, at his death, bequeathed it to the college to which Gray belonged.

"But when at last, (says Mr. Mathias,)

by a most appropriate and happy destiny, the writings of Mr. Gray were reconducted to the spot which gave them birth, to those very groves where the poet describes his Camus as lingering with delight, where science had so eminently marked him for her own, where he had sojourned so long with freedom by his side (so he assures us), and wrapped in the arms of that quiet, which a kindred poet indeed declares to be 'the companion of obscurity,' but which is the best possession of poets and of philosophers; (for never yet was poet or philosopher worthy of the name, who felt not at his heart the power of those words, '*me dulcis saturet quies!*')—when, as it may be expressed, the literary remains of Mr. Gray arrived within the *precincts* where they would be, their wonted fires might be expected again to live in them, and their light might be relumined under the influence of their own sun and their own constellations—

'Atque iterum solemque suum, sua sidera, noscant.'

Mr. Gray's papers were consigned by the Dean of Norwich, the Master and the Fellows of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, to the *sole* care and discretion of Mr. Mathias, and we rejoice that a task so honourable to himself as that of doing justice to kindred powers of mind, should have devolved upon one so capable of performing it to the general satisfaction of his readers. Mr. Mathias states the following as the mode which appeared to him the most advisable, in making this second selection from the writings of a man of Gray's various, accurate, and profound erudition:—

"1. To select all the disquisitions or remarks relating to the earlier English poetry, which were composed at the time when Mr. Gray conceived the idea of writing its history, in conjunction with Mr. Mason.—2. To choose a few poetical translations of great merit (as unfortunately no original unpublished poetry was to be found among the MSS.), with some curious miscellaneous articles on subjects of antiquity and of classical learning; to which he thought it proper to add some notes on Aristophanes, from a separate MS. presented to him by Mr. Stonehewer.—3. The remarks on the geography of some parts of India, and of Persia, claimed a minute attention, and formed of themselves an entire section, worthy of every commendation which a felicity of inquiry with extensive, varied, and learned researches, aided by sagacity of conjecture and by apposite illustrations from authors ancient and modern, can demand. And, 4. Mr. Gray's account of most of the dialogues and epistles of Plato, with his notes upon them."

To these is likewise added, by the editor, a specimen of Mr. Gray's illustrations of the "*Systema Naturæ*" of Linnæus, from the original interleaved edition in his own hand-writing.

The remarks on English poetry are extremely curious, and written in a most agreeable manner, utterly devoid of pedantry and ostentation, from which faults, too often the companions of learning, Mr. Gray's mind was entirely free. His account of the dialogues and epistles of Plato is drawn up with the ability of one well able to teach, but with a simplicity which denotes him to have been much more anxious to learn. In his remarks on the geography of some parts of India and Persia, we see his vast reading and the comprehensiveness of his mind in a new point of view. He patiently submitted to the minutest investigation of facts, and ascertained every particular feature of that part of the globe towards which his researches were directed. It was by such exactness of local information that Milton continually enriched his poetry with allusions which convert his metaphors into accurate, vivid, and animated landscapes, which speak at once to the heart and to the eye.

Mr. Gray's attainments in natural history, which have hitherto been scarcely known to the world, are now laid before it by Mr. Mathias, with critical and scientific exactness. This pleasing study, which at once indicates a purity of taste, and creates benevolence of feeling in those who cultivate it, he entered into with enthusiasm; and like a lover proud of adorning the beauty of his mistress, he has decked his favourite subject with all the graces of a polished style, and taught the rough and barbarous phrases of Linnæus to change their very form and origin, and to put on the garb of classical authority. What a rich storehouse of beautiful imagery did nature herself here open to him, who loved in solitude and in silence to meditate upon her exhaustless attractions! We may be allowed to lament, as far as ourselves are concerned, that a man so capable of delighting and instructing the world as Mr. Gray, should have valued its praise so little as to do nothing merely for the sake of it; but we should be unpardonable were we to blame him for devoting himself to retirement which he turned to so good account, wherein he daily drew nearer to his God; and shewed, by his sedulous improvement of them, his high value of the divine attributes of wisdom and contemplation, which the

Almighty condescends to shadow out in some of his favoured creatures, and to annex to them their corresponding enjoyments of peace and love.

That Mr. Gray did not become cold or selfish in his habitual and increasing abstraction from the world, may be seen in the excess of his filial affection, the warmth and constancy of his friendships, the readiness of his sympathy, and his patience under injuries. Mr. Mathias has given a pleasing example of the benevolence of Mr. Gray's heart, the delicacy of his feeling, and the acuteness of his penetration, as manifested in his anxiety to make up a little misunderstanding between a friend of his and another person: and as it has always been a matter of regret that the retirement of his habits, and the unambitious independence of his walk in life, left only a very limited field for any of his biographers, we cannot but feel obliged to the present editor, for his additions to a store, scanty in proportion as its materials are valuable. Of such a man's tastes and opinions we cannot know too much. We read with peculiar pleasure assurances such as the following:—

"The predominant bias of Mr. Gray's mind was a strong attachment to virtue, to the exercise of right reason, as he used frequently to call it, in the words of Plato: and if any person were mentioned to him, as a man of ability, of genius, or of science, he always inquired, 'Is he good for any thing?' No admiration of genius, no deference to learning could subdue, or even soften his aversion to the vicious, to the profligate, and to the unprincipled. The great object of his detestation was Voltaire: he said almost prophetically (considering *the time* when he said it) that no one could even conjecture the extent of *the public mischief* (that was his term) which Voltaire would occasion. He once made it a particular request to a friend of his who was going to the continent, that he would not pay a visit to Voltaire; and when his friend replied, 'What can a visit from a person like me to him signify?' He rejoined, with peculiar earnestness, 'Sir, every *tribute* to such a man signifies.' It is to be wished that all reflecting minds would consider the spirit, the virtue, and the love of mankind, which dictated this answer by Mr. Gray; and that they would not only consider, but apply it with judgment on proper occasions; for it is interesting in its consequences to society and to government. Such was Mr. Gray's opinion, and such was his salutary apprehension of Voltaire's power or influence under any semblance, whether of determined hostility, or of simulated friendship, or of pacific deportment.

Seu torvam assumat faciem et fœdissima membra;
Seu frontem obscœnam rugis aret; induat albos
Seu vitta crines, et ramum innectat olivæ.

In all and under every form he regarded him as an object to be personally avoided upon public principles; and it would seem as if the Alecto of the poet were present to the mind of Mr. Gray, whenever he contemplated the *mischief* to be apprehended; for he knew that Voltaire could in a moment fling aside the weeds of peace, and that war and death were in his hand. Let the wounds and the desolation of France and of Europe speak the rest. The influence of bad examples is indeed more fatal than that of crimes; and it should never be forgotten, that more empires have perished from a contempt or a neglect of religion, and from a continued systematic violation of morality, than from any violation of the civil laws.

"Mr. Gray had a similar aversion to Mr. Hume, and for the same reasons: nor could he ever be reconciled to any deliberate enemy of religion; as he always asserted that, added to other public considerations, such men, whether in writing or in libertine conversation, took away the best consolation of man, without ever pretending to substitute any consideration of value in its place."

Mr. Matthias is anxious to repel the charge against Gray, of his indulging a contempt or disdain of his inferiors in science. Mr. Gray was decidedly averse to dabbling in science, hence he might look coldly upon mere pretenders to it, as far as their pretensions were concerned.

"He was accustomed to say, that he well knew from experience how much might be done by a person who would have recourse to great original writers only, who would read with a method; and would never fling away his time on middling, or on inferior authors. In this particular indeed, no man gave more powerfully the precept and the example. Mr. Gray knew, that by this unremitted culture of the mind, conducted with judgment, it is not uncommon to find persons, when their understandings are matured, become members of society intrinsically more excellent, and publicly more distinguished, than those who were originally their superiors by nature, but who trusted to their parts alone, and were content with desultory application."

With such opinions, the soundness of which his own attainments fully justified, we are prepared to hear that Mr. Gray was no admirer of the encyclopedias and universal dictionaries so fashionable in the present day: assured as he was that no real or profound learning can be obtained but at the fountain-head, he thought they afforded a very unfavourable sympton of the age in regard to its literature. That he should have no

great opinion of those who draw their information from such sources, might naturally be expected; but 'to the few who sought him he was mild, affable, and communicative, and on any subject on which he was consulted would throw even a prodigality of light and information.'

It is a subject of deep regret to think that some of the most valuable papers left to Mr. Mason's care, are now no where to be found; particularly the plan and exordium of his inauguration speech, on his appointment as professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. It is well known that Mr. Gray was prevented by ill health from performing the offices of his professorship, which was a subject of so much chagrin to him, that a short time before his death, he declared his resolution to resign the chair in case he should continue to find himself incapable of the duties belonging to it. Those who recollect his vast reading and minuteness of information on every subject he endeavoured to understand, the fire of his imagination tempered by the correctness of his judgement, his reflective and dispassionate turn of mind, joined to that strong attachment to the exercise of right reason which was his peculiar characteristic, must acknowledge the loss of his opinions and information, in a situation of such importance, to be a national misfortune.

"It was not the lyre only which Mr. Gray could strike with the hand of a master and with the fire of a prophet; he foresaw and he felt (and sometimes too he would describe) the symptoms of the approaching decline or ruin of dignified literature, and of established governments, from fashionable philosophers, historians, poetasters, and sciolists, who composed and disseminated their works throughout Europe in the French language. He knew that history was the most effectual political philosophy, as it teaches by examples. It may well be conceived, that a sketch or plan from his hand, on the subjects of history and on those which belonged to it, might have taught succeeding ages how to conduct these important researches with national advantage, and, like some kind of divination, it might have

'Pointed to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.'

"If indeed Mr. Gray had lived to fill the chair of the historical professor (never before so dignified in any age) in the bosom of a learned and illustrious university, in which the very life-springs of all public action and of all public political conduct must primarily receive their original strength and their future direction, he might from the soundness of uncontaminated principles, and from the depth, the extent, and the solidity of his knowledge, have taught the rising youth of this country, the hope of England, not only to imitate, but to emulate the glory of it, its ancient statesmen. Then indeed Visa poteus; propria hæc si dona puissent."

At a time when it is likely we shall be on those terms of *civility* with France, which in nations as in smaller circles often beget flattery and imitation, we should listen to every warning voice that bids us beware of her influence and overweening vanity in all matters, whether of science, of philosophy, or of taste. Let us draw our instruction and our amusement, at least as long as we can, from other sources than those which are polluted in their very springs. The fountains of French literature must have time to purify themselves from the influence of thirty years of tumult, bloodshed, and immorality before they may be safely drank, and we willingly submit ourselves to the guidance of so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Mathias, when he calls upon us in the name of an august triumvirate of Spenser, of Milton, and of Gray, to turn from the unpoetical genius of France, and after we have paid our primal homage to the bards of Greece and of ancient Latium, to contemplate with a studious admiration the literary and poetical dignity of modern Italy.

"If the influence of *their* persuasion and of *their* example should prevail, a strong and steady light may be relumined and diffused among us; a light, which may once again conduct the powers of our rising poets, from wild whirling words, from crude, vapid, and unconnected productions, from an overweening presumption, and from the delusive conceit of a pre-established reputation, to the labour of thought, to patient and to repeated revision of what they write, to a reverence for themselves and for an enlightened public, and to the fixed unbending principles of legitimate composition."

Mr. Matthias has an undoubted right to advocate the cause he so well understands; the present work is enriched with his own admirable translation into Italian, of Mr. Gray's pathetic sonnet on the death of Mr. West, and with his beautiful ode, in the same language, addressed to his friend the late Rev. Norton Nicholls, of whom he has favoured us with a most interesting memoir. He has likewise struck the lyre of ancient Latium with equal fire and precision, in an ode suggested by a visit to Lord Holland's seat at Kingsgate, in the isle of Thanet, a place which some years before

under very different circumstances had excited in Mr. Gray's muse a caustic indignation she was no ways subject to. Nor has Mathias neglected to celebrate the object of his admiration in the native numbers common to them both; and we cannot resist the temptation he has laid before us to present his sonnet to the *memory* of Mr. Gray to our readers:

"Lord of the various lyre! devout we turn
Our pilgrim steps to thy supreme abode;
And tread with awe the solitary road
To deck with votive wreaths thy hallowed urn!
Yet as we wander through the dark sojourn,
No more the notes we hear, that all abroad
Thy fancy wafted, as the inspiring God
Prompted the *thoughts that breathe*, the *words that burn*.
But hark: a voice, in solemn accents clear,
Bursts from heaven's vault that glows with temperate fire;
'Cease, mortal, cease to drop the fruitless tear,
Mute though the raptures of his full-strung lyre:
E'en his own warblings, *lessened on his ear*,
Lost in seraphic harmony expire,

We scarcely know whether pain or pleasure has predominated in our minds, upon contrasting the view of Mr. Gray's character and genius as taken by Dr. Johnson, and by Mr. Mathias. While we are delighted with the enthusiastic feeling, the vigorous style, the just appreciation of moral and intellectual worth, which characterise the present editor, we are grieved at the conviction they force upon us by comparison, of the coldness, the injustice, the groundless sneer, and the defective taste, of the former celebrated biographer. He should have better known the value of mental resources than to style the retirement of Gray's habits sullenness, and to remark, by way of sarcasm, that he was but "little delighted with academical gratifications." We have always understood that much of the gratifications to be found at Cambridge, are of a description more likely to have pleased Dr. Johnson than Mr. Gray; but it is only fair to conclude, that academic shades and academic studies, must have afforded the latter some delight, or he would not voluntarily have passed his life among them. Dr. Johnson appears conscious, that he has not treated his subject with that kindness, which he professes to have felt for him as a man of learning and of virtue, and he endeavours to excuse himself by remarking, that the fondness and fidelity of Mr. Mason have kindled in him a zeal of admiration which cannot be reasonably expected from the neutrality of a stranger and the coldness of a critic. How differently does Mr. Mathias in the very same circumstances express his hopes that he has performed his office under the guidance of a regulated zeal and of an affectionate reverence for the memory of their great author: though unhappily for himself he cannot even say '*Virgilium vidi.*'

Those who may not have been fortunate enough to discharge from their memory the severe and tasteless critique of Johnson, upon the two most celebrated of Gray's odes, will, we think, be glad to counteract the effect of it by treasuring up the very different opinion of Mr. Mathias on the same subject;

'He was indeed the inventor, it may be strictly said so, of a new lyrical metre in his own tongue. The peculiar formation of *his* strophe, antistrophe, and epode, was unknown before him; and it could only have been planned and perfected only by a master genius, who was equally skilled by long and repeated study, and by transfusion into his own mind, of the lyric compositions of ancient Greece, and the higher *canzoni* of the Tuscan poets "*di maggior carme e suono*," as it is termed in the commanding energy of *their* language. Antecedent to "The Progress of Poetry," and to "The Bard," no such lyrics had appeared. There is not an ode in the English language which is constructed, like *these two* compositions, with such power, such majesty, and such sweetness, with such proportioned pauses and just cadences, with such regulated measures of the verse, with such master principles of lyrical art displayed and exemplified, and, at the same time, with such a concealment of the difficulty, which is lost in the softness and uninterrupted flowing of the lines in each stanza with such a musical magic, that every verse in it, in succession, dwells on the ear, and harmonizes with that which has gone before. If, indeed, the veil of classical reverence and of pardonable prejudice can be a while removed, and if with honest unshrinking criticism we consider the subject as exemplified in Greece, and in Italy ancient and modern, and weigh the merits of *any single* composition of Pindar, of Horace, of Dante, of Petrarch, or any of their successors, it will fade before that excellence which encompasses, with an incommunicable brightness, THE BARD OF GRAY."

Nothing can more strongly prove Mr. Gray's deep desire to turn his talents to their grand purpose of benefiting and exalting the frame of his own mind, than his never making any unnecessary display of the vast fund of knowledge he possessed. In the Platonic philosophy, for instance, he was deeply versed. It may easily be imagined, that habits like his, so favourable to study and contemplation, the profundity of his learning,

the calmness of his passions, and the sublimity of his conceptions peculiarly fitted him for the doctrines of that school which will remain to after ages as a monument of the omnipotence of truth, whose principles and precepts beautifully irradiated the night of ignorance and error wherein they shone forth, the heralds of that glorious sun of revelation which shortly after rose with a refulgence that decked all creation in living light, and dispersed for ever the clouds of obscurity and doubt, in which the unassisted effects of human efforts had before been wrapped. Mr. Gray's notes on the dialogues of Plato sufficiently shew how well he understood, and how highly he valued, the opinions of that philosopher; yet not the slightest allusion to them is to be found in his poetry, so well did he distinguish between the severity of metaphysical reasoning and the sublimity and pathos which belong peculiarly to that description of poetry wherein he excelled, and by which he at once arrests the imagination, and appeals to the hearts of his readers.

It was reserved for M. Mathias to cast new light upon Mr. Gray's character. After such a picture of ardent genius, of unaffected learning and modest excellence, as he has presented to us, we trust we shall hear no more from the world of Mr. Gray's indolence, fastidious delicacy, and unsocial abstraction. Genius is never more laudably employed, than in rendering justice to departed worth; never has it been more ably exerted in such a cause than in the present instance.

THE CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

Rome, Dec. 1819.

THE Campagna di Roma which looks desolate, and where there are but a few scattered villages as you get beyond the circle of the villas and vignas, produces a great many more articles of food than is generally believed. After all the villas of the Roman nobility had been destroyed by the ravages of the Goths, when the Cornelii, the Valerii, the Anicii, had disappeared from the face of the earth, so that you look in vain for descendants of those families, the plain became a desert, and the succeeding feuds of the middle ages, prevented the rebuilding of the villas: for free citizens and peasants sought refuge in the walls of little towns and castles, and there were no slaves left to cultivate the land belonging to the ruined villas.

Thus it became the property of the great barons of the families of Colonna, Orsini, Gaetani, Conti, Savelli, Rienzi, Cenci, &c. These last now caused large tracks of these desert plains to be sown with corn, or to be converted into pastures for vast droves of cattle, in order to obtain the produce of the soil with as few hands as possible. Those villas which were situated nearer to the sea, as Laurentum, where the younger Pliny had his villa, were planted with trees, and thus arose what are called the Macchie, which still furnish so much game. The dry places give excellent pasturage for sheep and goats; and besides the flocks of the Romans which cover them, there now come flocks of some hundred thousand sheep from the Neapolitan territory, which make use of these fine pastures.

The Campagna near Rome, and towards Albano, Frascati to the banks of the Anio (Teverone), produces excellent pasture for oxen and cows, and Rome derives great advantage from the numerous droves of horned cattle in these pastures, which exactly resemble those of Mecklenburg and Holstein. As great tracts of them belong to the descendants of the ancient barons, or to those who have succeeded them, to the families of Borghese, Ludovisi, &c. or to religious establishments, these great land owners permit rich farmers to make use of them.

These farmers must be people who possess at least a capital of 40,000 to 50,000 scudi in stock. These people, who are called Mercanti di Campagna, come at the seed time, with labourers and cattle, which they have brought from different provinces, and generally sow a third part of the tract with corn. The land which is not sandy, but for the most part of volcanic ashes, is not manured, nor does it require it; as it has lain fallow, and produces an excellent hard corn. It then lies fallow for three or four years, is fenced with piles and reeds, and is used for numerous herds of cattle of every kind, as an excellent pasturage, because the grass grows with great rapidity and luxuriance.

At harvest time the Mercante returns with his labourers, reaps the corn, has it threshed for the most part, immediately on the field, and brings it home to his barns. It is certain, that in this method

much is lost, but then the cattle have abundance of food; meat and poultry are not only plentiful, but remarkably good and cheap. I never saw such fine flocks of turkeys. These statements sufficiently prove, that though the highest degree of civilization may not prevail in the Campagna di Roma. yet the people understand very well how to turn to account what Providence has given for the use of man.

It is a question, whether the city would gain much by another mode of cultivation, and then, perhaps, the state itself would not be rich enough to defray the expenses, necessary for the building of new villages, and supplying so many colonists with live and dead stock. The origin of the desolation of the Campagna is to be sought in the civil wars of Marius and Sylla; the farm-houses vanished; the great men, who obtained the confiscated estates under Augustus Cæsar, erected villas with large farms, which they had cultivated by slaves.

When these were destroyed by the barbarians, and the slaves disappeared, it was impossible to restore the country to its old state of cultivation. But the sight of the beautiful country about Albano affords an ample indemnity for the melancholy reflections which may have been excited by the desolate appearance of the Campagna. Here the little towns remained, the storm of destruction had not fallen upon them, as upon the Campagna. Hence the many little well conditioned private dwellings, the handsome vigorous population, and the pretty towns. The face of Nature so beautiful, the vegetation so luxuriant, the people of excellent disposition as any in Italy. Albano, Aricia, Genzano, Castel-Gandolfo, Frascati—one place prettier than the other; in short, the neighbourhood of Albano is a jewel in the crown of Italy, for which the Pope is to be envied.

Here the landscape painter finds the models for the subjects, which, in the eyes of the unprejudiced, give the landscapes of the country about Rome a superiority, even over the celebrated views of Naples.

It will be long before Rome will recover the blows it has sustained by the foreign invasions, but more particularly by the avarice of the French commissioners. Church plate, and that belonging to private persons, diamonds, every thing is vanished. The statues and pictures have indeed been sent back from the Museum at Paris; but how much has, notwithstanding, been lost? And of what treasures of art of all kinds has Rome been deprived in consequence of these invasions. The beautiful Colossal Muse, besides other remarkable statues, has remained in Paris. The statues of the Villa Borghese are in Paris; the celebrated bas-reliefs of this villa had been lost at play by the Prince to Madame Latitia for three millions, and these have also remained there. The Palazzo Giustiniani has sold almost all its treasures. The Group of the Niobe family has already been long taken away from the Villa Medici, and the rest of the statues have, in latter times, wandered to Florence, and the villa itself has now been converted into an academy of French painters. The celebrated Hercules, Flora, and the remarkable Torso di Farnese, have been carried to Naples from the Palazzo Farnese; soon the celebrated Barberini Faun, one of the most beautiful antiques which have remained to us from the finest era of the art, will go to Munich, as the bargain which the Crown Prince of Bavaria concluded at that time, cannot be annulled, as it was permitted to purchase and to carry away antiquities. And so Rome loses one rarity after another. The poverty of a great part of the Roman nobility, which is a consequence of the foreign invasion, increases this malady. Thus, for instance, the Connetable Colonna has sold many beautiful articles of his gallery; Prince Albani has sold to the Crown Prince of Bavaria, one and twenty remarkable pieces that adorned his villa. The painter, Camuccini, has purchased the magnificent Guercino of the Palazzo Barberini, and it is to be sold—thus Rome has lost inestimable treasures.

What has had the greatest influence on the internal prosperity of families, is the annihilation of all paper money by the French government. Seventy millions of paper money were in circulation; and these, like the assignats in France, have been wholly depreciated. Government has indeed no longer this burden, but the fortune of private persons has, nevertheless, sustained a severe loss, which cannot be counterbalanced by the government's being relieved from this burden.

But what made this operation of abolishing the paper money still more scandalous, was a trick which the French government put in practice before it took place, to deprive the Roman people, by this means, of their last money, valuables, and ornaments. On first taking possession of Rome, they declared, as is

well known, all religious estates and domains to be state property, and to be a guarantee for the paper money. As the Romans were thus made sure, and the paper-money risen, the French issued 18 millions scudi of *new* paper money, and took for it all the gold, silver, precious stones, &c. which the Roman would produce. In hopes to procure a capital by these means, for the times of want, the Romans gave every thing they could get together.

When all the gold and silver ornaments had been brought and carried over to France, the paper money was put out of circulation; government freed itself from this incumbrance, and the citizen had neither money nor paper. Upon the whole, people probably have no idea how the French commissioners and their Italian colleagues behaved in Italy. The loss of treasure will not so soon be repaired, because the contributions to the Dataria and Pœnitentiaria decrease every year, the pilgrimages now bring in no money, and in general so many resources of this kind are dried up. The visits of the English to Italy, the residence of several rich foreigners, and the ateliers of the artists alone, contribute, in some degree, to heal these wounds.

Among the evils which the French occupation has left behind, is the fixed idea, which has taken possession of so many of the Italians, and which they will not renounce, the *unity* of Italy under one head—a kingdom or empire of Italy! This idea has given rise to the sect of the Carbonari, which deceives itself with vain hopes, impedes the wheels of government, and excites that discontent with the present state of things, which is so fatal to the prosperity of nations. There are so few who will comprehend that nothing but very extraordinary circumstances can bring about such a unity, such a monarchy as the Italians wish for; and it appears to us still very problematical, whether Italy would gain much by the change, in the present political state of Europe. Now, every little state has something interesting to shew, which attracts the notice of foreigners. By the establishment of a single government all would be centered in one point, and the rest sink into nothing.

Every thing great and beautiful is relative. Had Bernini made the area before St. Peter's church larger, the colonade would have lost its grandeur, and the majestic St. Peter's church, notwithstanding its size, would have appeared small. And thus it is with almost every thing in this world; but history teaches us, that states of a moderate extent, with a few millions of inhabitants, were generally the happiest, and the most favourable to the improvement of civilization.

SPENCE'S ANECDOTES.*

WHETHER our taste has been rendered unreasonably fastidious by the variety of highly-flavoured literary delicacies with which the press, in these modern times, daily and hourly supplies our intellectual banquets;—whether we are *more nice than wise*, or, in fact, are justifiable for the opinions which we entertain—certain it is, that many of the books which we are told were considered sixty or seventy years since as standards both of instruction and amusement, appear to us now, little better than dry, chaotic masses of disjointed materials, awkwardly worded, unskilfully put together, and eminently deficient in taste and interest.

In the editor's preface to the volume now before us, we meet with the following paragraph:

"The French abound in collections of this nature, which they have distinguished with the title of *Ana*. England has produced few examples of the kind; but they are eminently excellent. It may be sufficient to name Selden's 'Table Talk,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' and the 'Walpoliana.'"

Now, with all due deference to Mr. Singer, we must be permitted to remark, that nothing *can* be more distinct than the respective merits of Selden and Boswell. He should not by naming the two works in the same sentence, have provoked us to institute a comparison between them. In Selden, though pregnant on the whole with wit, wisdom, and learning, we find a mere assemblage of desultory anecdotes, or abstract reasonings. Their conciseness is of no assistance to the memory, for nothing is easily retained which fails to excite interest. And when we perceive that every article stands alone, bearing no connection with that which precedes or follows it, they become as wearisome in the perusal as a travelling itinerary, or as a geographical

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* Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters, of Books and Men; collected from the Conversation of Mr. Pope, and other eminent Persons of his time, by the Rev. Joseph Spence. Now first published with a Life of the Author, by Samuel Weller Singer.

gazetteer. We remember with what eagerness, after hearing that Dr. Johnson had sat up a whole night to read Selden's "Table Talk," we seized upon that little volume in a friend's library, and began devouring its contents in the hope of being equally fascinated: but it would not do. Boswell, Mason, and Hayley, in their several Lives of Johnson, Gray, and Cowper, had spoilt us for a production so wanting in order and sequence. At the end of a few pages, we became anxious for the relief of knowing *why* and *to whom* such things had been said; we wished to be informed of their *à propos*. Though excellent in themselves, they came too fast upon us; and so completely bewildered our faculties that we lost all power of discriminating their value, from the very superabundance with which (without any link or intervening detail) they hurried us from one topic to another as abruptly as if they had been passages read at random from so many different authors.—We love more correspondence of design; when a *bon mot*, or a wise apothegm is recorded, we love to see it in its appropriate *niche;* to find it blended with narrative explanatory of the occasion on which it was uttered:—in short, we love, as in Boswell, and the other biographers we have named, to meet with that concatenation of ideas which accounts for the origin of every remarkable observation, and gives interest to every anecdote by the portrait which accompanies it of the person to whom it relates. We *read* Boswell; we can only *dip* into Selden, whose "Talk," like the maxims of La Bruyere and La Rochefoucault, consisting wholly of detached thoughts, fatigues the "mind's eye" as much as it would fatigue the corporeal eye to gaze too long at the brilliant colours exhibited through a prism.

It is well known that the original documents from which the Memoirs of Sully were composed, bore the same dry, disunited character we complain of in Selden; but how admirably has their editor woven his rich materials into a consistent web; and how infinitely does that work now surpass the crude and broken style of arrangement adopted by the compilers of the French Anas!—Mr. Spence has, to our regret, followed their irregular—*plan* we cannot call it—rather let us say, *course*. If, in answer to our objections to this course, we should be told that he never *meant* to do more than to glean a number of Pope's original observations, with a view to their being inserted in some Life of him to be written by another hand, all we can say is—*tant pis*:—the gleanings were worthy of a better fate. They now appear like so many single features, many of them good, indeed, but all separated from the face to which they once belonged, scattered, mutilated, and thrown pell-mell before us: here a nose, and there an eye; this way a chin, and yonder a lip: and we see no possibility, for want of ligaments and muscles, to unite them into one complete physiognomy, or to judge what sort of countenance they would form, if put symmetrically together. From this book we acquire not the smallest insight into Pope's general manner of conversation. We can never suppose that it was his custom to sit stringing axioms together, to which nothing had previously led, and to which nothing was ever replied. The sentiments which are here expressed, may, indeed, be Pope's; but, isolated as they are, we cannot always discover to what they apply. They are neither questions nor answers; and not possessing (invariably) sufficient weight and character to stand by themselves as unquestionable monuments of oracular wisdom, they occasionally sink into mere truisms, without either spirit, originality, or any kind of point.

The pages in the volume before us, which, after having once awakened, continued most successfully to keep alive our attention, were those dedicated at the beginning to giving a brief sketch of the Life of Mr. Spence. The reason is obvious; these pages, though neither written with peculiar elegance, nor in themselves containing matter very interesting, are, at least, connected, paragraph by paragraph, with each other: we are going on with one subject, or gradually diverging from it; and no sudden transitions, like unprepared cords in music, grate harshly upon the feelings; we are not every instant *changing our key*, but have the comfort of finding that what we *are* reading bears a relation to what we *have* read, and will probably assimilate with what is to follow.

We should in fairness, however, state, that the complaints which we are making on account of the want of continuity in this production, will by no means occur in so forcible a manner to the public at large. *We* are compelled to read the whole of a work, and to read it with as little loss of time and as few interruptions as possible.—What Mr. Singer denominates "a lounging book for an idle

hour," can, alas! never be such to us. Could we have perused these Anecdotes at our ease and leisure, substituting other occupations between every section, or half section we might have felt very differently affected towards the whole mass when we arrived at its termination. As it is, we honestly confess, that we rise from it under such a sense of repletion, and with an "appetite so cloyed by what it fed on," that had there been a second volume, we must have died of a surfeit!

Mr. Spence, the diligent collector of the heterogeneous materials of which we have been so irreverently speaking, was the author of that well-known work in its day, the Polymetis; a work which Mr. Singer very candidly reminds us, that some one justly observed, "it has sunk by its own weight, and will never rise again." His introduction to Pope originated in the circumstance of his having published (in 1726) an Essay on that poet's "Odyssey," which pleased him so well, that it induced him to seek Spence's acquaintance. "This acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship that was lasting and uninterrupted, and they ever after, till Pope's death, lived in habits of the strictest intimacy." Every indication that can mark Spence to have been a thoroughly estimable and benevolent man, an excellent son, a warm friend, and the most liberal benefactor of the helpless and indigent, is to be met with in the few pages consecrated by Mr. Singer to giving an abstract of his life. We love the man, though we weary of his second-hand garrulity; and we can believe that Pope, to a certain degree, loved him also. The tribute of praise which he had received from Spence before their personal knowledge of each other had commenced, was an excellent foundation for subsequent regard to erect itself upon. There could be no rivalship between them; one party was all admiration, and the other all easy confidence. Spence, we may suppose, had just abilities sufficient to give such a measure of value and dignity to his commendations as would render them acceptable to Pope; and he seems to have possessed, in a superlative degree, the merit of being a patient listener to endless egotisms, which probably would not have been so fearlessly hazarded in the ears of an auditor of more vigorous faculties. Mr. Singer does not appear to differ from us very materially in our opinion of Spence's intellectual powers. He says, that

"Dr. Johnson has been thought to speak with prejudice of Spence, when he says that he was 'a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful;' but I must in candour acknowledge, that there is no appealing from this judgment: and nothing can be more true than what follows. 'His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly, and his remarks were recommended by coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it was as much his duty to display beauties, as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity.'—If we regard the state of criticism at the period the 'Essay on the Odyssey' appeared, no small degree of credit will attach to its author. At that time we had few things which might compare with it; and it must be confessed, that, the period of its publication considered, Dr. Warton has not over-rated its merits, in having pronounced it to be 'a work of true taste.'"

Spence's death, in the seventieth year of his age, occasioned by an accident of a very singular nature, is thus recorded:

"As in his childhood he had been kept alive by constant care and the assistance of skilful medical aid, he did not expect that his life would have been protracted beyond fifty years. But he possessed those greatest of all blessings, a cheerful temperament, a constant flow of animal spirits, and a most placable disposition. These, with the happy circumstances in which he was placed, and the active nature of his gardening amusements, prolonged its date to his 70th year; when he was unfortunately drowned in a canal in his garden at Byfleet. Being, when the accident occurred, quite alone, it could only be conjectured in what manner it happened; but it was generally supposed to have been occasioned by a fit, while he was standing near the brink of the water. He was found flat upon his face at the edge, where the water was too shallow to cover his head, or any part of his body. Thus terminated the life of Spence, of whom it was soon after said, with strict justice, as Charles the Second said of Cowley—'That he left not a better man in England behind him;' and though he may not be placed in the first rank of eminence as a writer, yet will his name be venerated for qualities which are something more and better. It is surely enough to be remembered

'For every virtue under heaven.'"

We come now to the Anecdotes themselves, divided into sections, commencing in 1728, and terminating at Pope's death in 1744. There is an Index to the volume, but we think it faulty. It ought to have pointed out the various interlocutors in each section—(for, thank the fates! Pope is not the sole speaker throughout the whole 380 pages): instead of which, it only refers alphabeti-

cally to the persons or places incidentally mentioned in the course of the volume. We think several of the speakers acquit themselves better than Pope.—The Chevalier Ramsay, for instance, author of the "Travels of Cyrus," who was for many years secretary to Fenelon, relates a number of circumstances respecting the archbishop, which really hang well together, and are extremely interesting. By the way, amongst the *historiettes* attributed to Ramsay, there is one (page 40), relating to an individual whom he calls the *celebrated Father Bourdelot.* Is this quite correct? Should it not be Father *Bourdaloue?*—There were two Bourdelots, an uncle and nephew, but neither of them priests. One was master of requests to Mary of Medicis, and the other a physician, and the friend of Condé and of Christina of Sweden. A large proportion of the observations ascribed to Dr. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, are also amusing and instructive; and in a note, there is a story relating to him, extracted from Bishop Newton's "Memoirs of his own Life," which is told with spirit, and gives us a strong desire to see more of those "Memoirs." We shall here insert it.

"Dr. Lockier in the former part of his life was chaplain to the factory at Hamburgh, from whence he went every year to visit the court of Hanover; whereby he became well known to the king, George the First, who knew how to temper the cares of royalty with the pleasures of private life; and commonly invited six or eight of his friends to pass the evening with him. His majesty seeing Dr. Lockier one day at court, spoke to the Duchess of Ancaster, who was almost always of the party, that she should ask Dr. Lockier to come that evening.—When the company met in the evening, Dr. Lockier was not there; and the king asked the duchess if she had spoken to him, as he desired.—'Yes,' she said, 'but the doctor presents his humble duty to your majesty, and hopes your majesty will have the goodness to excuse him at present: he is soliciting some preferment from your majesty's ministers; and fears it might be some obstacle to him, if it should be known that he had the honour of keeping such good company.' The king laughed very heartily, and said, he believed he was in the right. Not many weeks afterwards, Dr. Lockier kissed the king's hand for the Deanery of Peterborough; and as he was raising himself from kneeling, the king inclined forwards, and with great good humour whispered in his ear, 'Well, now doctor, you will not be afraid to come in an evening; I would have you come this evening.'"

In Section IIId are some curious particulars relative to the men of letters of Italy, put into the mouth of Dr. Cocchi of Florence, with whom Spence appears to have become intimately acquainted during his residence upon the Continent. Here we meet with something approaching to a plausible vindication of Machiavelli's design in writing his Prince; but we acknowledge that it does not go far towards doing away our preconceived opinions on the subject.

"Machiavelli has been generally called so wicked, from people's mistaking the design of his writing.—In his Prince, his design, at bottom, was to make a despotic government odious. 'A despotic prince, (says he) to secure himself, must kill such and such people:'—he must so; and therefore no wise people would suffer such a prince. This is the natural consequence; and not that Machiavelli seriously advises princes to be wicked.—*Dr. C.*

"The best traditions concerning Machiavelli are, that he was a good honest man himself in his way of living; rather weak and ignorant in his private affairs than otherwise. His familiar letters are now in the hands of the Abate del Riccio, at Florence; and there are several things in them that show him to have been a good sort of man. He kept the best company; and consorted with good men. We have several societies of men in Florence, who (though they are of no religious order) profess a greater strictness, and a higher love of religion than ordinary; they are a sort of voluntary religious societies: Machiavelli belonged to one of these confraternities. They used to meet once a week, for devotion, in a church of theirs; and (among other good things) one of the society made moral discourse, or sermon to the rest. There are several of these discourses, of Machiavelli's composing, in the same Abbe's hands, and one in the great Duke's on Repentance *(in lode della penitenza)*, which were spoken by him in the confraternity he belonged to—*Dr. C.*"

We meet, and more particularly where Pope is the speaker, with many anecdotes, which are old friends of ours; a sight we are not so much gratified by in *a book* as in real life. The circumstance is natural, however, and may easily be accounted for; so many persons having already been engaged in recording all that he was ever heard to utter: but it might have been more carefully avoided, and abundance of new matter would have remained. For instance, Section IV. opens with a story told by Pope of Lord Halifax, which we knew by heart, though where, or how recently we have met with it, we cannot recollect. A very

stale story is also related of Cromwell's intercepting a letter written by Charles I. to his queen, and making it a pretence for determining to aim at his life.

Nothing in this volume has interested and pleased us more than the passages which refer to Lord Peterborough. In Section IVth there are many such, and all, more or less, worthy of attention. Lord Peterborough has always been a distinguished favourite of ours; as brave, as enterprising, as any of Ariosto's romantic heroes; as gay, as witty, as original, as Shakspeare's Mercutio; with all the elegance of a courtier, and all the talents of a statesman, he had affections the most kindly, and a capacity both to imbibe and to inspire the warmest and most faithful friendship. Probably the anecdotes we met with concerning him in Capt. Carleton's Memoirs, contributed, many years ago, to excite this partiality. Here we find others which very powerfully confirm it. Of Lord Bolingbroke we also hear a great deal: but we cannot sympathise with Pope's strange infatuation in behalf of that nobleman. Yet, why should we call it strange? Bolingbroke never shewed himself to Pope such as he really was; in his presence he seems involuntarily and invariably to have found himself compelled to "assume a virtue though he felt it not;" and if, as it has been asserted, "hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue," never was appointed tribute more scrupulously discharged! The fact is highly honourable to Pope, and vindicates him from every shadow of blame, unless any should attach to his want of penetration. It is here stated by Dr. Warburton, that

"Pope was much shocked at overhearing Warburton and Hooke talking of Lord Bolingbroke's disbelief of the moral attributes of God. 'You must be mistaken,' said he. Pope afterwards talked with Lord B. about it, and he denied it all.—Sometime after Pope told his friends of it with great joy, and said, 'I told you, I was sure you must be mistaken.'—*Dr. W.* (He mentioned this as a proof of Mr. Pope's excessive friendliness to Bolingbroke.)"

And Pope himself elsewhere says,

"Lord Bolingbroke is something superior to any thing I have seen in human nature. You know I don't deal much in hyperboles: I quite think him what I say.—*P.*

"Lord Bolingbroke is much the best writer of the age.—Nobody knows half the extent of his excellencies, but two or three of his most intimate friends."

Spence appears to have been as much bewitched by the viscount as the great poet himself, in proof of which we cannot forbear quoting the following short but curious dialogue:—

"'I really think there is something in that great man (Lord Bolingbroke) which looks as if he was placed here by mistake.' —There is so; and when the comet appeared to us a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to our world to carry him home; as a coach comes to one's door, for other visitors.—*P.*"

We shall conclude by transcribing, in justice to Pope, the very liberal and unqualified testimony which he bore to the poetical excellence of Dryden. It is always gratifying to find one man of genius ready to acknowledge his obligations to another.

"I learned versification wholly from Dryden's works; who had improved it much beyond any of our former poets; and would, probably, have brought it to its perfection, had not he been unhappily obliged to write so often in haste.—*P.*

"Dryden always uses proper language; lively, natural, and fitted to the subject. It is scarce ever too high, or too low; never, perhaps, except in his plays."—*P.*

And, in justice to ourselves, at least, as a pleasure to ourselves, we shall insert the very agreeable details given in Section VIth, respecting the universally and deservedly popular author of Gil Blas

"Speaking of his *Gil Blas*, and *Diable Boiteux*, he said: 'Ay, those were the two first works that ever I risked into the world.' ('Ces sont mes enfans *perdus*.')—'It was in this room that I wrote most of Gil Blas.'—*M. Le S.* [And an extreme pretty place to write in it was.—His house is at Paris in the *Faubourg St. Jaques*; and so, open to the country air: the garden laid out in the prettiest manner that ever I saw, for a town garden. It was as pretty as it was small, and when he was in the study-part of it, he was quite retired from the noise of the street, or any interruptions from his own family. The garden was only of the breadth of the house, from which you stept out into a raised square parterre, planted with a variety of the choicest flowers. From this, you went down, by a flight of steps on each side, into a *Berceau*; which led to two rooms or summer-houses quite at the end of the garden. These were joined by an open portico, the roof of which was supported with columns; so that he could walk from the one to the other all under cover, in the intervals of writing. The berceaux were covered with vines and honeysuckles, and the space between them was grove-work. It was in the right-hand room as you go down that he wrote Gil Blas.]—*Spence.*

"Monsieur Le Sage lives in a pretty genteel manner, though he has little more now to live on, than what his son Montmenil gets by the stage. He is the best of sons, and they live together in the greatest harmony. —*Abbé Colvil.* [I heard Le Sage say, 'I thank God I don't wish for any one thing that I could not pray for aloud.'—Montmenil is the best actor in France, for plain, easy, genteel comedy; when he was upon the stage he did and said every thing so naturally, that he seemed the very person that he represented; and one almost forgot that he was upon a stage. Although so excellent an actor, the *Abbé* said, that he did not get above a hundred Louis d'ors a year by his profession.—*Spence.*]

"Somebody had been describing the perpetual complaints of the people in England, in spite of all their privileges and enjoyments.—'Surely, (said Le Sage) the people of England are the most unhappy people on the face of the earth,—with liberty, property, and three meals a day."

"'Holland would be a good country to live in,—if you could only change the four elements, and the people.'— *Le Sage.* [If one considers that the land there is generally marshy, waters stagnant, the air offensive: and that peat is mostly used for firing:—one must allow that what is said of the elements, comes near the truth."—*Spence.*]

In an appendix are a number of letters addressed to Mr. Spence by many of the eminent persons of his day, which we own did not captivate us. We will leave them to the judgment of the reader, contenting ourselves with observing, that they contain such a *more* than sufficient quantity of *mediocre* poetry, that we were forcibly reminded of an observation made by Pope in Section the Vth, with which we cannot do better than terminate this article.

"Middling poets are no poets at all. There is always a great number of such in each age, that are almost totally forgotten in the next. A few curious enquirers may know that there were such men, and they wrote such and such things; but to the world they are as if they had never been." —*P.*

ON THE FUNERAL RITES AND CEREMONIES OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS AND ENGLISH; WITH REMARKS ON OUR MONUMENTS AND EPITAPHS.

IF the life of man be short, as it is termed in Scripture, it is a wish congenial to his heart that his memory, at least, should be of long duration. This sentiment accounts for the universal practice of raising sepulchral monuments, and is finely illustrated by the plaintive Gray:

> For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd;
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

The most simple and natural kind of funeral monuments, and therefore the most ancient and universal, consists in a mound of earth, or a heap of stones, raised over the ashes of the departed: of such monuments mention is made in the Book of Joshua,* and in Homer and Virgil. Many of them still occur in various parts of this kingdom, especially in those elevated and sequestered situations where they have neither been defaced by agriculture nor inundation.

The ancients are said to have buried their dead in their own houses, whence, according to some, the origin of that species of idolatry consisting in the worship of household gods.

The place of burial amongst the Jews was never particularly determined. We find that they had burial-places upon the highways, in gardens, and upon mountains. We read, that Abraham was buried with Sarah, his wife, in the cave of Macphelah, in the field of Ephron,* and Uzziah, King of Judah, slept with his fathers in the field of the burial which pertained to the kings.†

* Chap. iv. v. 3, 7, 20; c. viii. v. 30, c. xxii. v. 10.

* Gen. c. xxv. v. 9.

† Chron. c. xxvi.

The sepulchres of the Jews were, in the age of the crucifixion, of a nature to withstand every attack of time. They were excavations made in the heart of solid rocks, which even earthquakes would scarcely remove or alter. Indeed, we have evidence from the Gospel itself, that earthquakes, in certain instances, had no power over them; for the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, made before the earthquake which accompanied the crucifixion, is described, after that event had taken place, "as his own new tomb, which he had hewn out of the rock." —Matt. xxviii. v. 60. *Dr.* CLARKE'S *Travels*, vol. ii. part ii. page 541.

These are monuments on which a lapse of ages effects no change: they have defied, and will defy, the attacks of time, and continue as perfect at this hour as they were in the first moment of their completion. Thus we are informed in sacred Scripture, according to the Septuagint version, that when Joseph died, "they embalmed him, and he was put 'εν τῃ Σόρῳ' in Egypt," Gen. i. 26. In the English version, the words are,

The primitive Greeks were buried in places prepared for that purpose in their own houses; but in after ages they adopted the judicious practice of establishing the burial grounds in desert islands, and outside the walls of towns, by that means securing them from profanation, and themselves from the liability of catching infection from those who had died of contagious disorders.*

The Romans prohibited burning or burying in the city, both from a sacred and civil consideration, that the priests might not be contaminated by touching a dead body, and that houses might not be endangered by the frequency of funeral fires.

The custom of burning the dead had its foundation laid deep in nature: an anxious fondness to preserve the great and good, the dear friend and the near relative, was the sole motive that prevailed in the institution of this solemnity. "That seems to me," says Cicero, "to have been the most ancient kind of burial, which, according to Xenophon, was used by Cyrus. For the body is returned to the earth, and so placed as to be covered with the veil of its mother."† Pliny also agrees with Cicero upon this point, and says the custom of burial preceded that of burning among the Romans.‡ According to Montfaucon, the custom of burning entirely ceased at Rome about the time of Theodorius the younger. When cremation ceased on the introduction of Christianity, the believing Romans, together with the Romanized and converted Britons, would necessarily, as it is observed by Mr. Gough, "betake themselves to the use of sarcophagi, (or coffins,) and probably of various kinds, stone, marble, lead," &c. They would likewise now first place the body in a position due east and west, and thus bestow an unequivocal mark of distinction between the funeral deposit of the earliest Roman inhabitants of this island, and their Christian successors. The usual places of interment were in fields or gardens,* near the highway, to be conspicuous, and to remind the passenger how transient every thing is, that wears the garb of mortality. By this means, also, they saved the best part of their land:

> —— Experiar quid concedatur in illos
> Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina.
> *Juv. Sat. I.*

The Romans commonly built tombs for themselves during their life time. Hence these words frequently occur in ancient inscriptions, V. F. Vivus Facit, V. S. P. Vivus Sibi Posuit. The tombs of the rich were usually constructed of marble, the ground enclosed with walls, and planted round with trees. But common sepulchres were usually built below ground, and called hypogea. There were niches cut out of the walls, in which the urns were placed: these, from their resemblance to the niche of a pigeon-house, were called columbaria.

The custom of raising monuments during life is as universal as it is ancient.

"he was put in a coffin:" that is to say, in one of those immense *monolithal* receptacles, to which alone the ancients applied the name ΣΟΡΟΣ: these were appropriated solely to the burial of men of princely rank; and their existence, after the expiration of three thousand years, is indisputably proved, by the appearance of one of them in the principal pyramid of Egypt.—*Dr.* CLARKE'S *Travels*, vol. ii. part ii. page 514.

* Rhenea insula est exigua et deserta, inter quartam à Delo stadium, ubi monumenta Deliorum nam mortuum in Delo sepelire fas neque cremare.—*Strabo*, lib. x; *apud Kirchman. de Funer. Rom.* l. ii. c. xx.; *Potter*, vol. ii. p. 218.

† At mihi quidem antiquissimum sepultum genus id fuisse videtur, quo apud Xenophontem Cyrus utitur. Redditur corpus terræ et ita locatum et situm quasi operimente matris obducitur.—*Cic. de Leg.* lib. ii. 22; *Potter*, vol. ii. p. 207.

Ubi vero tectus et obvelatus fuero, nè quis hominum, mei filii, corpus meum videat, ac nè vos quidem ipsi, etiam atque etiam oro.

Cæterum corpus meum, filii, quum diem in terris supremum clausero, nec in auro condite, nec in argento, nec ulla in re aliâ, sed terræ quam primum reddite.—*Xenophon. de Cyri Institut.* lib. viii. c. 47.

‡ Ipsum cremare apud Romanos non fuit veteris instituti: terra condebantur At post quam longinquis bellis obrutos erui cognovêre, tunc institutum.—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* lib. viii. c. 54.

* Our blessed Saviour chose the garden sometime for his oratory, and, dying, for the place of his sepulture; and we also do avouch, for many weighty causes, that there are none more fit to bury our dead in than in our gardens and groves, where our beds may be decked with verdant and fragrant flowers. Trees and perennial plants, the most natural and instructive hieroglyphics of our expected resurrection and immortality, besides what they might conduce to the meditation of the living, and the taking off our cogitations from dwelling too intently upon more vain and sensual objects: that custom of burying in churches, and near about them, especially in great and populous cities, being both a novel presumption, indecent, and very prejudicial to health.—EVELYN'S *Discourse on Forest Trees*, p. 265. London, 1679.

Absolon raised a pillar, having no children. Saint Augustine says that the funerals of the righteous, in times of old, were performed with religious care; their burials celebrated, and their monuments provided in their life time. Tertullian also alludes to this custom.

It is observed by Mr. Douglas, that the "burial places of the Romans in this kingdom are very rarely discovered, owing to their custom of interring their dead at no great distance from their stations, by the side of the public road, and in such situations as have been occupied by a succeeding people to modern times. Their principal town and cities are the actual residence of the present generation: hence, through the various changes of different people and different customs, their traces have long been destroyed; and it is now only by accident we are indebted for the few remains which this country has preserved."*

The British custom of raising tumuli over their dead, continued till after the introduction of Christianity, and their other modes of interment were the carned, or heap of stones, the cistvar, or stone chest, and the iromlec, or hanging stone. It appears that the funerals of the Gauls and Britons were sumptuous and magnificent, and that those persons whom they had esteemed during life, as well as their slaves, were burnt with them in the funeral pile.†

That the Saxons, in common with other northern nations, at one period burnt their dead, is unquestionable; and that it was also their custom occasionally to erect barrows, or tumuli, over the ashes, or the body of the deceased, is equally certain. Many barrows still remain in Lower Saxony, to attest the truth of this latter assertion. It would, however, appear to be likely, that the Saxons, in their rude state, paid little attention to dignity of sepulture, except on particular occasions. Tacitus, speaking of the Germans, (and thence relatively of the Saxons,) describes them as despising what they deemed the ambition of magnificent funerals.

There is, perhaps, no part of our national antiquities which has given rise to more discussion than this. The reader who is desirous of more particular information relative to this subject, may at least find amusement in consulting the works of Slutheley, Douglas, and the Archæologiæ.

The primitive Christians kept the corpse four days, Pelagia in Gregory of Tours, requests of her son that her corpse may not be buried till after four days, and we find the very coffin of the present age described in Durant.*

The Romans appear to have used, in Britain, stone coffins for interment; as in several instances such have been found, containing bones accompanied by urns. or funeral vessels, apparently Roman. The earliest of these stone coffins were constructed in a rude manner, and out of numerous slabs of stone; but the improvement of forming the coffin out of one stone, by the labour of the mallet and chissel, was speedily introduced, and generally adopted by the affluent. Brick coffins, or sarcophagi, also were used by the Romans, at a very early period; and coffins of burnt clay, assigned to the same people, have been found in this island. The various modes of burial prevailing among the different nations which effected a settlement in Britain down to the time of Henry VIII., are amply discussed by various writers mentioned below.†

However, it has not been ascertained at what period the use of coffins was introduced into this country, but it appears from the following passage of our celebrated antiquary, Mr. Strutt, that from very remote times our ancestors were interred in some kind of coffin:—"It was customary in the burials of Anglo-Saxons to leave the head and shoulders of the corpse uncovered till the time of burial, that relations might take a last view of their deceased friend."

With us, says Mr. Harmer, the poor-

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* Nenia Britannica, p. 142.

† Funera sunt pro Gallorum, magnifica et sumptuosa, omniaque quæ vivis corde fuisse arbitrantur, in ignem inferunt, etiam animalia: ac paullo supra hanc memoriam servi et clientes, quos ab iis delictos esse constabat; justis funeribus confectis, unâ cremabantur.—*Cæsar. de Bell. Gall.* l. vi. c. 16.

* Corpus lotum et sindone obvolutum, ac loculo conditum, veteres in cænaculis, seu Tricliniis exponebant.—*Durant de Ritibus*, p. 225.

Les Chretiens interroient les corps comme les Juifs. Apres les avoir lavés ils les embaumoient, et y employoient plus de parfums, dit Tertullian, que les payens à leurs sacrifices. Ils les enveloppoient de linge tres fin, ou d'etoffes de soie, quelques fois ils les revetoient d'habits precieux.—*Fleury Mœurs de Chretiens*, p. 91.

† See Gough's Sepul. Mon. vol. i.; Grose's Preface to Antiquities of England. Archæol. vol. ii. pp. 291. 300; Dugdale's Warwick, vol. ii. p. 1046; Turner's Hist. of Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii.

est people have their coffins: if their relations cannot afford them, the parish is at the expense. In the East, on the contrary, they are not at all made use of. Turks and Christians agree in this.*

The ancient Jews seem to have buried their dead in the same manner, neither was the body of our Lord, it should seem, put into a coffin, nor that of Elisha, whose bones were touched by the corpse that was let down a little after into his sepulchre.†

The custom of funeral lamentation in hiring people to lament at funerals, is of very remote antiquity. Many passages in the Old Testament seem to allude to this. "They roar and cry before their gods, as men do at the feast when one is dead."‡

A similar custom prevails to this day in Ireland, and in the East, where old women are hired to roar and cry at funerals.

A modern traveller thus describes one of these scenes: "At the stated time the procession sets forward, the servants of the household move two and two before the bier which is borne on poles at at a little height from the ground. The male relations and the priests immediately precede the body. On each side of the bier are two or three old women, lamenting aloud, detailing the dignities and virtues of the deceased, and interrogating him as to his reasons for quitting the world.—Why did you die—you had money—you had friends—you had a fair wife—and many children—Why did you die?"—These mourners are hired, and the common pay of each is five loaves, four jars of wine, half a cheese, a quarter of mutton, and about fifteen pence in money. Their howling is extremely ludicrous, and has not even the semblance of grief. If the dead be a young woman, several girls in white precede and follow the bier, and at intervals scatter real or artificial flowers on the body.§

As to the origin of burying-places, many writers have observed that at the first erection of churches, no part of the adjacent ground was allotted for interment, but some place was appointed at a further distance, especially in cities and populous towns, where, agreeably to the old Roman law, the place of interment was without the walls. This practice of remoter burial continued till the age of Gregory the Great, when the priests beginning to offer prayers for the souls of the departed, procured leave, for their greater use and profits, that a liberty of sepulture might be in churches, or in places adjoining to them; which indulgence was granted by Gregory from a consideration that "their friends and relations when they came to these sacred places, seeing their sepulchres, might remember them, and pray to God for them.*

Among those canons which seem to have been made before Edward the Confessor, the ninth bears the title, *De non sepeliendo in ecclesiis*, and begins with a confession that such a custom had prevailed but must be now reformed, and no such liberty allowed for the future; unless the person be a priest or some holy man, who by the merits of his past life might deserve a peculiar favour.

However, at the first it was the nave or body of the church that was permitted to be a repository of the dead, and chiefly under arches by the side of the walls.

Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, seems to have been the first, who brought up the practice of vaults in chancels, and under the very altars, when he rebuilt the church of Canterbury, about the year 1075.†

This gave rise to the practice of filling our churches with dead bodies, which seems to be carried to greater excess in this country than in any other, and is productive of many evils; it was judiciously observed by Bishop Compton that "the church is for the living, and the church-yard for the dead."‡

The monuments of the "mighty dead" were held in the highest veneration by

* Harmer's Observations on Scripture, vol. ii. p. 154; Herodotus by Beloe; vol. ii. p. 169.

† 2 Kings, c. xiii. v. 21.

‡ Jeremiah, c. ix. 17; xvi. v. 5; Baruch c. vi. v. 32.

§ Hobhouse's Travels in Greece, Letter xxxii. p. 520.

* Cum gravia peccata non deprimunt, tunc prodest mortuis si in ecclesias sepeliuntur, quia eorum proximi, quoties ad eadem sacra loca veniunt suorumque sepultarum aspiciunt, recordantur et pro eis Domino preces fundunt.—*Gregor.* l. 13. c. 9.

† Ken. Par. Ant. 592, 593.

‡ Faulkner's History of Fulham, p. 237.

On a toujours eu grande devotion à se faire enterrer auprès des martyrs, et c'est qui a enfin attiré tant des sepultures dans les eglises: quoique l'on ait long-temps gardé la coutume de n'enterrer que hors des villes. La veneration des reliques et la creance distincte de la resurrection, ont effacé parmi les Chretiens l'horreur que les anciens, même les Israëlites, avoient des corps morts et des sepultures.—*Fleury Mœurs des Chretiens*, p. 9.

the ancients, and the severest punishments were inflicted on persons who violated them; these regulations it would be well to enforce in our own times, when the most scandalous excesses are committed in the cemeteries in the vicinity of London, by monsters in human form. The details of these scenes are revolting to our feelings, disgraceful to the age in which we live, and call aloud for punishment and redress.*

By the ancient Roman law, those who violated the sepulchres were punished with death, banishment, condemnation to the mines, loss of members, according to circumstances; the original law is contained in the "Novellæ Leges Valentiniani Augusti," and is well worth reading. It will remain a lasting monument of their humanity and good sense.†

It appears from the ancient salic laws, that any person found guilty of exhumation, was banished from society, and no person was allowed to afford him any sustenance, not even his own wife, and this rigorous punishment was continued till the relations of the deceased consented to his return to his former station in life.

"If our prejudices," says Dr. Johnson, "in favour of antiquity, deserve to have any part in the regulation of our studies, epitaphs seem entitled to more than common regard, as they were probably of the same age as the art of writing. As honours are paid to the dead, in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellencies, the principal intention of epitaphs is to perpetuate the example of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as the observation of his life. To this end it is not always necessary to recount the actions of a hero, or to enumerate the writings of a philosopher, to imagine such information necessary, is to detract from their character, to suppose their works mortal, or their achievements in danger of being forgotten. The bare names of such men answer every purpose of a long inscription.

This brevity was adopted by the Greeks in their monumental inscriptions, which are worthy of our imitation. They merely inserted the name of the person with these epithets—Good man! or Good woman! Hail! thus:—

ΝΙΚΩΝ ΖΗΝΩΝΟΣ
ΧΡΗΣΤΕ ΧΑΙΡΕ.

Nicon son of Zeno, good man! Farewell!

ΟΛΥΜΠΙΑΕ
ΧΡΗΣΤΕ
ΧΑΙΡΕ.

Olimpia, good woman! Farewell!

The Romans placed at the head of their epithets the words—Dies Manibus, which they often expressed thus: D. M.

Sometimes their epitaphs were filled with moral sentiments, and enriched with fine specimens of sculpture and architecture, which not only contributed to the embellishment of their tombs, but also to the instruction of posterity by the illustrious actions which they commemorated, and by the beautiful sentiments which they expressed.

Notwithstanding these examples, the style of epitaphs usually adopted in this country has been too diffuse, and too often degenerates into flattery and ostentatious panegyric, thus affording a just subject of satire.

"Sepulchral lies our holy walls to grace."—*Pope.*

And it has been recommended by a modern writer to have a separate place distinct from our churches for the reception of our monuments, as the present absurd mixture of the several objects of Christian and Pagan belief, as represented on modern tombs, must be shocking to every serious beholder.*

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* It has been adjudged that he who takes off a shroud from a dead corpse, may be indicted for having stolen it from him who buried the deceased, whose property it is; for a dead man can have no property. But stealing the corpse itself, which has no owner (though a matter of great indecency), is no felony, unless some of the grave clothes be stolen with it.—*Hawk.* c. 33. s. 29. 4. *Black. Com.* 235.

Les compilateurs des lois Saliques citent un ancien usage des Francs, par lequel celui qui avoit exhumé un cadavre pour le dépouiller, étoit banni de la société des hommes jusqu'a ce que les parents consentirent à l'y faire rentrer: et comme avant ce temps il étoit defendu a tout le monde, et à sa femme même, de lui donner du pain ou de le recevoir dans sa maison, un tel homme étoit à l'egard des autres et les autres étoient à son égard dans l'état de nature, jusqu'au ce que cet état eût cessé par la composition. —*Montesquieu De l'Esprit des Lois, tom.* 5. p. 51. *Liv.* xxx. c. 19. *Paris* 1803.

† De Sepulchris. Titulo, v. Potter, vol. ii. p. 226.

* Besides, if one shall seriously survey the tombs erected in our days, he may easily discern the vanity of our minds, veiled under our fantastic habits and attires,

In writing epitaphs one circumstance is to be considered; their usual situation restrains them to a particular air of solemnity, and debars them from the admission of all lighter and gayer ornaments. It must, however, be confessed, that many modern inscriptions in the churches near London are composed in a bad style, being replete with commonplace ideas, and in many instances are vulgar and ungrammatical. To remedy this disgraceful practice it would be proper to submit all newly written inscriptions to the inspection of the clergyman of the parish, by whose means they might be rendered sufficiently correct to public inspection."

"The parish clerk," says a modern critic, "is commonly called upon for a stave or two of verses, by every rustic that can raise a post and rail to the memory of his relation, and there are few church-yards in the kingdom where that favourite stanza—'Affliction sore long time I bore," does not occur more than once. False wit is always misplaced, but the true seems to be excluded from the epitaph. Who can bear merriment on a tomb stone? The tender and elegiac, or the manly and severe style seem to be best adapted to the monumental inscription. In our island there has certainly been no dearth of genius for monumental inscriptions."

T. FAULKNER.

Chelsea, Jan. 19, 1820.

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which, in times to come, will be rather provocations to vice than imitations to virtue, and so the temple of God shall become a school-house of the monstrous habits and attires of our present age, wherein taylors may find out new fashions. And what is worse, they bring into the church the memories of the heathen gods and goddesses with all their whirligigs.—*Weever's Fun. Mon.* p. 11.

A SICILIAN STORY, WITH DIEGO DE MONTILLA, AND OTHER POEMS. BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SINCE the publication of his dramatic scenes, the writer of these poems has made a rapid advance in public favour. His former little volume has passed into a second edition; and its companion, now before us, is eagerly sought for and read by all who have an ear for harmony of numbers, and a taste for pure and fertile imagery. The dramatic scenes, with the exception of Werner (apparently an imitation of Manfred) seemed wholly derived from early models; the present compositions, probably from their approximation of character to the productions of living poets, remind us more frequently of contemporaries, and of one in particular, the most popular, if not the greatest master of the modern lyre. In his specimens of dramatic poetry, Mr. Cornwall is decidedly a copyist; but his imitations are not like the timid soaring of

"Those feeble things,
With brine still dropping from their wings,
Who tempt the heights of air in vain,
Then sink into the waves again."

His flight is at least sustained; and although from the shortness of the specimens, and from the peculiar facility afforded by the subjects, which are either confined to single scenes, or to the most striking incidents of the dramas, of which they may be supposed to form parts, it is difficult to judge how far their author would be successful, were he to attempt an emulation of his great originals in the construction of a whole and perfect play; yet from the correctness of sentiment, the eloquence of language and true delineation of passion displayed in these fragments, we do not hesitate to pronounce that he would find no competitor among the men who now usurp possession of the stage; and we hope, for the sake of the national taste, that he will at least make the experiment.

To which of our early dramatists Mr. Cornwall chiefly inclines it is not easy to determine. A cultivated mind may receive a peculiar bias from closely studying the literature of a particular period, pursuing the same track of fancy, and indulging in the same imagery which characterise the whole of the writers of that period, without embracing any of the mannerism of composition by which one is distinguished from the other. We think we catch a glimpse of Shakspeare in such passages as the following:—

"The embroiderer, Moss, has wrought you a golden sent.

* * * * * * * *

Aye, Iris has been here, beloved; she
Is the Spring's almoner, you know, and flings
Unto the subject world, dyed flow'rs, and sweets,
With prodigal hand: is it not strange that some
(Ungrateful) shun her favours? But we've felt them,
And never more than now."

Lysander and Ione.

In his frequent reference to classical story we sometimes fancy we trace Fletcher, who also loved to tell

"How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion."

Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

And again, Beaumont, whose pastoral verse is not much unlike the poem whence the above quotation is extracted:

" Thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,
Will summon up, with my all-charming rod,
The nymphs of fountains, from whose wat'ry locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and encrease)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment."
Beaumont's Masque of the Inner Temple.

Of Massinger, to whom we have heard him compared, we can discover scarcely any resemblance: for Massinger aimed at a more elaborate structure of verse than that of any of his contemporaries; and is, perhaps, the least defective in rhyme of any writer of that era.

Milton * has furnished something. There are some very sweet stanzas in the first published volume, which are formed upon the model of his Hymn on the Nativity, relinquishing the last couplet. We will quote a stanza from each.

" It was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
With her great master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour."
Milton.

" Lie silent now, my lyre,
For all thy master's fire
Is gone.—It vanish'd like the summer sun,
Brightly the passion rose,
And, 'till its turbulent close,
It shone as bright, though all he wished was won."
A Song—B. Cornwall.

* By-the-bye, we wonder that some passages of Milton have never been referred to as giving the tone to the productions of the Lake School of Poets. We should be tempted to ascribe many of Mr. Wilson's fantastical descriptions to such standards as the following:

" But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play."
Samson Agonistes.

And many of his beautiful ones to passages like this from the hymn above alluded to:

" But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

We will now proceed to an examination of the poems described at the head of our article.

The outlines of the Sicilian Story are taken from the Decameron, Fourth day, Novel 5th. It may seem superfluous to transcribe Boccaccio, but we will give the heads of his tale, and then show what use has been made of it in the poem. We must first, however, remark, that no poetic version of these novels can produce half the effect that the original prose does upon readers of every class; their greatest charm consists in the plain straight-forward way in which they are told; and the air of reality that they thus acquire must be diminished in proportion as care is bestowed upon their embellishment.

Three brothers, rich merchants of Messina, had a sister named Lisabetta, young, beautiful, accomplished, and unmarried. They had also in their employ a very handsome youth, Lorenzo by name, a native of Pisa, upon whom, says Boccaccio, Lisabetta having frequently cast an eye, — " avvenne, che egli le 'ncominciò straniamente a piacere"—that is, it fell out that she became desperately enamoured of him; which Lorenzo perceiving, gave up every other little amour, and turned his thoughts seriously towards making the most of his good fortune. The affair had proceeded to some length, when one of the brothers, detecting Lisabetta in a nightly visit to Lorenzo's chamber, counselled with the rest how they should revenge the injury done to their blood without at the same time discovering their sister's shame to the world. By mutual agreement, they concealed their knowledge of the fact, until taking an opportunity of enticing Lorenzo to some distance from the city, they all three set upon him in a lonely spot and murdered him, secretly interring the body. On their return, they gave out that they had dispatched him to a distant part on matters of business, which, being an usual custom with them, was generally believed; but after some lapse of time, Lisabetta, being uneasy at her lover's silence and protracted absence, became very importunate to know the cause. The brothers replied only by rude repulses; until one night, as she lay alone in her chamber, and after weeping and calling upon her Lorenzo's name, had sunk into sleep, his palid and disfigured form appeared to her in a dream, and relating the time and manner of his assassination, concluded by directing her to the place where

his body was concealed. On the following morning, Lisabetta left her home, under pretence of taking a little excursion with a female friend, and both repaired to the fatal spot, where, after removing the dry leaves, and digging where the earth appeared freshest, they discovered the body, yet untainted by corruption. Their first intention was to remove it for more decent burial; but fearing they should be observed, they contented themselves with separating the head from the trunk, and, wrapping it in a napkin, carried it off, first covering the mangled corpse again with earth. Lisabetta, when she reached her brothers' house, lamented bitterly over the sad memento of her unfortunate love; but, after some time, becoming more tranquil, she set about enveloping it with a rich cloth, and hid it in a flower-pot, strewing mould upon it, and planting a sweet basil plant above. The plant, watered by her tears, grew and flourished, and became the favourite object of her care. All the day long she was accustomed to sit, and watch, and weep over it; until her brothers' curiosity being aroused by her extraordinary conduct, they privately removed the pot. Lisabetta, when she missed the shrine which contained the relic of her beloved, begged and entreated to have it restored; her entreaties proving, however, unavailing, she fell sick, and, in the moments of delirium, raved of nothing else. The young men, marvelling greatly at the cause of this singular grief for the loss of an object apparently so unimportant, at length turned the earth out of the pot, and found the cloth and the head in such a state of preservation as to satisfy them to whom it had belonged. Amazed at the sight, and dreading the consequences, they buried the ghastly evidence of their guilt, and privately absconded from Messina. The poor maiden grew every day worse, and still continued to moan, and weep, and call for her favourite plant, until at last Nature could hold out no longer, and she died. Thus terminates this tale of ill-starred love.

The personages in the Sicilian story are placed in a higher sphere of life. The poem commences with the description of a masque, where all are joyous and elated, while the lady of the festival sits in melancholy silence, watching the entrance of each guest, hoping that the next new comer may be the one so wished for, whom her foreboding fears whisper she shall never see again. The description of these moments of agony is one of great power.

" Dark Guido came not all that night, while she,
His young and secret bride, sate watching there,
Pale as the marble columns. She searched around
And 'round, and sickened at the revelry;
But if she heard a quick or lighter bound,
Half 'rose and gaz'd, and o'er her tearful sight
Drew her white hand to see his raven hair
Come down in masses like the starless night,
And 'neath each shortened mask she strove the while
To catch his sweet, inimitable smile,
Opening such lips as the boy Hylas wore;
(He whom the wild and wanton nymphs of yore
Stole from Alcmena's son.) But one and then
Another passed, and bowed, and passed again.
She looked on all in vain: at last, more near
A figure came, and whispering in her ear—
* * * * * *
It was her brother's voice—Leoni!—no;
It could not be that he would jeer her so.
He breathed a name; 'twas 'Guido:' tremblingly
She sate and shrunk from his inquiring eye,
But hid the mighty secret of her soul.
Again—ah! then she heard her terrible doom
Sound like a prophecy, and to her room
Like a pale, solitary shade she stole."

The dream here mentioned is much in the same tenor as that of Lisabetta, except that Guido desires his Isabel to take out his *heart* and bury it beneath the basil tree planted by them both. The rank luxuriance of the tree arising from its animal nourishment is thus portrayed:

" And the tree grew and grew; and brighter green
Shot from its boughs than she before had seen,
And softly with its leaves the west winds played:
And she did water it with her tears, and talk
As to a living spirit, and in the shade
Would place it gently when the sun did walk
High in his hot meridian, and she prest
The boughs (which fell like balm) upon her breast.
She never plucked a leaf, nor let a weed
Within the shadow of its branches feed,
But nursed it as as a mother guards her child,
And kept it shelter'd from the 'winter wild:'
And so it grew beyond its fellows, and
Tow'red in unnatural beauty, waving there
And whispering to the moon and midnight air,
And stood a thing unequalled in the land."

Isabel visits not again " her favourite vale," or any of the spots that reminds her of " the passionate past," but even her last and bitter solace is denied her. Her brother, Leoni,

" dug and found the heart unperished;
* * * * * * *
He found it where, like a great spell, it lay,
And cursed and cast it to the waves away.
That day the green tree wither'd, and she knew
The solace of her mind was stol'n and gone:
And then she felt that she was quite alone
In the wide world: so, to the distant woods,
And caverned haunts, and where the mountain floods
Thunder unto the silent air, she flew."

She lives in solitude for months, and she lives in madness, feeding on berries,

and heedless of the very changes of nature.

"Once, and once only was she seen, and then
The chamois hunter started from his chase,
And stopped to look a moment on her face,
And could not turn him to his sports again."

We shall conclude these extracts with the description of her return to the home of her infancy, and the deeply affecting recital of her dissolution.

"At last she wandered home. She came by night.
The pale moon shot a sad and troubled light
Amidst the mighty clouds that moved along.
The moaning winds of Autumn sang their song,
And shook the red leaves from the forest trees;
And subterranean voices spoke. The seas
Did rise and fall, and then that fearful swell
Came silently, which seamen know so well;
And all was like an omen. Isabel
Passed to the room where, in old times, she lay,
And there they found her at the break of day;
Her look was smiling, but she never spoke
Or motioned, even to say—her heart was broke:
Yet in the quiet of her shining eye
Lay death, and something we are wont to deem
(When we discourse of some such mournful theme)
Beyond the look of mere mortality."

The worship of Dian and the death of Acis are pastorals, founded on classical fables, and contain some fine descriptive verses. The last day of Tippoo Saib is vigorously sketched. One passage in it we have seen embodied by the greatest living master of an art to which poetry is much indebted. Our readers will readily perceive the allusion.

"He grasp'd his sword
And struck his last, faint, useless blow, and then
Stood all defenceless."

The subject of the Falcon, perhaps the most fascinating narrative of the most fascinating of all narrators, is given by way of argument to its dramatic imitation in the words of one of those early and now obsolete English translations which have certainly transfused the simplicity of Italian story into our language, with greater fidelity than the versions of later periods. Their very quaintness, which perhaps is chiefly owing to their antiquity, is part of their merit. The tale of the Falcon is thus summed up.

"Frederigo, of the Alberighi family, loved a gentlewoman, and was not requited with like love again. But by bountiful expenses, and over-liberal invitations, he wasted all his lands and goods, having nothing left him but a hawk or faulcon. His unkind mistress happeneth to come to visit him, and he not having any other food for her dinner, made a dainty dish of his faulcon for her to feed on. Being conquered by this exceeding kind courtesie, she changed her former hatred towards him, accepting him as her husband in marriage, and made him a man of wealthy possessions."

In the novel Giovanna (the Giana of the drama), is at first a wife, but subsequently a widow, and the ruin of Frederigo is occasioned by the feasts and entertainments on which he lavished his fortune in the hope of dazzling and seducing her; whereas in the piece the poverty of the cavalier is ascribed to his refusal to consent to a match proposed to him by his patron or guardian, and the cause that kept the lady "aloof so long," is said to be pride. The former is an arbitrary alteration, but the latter may have arisen from the incorrectness of the old translation, which uses the term "hatred," a term not to be found in Boccaccio; Giovanna herself remarking to her lover, that her unshaken chastity was, perhaps, misinterpreted by him, and that he might have attributed her previous behaviour to harshness and cruelty. There is something peculiarly attractive in the noble mind of a woman who, "non meno onesta, che bella," has sufficient spirit and virtue to resist the unlawful solicitations of the rich suitor, and generosity enough to reward the tried attachment of the poor devotee. —Boccaccio has matched the chastity of the one against the chivalry of the other, and just so much we think is wanting in the ingenious little sketch before us.

The following sentiment is original, and expressed in language better suited to the stage than the descriptive portion of these scenes generally affords:

"Like to this,
In a great city the cathedral clock,
Lifting its iron tongue, doth seem to stay
Time for a moment, while it calls aloud
To student's or to sick man's watchful ear,
"Now goes the midnight."

We can afford room but for one more quotation from the part where Frederigo avows his generous sacrifice.

Fred. Madame, you came to visit me—to feast:
It was my barest hour of poverty.
I had not one poor coin to purchase food.
Could I for shame confess this unto you?
I saw the descending beauty whom I loved
Honouring my threshold with her step, and deign
To smile on one whom all the world abandoned.
Once I had been her lover, how sincere
Let me not say: my name was high and princely:
My nature had not quite forgot its habits:
I lov'd you still: I felt it—*Could* I stoop
And say how low and abject was my fortune,
And send you fasting home! Your servant would
Have scorned me. Lady, even then I swore
That I would feast you daintily: I did,
My noble Mars, thou wast a glorious dish
Which Juno might have tasted.

Gio. What is this?

Fred. We feasted on that matchless bird, to which
The fabulous Phœnix would have bow'd. Brave bird!
He has redeemed my credit.

Gyges and Diego de Montilla are written in the octave measure, to which the public attention has been recently attracted by the fragment of Whistlecraft, Beppo, and the far-famed Don Juan: we like neither the subject nor mode of imitation; yet it is due to the writer of these poems to state that nothing is to be found in them which resembles the frigid, demoralizing tone of the last mentioned licentious publication, although here and there an allusion might be spared without diminishing the humour of the descriptions, or weakening the effect of the poetry. We have pleasure in transcribing from the first of these poems some incidental reflections, which, while they partake of the style of Childe Harold, also remind us of a better school of morals, and perhaps of imagination;—a school, which, in its mingled mass of grand conception and failing execution, always displays

" A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."*

The stanzas from Gyges are those that follow, and we are not certain that we have yet selected any thing from this volume of so high an order of poetry:

" It is a chilling thing to see, as I
Have seen, a man go down into the grave,
Without a tear, or ev'n an alter'd eye;
Oh! sadder far than when fond women rave,
Or children weep, or aged parents sigh,
O'er one whom art and love doth strive to save
In vain; man's heart is sooth'd by every tone
Of pity, saying he's not quite alone!

" I saw a pauper once, when I was young,
Borne to his shallow grave; the bearers trod
Smiling to where the death-bell heavily rung,
And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod:
On the rough boards the earth was gaily flung:
Methought the prayer which gave him to his God
Was coldly said:—then all, passing away,
Left the scarce coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

" It was an autumn evening and the rain
Had ceased awhile, but the loud winds did shriek
And call'd the deluging tempest back again:
The flag-staff on the church-yard tower did creak,
And thro' the black clouds ran a lightning vein,
And then the flapping raven came to seek
Its home: its flight was heavy, and its wing
Seem'd weary with a long day's wandering."

It is not stated whether the subject of Diego de Montilla be the author's own invention. In the Spectator we have the story of a youth who, disgusted with a haughty and capricious beauty, transferred his attentions to her humble and more amiable sister. But the triumph of Addison's heroine is the triumph of mind, and his hero is converted, after the ardour of his first attachment has a little subsided, by the full conviction of those superior qualities which have been gradually but silently working their way to his heart; whilst Diego de Montilla is subdued by a sudden impression, "a gleam of that sad truth" which darts across his mind, with the force of an electric shock, that whilst he is consuming his days in hopeless retrospection, the young, the innocent Aurora, who "never told her love," is dying for him. This, though it be not an ordinary event, is not an unnatural one: so true it is that absence, which makes the feeble waver, and the capricious stray, sometimes acts upon the affections with the power of a spell, when the heartlessness and indifference of strangers force our thoughts to rest upon the remembrance of those endearments which, when they might have been ours, we spurned, and which distance now debars us from reclaiming.

From this poem we must refrain from making any extracts, although we could cite many stanzas of great merit: suffice it to say, that the author has managed with great dexterity a measure of more than ordinary difficulty; but we must still repeat that we regret to see any imitation, however qualified, of a style of composition which mixes up derision with pathos, and trifles with the best feelings of our nature.

The tone of melancholy which prevailed in all, but the more recent productions of the most celebrated poetic genius of our times made every inditer of verses affect to be pensive, in order, like Master Stephen, to be in the fashion. With the unhappy person to whom we allude (unhappy on many accounts,*)

* Wordsworth.

* A friend of the writer of this article spent an hour or two, several months ago, in rambling over the pleasure grounds attached to the venerable edifice which was the abode of the ancestors of this eccentric individual. He described it as then displaying all the signs of desolation which its owner pictured some seventeen years since, when he quitted it with reflections that we hope he has not forgotten.

" Thro' thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;

this air of sorrow was not affected, and we fear that the writer, who is only known to the generality of his readers by the name of Barry Cornwall, assumes no poetic licence when he indulges in the same tone of despondency. We believe we are not mistaken in ascribing the cause to ill-health. One of his beautiful occasional poems intimates, if we read it rightly, an intention of leaving this country, for a period not expressed,

"To see the blue and cloudless day
Shine on the fields of Italy."

The land, from whose stores of literature he has drawn so copiously, and whose natural beauties he has painted in such vivid colours, when probably yet unseen, will suggest many kindred associations to his creative fancy. We have derived so much gratification from the exercise of his talents, that we cannot conclude without expressing our humble wishes that the benign climate he is about to visit, will restore to his frame that vigor of which, if we may judge from these specimens, his mind has lost nothing, and we shall then be content to sacrifice some portion of that deep feeling which now, if our suspicions be correct,

"Like the gay glories of the tulip's flower,
Springs from disease engendered at the root."*

In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choak'd up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant departing,
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

"Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget." &c.

* Anonymous.

NEW CONJECTURES RELATIVE TO THE AUTHOR OF JUNIUS.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING for many years considered the long agitated question concerning the author of the Letters of Junius, more as a matter of literary speculation than historical doubt, I naturally felt somewhat anxious to place my humble opinion on record together with those writers who seem to have regarded the subject as one of national importance; that is to say, if we are to judge of the zeal and perseverance with which they have prosecuted the inquiry. I should have accordingly hazarded a few remarks on this controversy some months ago, had it not been for a desire of seeing the conjecture of your correspondent assuming the signature of "Who was Junius?" terminated, for I could then have the whole of his data to comment on, while I attempted a reply to the additional facts or arguments he has to adduce. As it is high time that the public mind should be set at rest on this point, which has afforded a source of profitable speculation to some, while it has kept alive the curiosity of others, I regret the circumstance of your correspondent having apparently abandoned the topic just as he had proceeded sufficiently far into its merits, to create a wish on the part of several readers of the *New Monthly Magazine* with whom I happen to be acquainted, that no delay might occur in pronouncing his final judgment. Presuming, therefore, that "Who was Junius?" "is not dead but sleepeth," I shall abstain from commenting on his observations, until they assume a more tangible shape; and, rejecting the air of mystery with which so many others approach this intricate question, beg leave at once to declare it as my opinion that the "Letters of Junius" were written by EDMUND BURKE. After having thus unceremoniously divulged *my secret*, it next remains for me to state a few of those reasons which have led to a declaration that is likely to meet with so much incredulity amongst a very considerable class of readers in this country. As an examination of the numberless pamphlets, tracts, and essays, which have exhausted the ingenuity of some, and the patience of many more, in the above interesting pursuit, would most probably exclude this epistle from a place in your valuable columns, I shall adopt a more prudent part, by confining my observations to a cursory notice of Mr. Roche's "Inquiry," published in 1812, soon after Woodfall's edition of Junius made its appearance, an event which gave rise to a great variety of publications; amongst these, none had a greater claim to attention than the one I have just named. It is scarcely necessary to add that I have chosen this volume more from the coincidence of its statements with my own opinions, long entertained on the subject, than any other circumstance,

while the fact of the book's never being noticed in your pages, will, I presume, entitle it to that distinction in the present instance. As a further inducement to my adhering to the arguments and conclusions of Mr. R. it is proper to add that he has availed himself of all the material points connected with the subject, in the political history of Junius and Mr. Burke, necessary for making out a case, on which the public may fairly ground the strongest possible presumptive proof, as to the identity of the two characters. With respect to *positive evidence*, I am inclined to believe it will never be generally admitted outside the walls of a court of justice, an object to which we shall, I fear, look in vain at this remote period of time from the original publication.

After having very satisfactorily combated the popular error, that Mr. Burke was not Junius, because the two writers differed in style, by several apposite allusions to the great orator's early facility of imitating Dr. Lucas of Dublin, in his patriotic letters, at the age of nineteen, so as to deceive the keenest judges, and, subsequently in his still more successful essay, entitled a Vindication of Natural Society, which passed for a posthumous work of Lord Bolingbroke, and which, a contemporary critic declared to be the most perfect specimen which "will perhaps ever exist of the art," adding on the same subject, "in it we have all the qualities which distinguish the style; or, we may indeed say, the genius of that able writer, is, as it were, concentrated and brought at once before us." Mr. Roche next proceeds to strengthen his opinion by citing several passages from the well known pamphlets published in 1771, entitled "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," the whole of which he considers as a very good general commentary on his quotations from Junius. In this portion of his essay, the author has, in my humble opinion, stated circumstances which must carry conviction to every unbiassed mind, with respect to the important fact of there being a most striking similarity of style and diction between Burke and Junius. And these proofs are not confined to the pamphlet above mentioned, but extend to various other productions. particularly Mr. B.'s address to the King, drawn up in 1776, wherein there are very numerous proofs of the most curious coincidence both in style and thinking. This agreement was more especially evinced in all great constitutional questions, and several minor ones, such as the importance of healing party animosities, opinion on the Civil List Debt, Influence of the Crown, the Middlesex Election, and many others.

From the foregoing ground, on which Mr. Roche has made a very formidable stand, he rather ascends by his succeeding efforts to establish the fact of Mr. Burke having been the author of those celebrated letters. The second proof of identity is drawn from the singular fact, that those defects of style and grammar, vicious arrangement, and bad taste, according to the established rules for correct and elegant writing, by which both writers were distinguished, are the leading and almost only defects which occur in the writings, both of Burke and Junius. That these were not the effect of design, the author very truly asserts, and afterwards proves by numerous quotations that they run through the works of both, from one end to the other; while in the midst of this part of the inquiry, Mr. R. observes "Had I no other reasons for thinking that the letters of Junius were written by Mr. Burke, the inference arising from this species of construction, would be wholly satisfactory to my mind." It is also worthy of particular notice, that such expressions as, *from hence,—from whence—from thence*, occur in all parts of the writings of Burke and Junius, although they were even at that period pointed out as redundancies of style by Dr. Johnson. Their method of concluding sentences with monosyllables and other words of trifling meaning was another coincidence that greatly distinguished both writers. The examples cited to prove this analogy are scarcely less numerous than those which preceded them; "*of it*," says Mr. R. "was so great a favourite with Junius and with Burke, that they use it instead of *its*, not only at the end, but in all parts of their sentences." The last peculiarity noticed by the author, and incidental to both writers is, the use of "whether or no," for *whether or not*, of which several examples occur in the works of Mr. Burke as well as those of Junius.

Having said thus much as to similarity of style, I shall content myself with referring your readers who feel any further interest in the elucidation of this question to the essay itself, and proceed shortly to state a few more circumstances, tending greatly to corroborate the author's previous opinion; amongst these, the following is particularly well worthy of notice.

The seventh communication from Ju-

nius to the *Public Advertiser*, a paper for which Mr. Burke was known to write during many years, appeared on the 22d of October, 1767, fifteen months before the publication of the first *Junius*. This paper was written in the form of a dialogue, and called *a grand council upon the affairs of Ireland, after eleven adjournments*. In an immediate reply to this spirited satire, attributed to Lord Shelburne, and also published in the Advertiser, a direct attack is made on Mr. Burke, under the character of Brazen. This was followed as quickly by a letter from Junius, in which he not only attacks Lord S. with more virulence than he had any one in the dialogue, but almost replies in direct terms to the strictures on Brazen or Mr. Burke. Mr. R. concludes with some additional remarks, all in favour of his arguments, by stating his conviction that *both* the above communications, acknowledged to have been sent by Mr. Woodfall's private correspondent *C.*, were written by Mr. Burke!

"We all know," says the author, "how unmercifully Junius has belabour-ed the Duke of Grafton and Lord Bute: from whom could this be more naturally expected than from Mr. Burke? It was to the secret influence of the latter, and to the desertion of the former, that he knew they were indebted for the dismissal of Lord Rockingham's administration."

I now come to by far the most convincing part of this inquiry, in which the author thinks he sets the "controversy concerning Junius for ever at rest;" and I shall be as brief as possible in detailing the circumstance to which it alludes. On the 24th of November, 1767, his present Majesty opened the session with a speech, in which the attention of the legislature was seriously called to the high price of corn, and a recommendation made to alleviate the public evils arising from that calamity.

The address to that speech being moved in the usual manner, it was warmly supported by Mr. Secretary Conway: after which, Mr. Burke stood up, and delivered a very eloquent and elaborate oration in reply. Four or five days after, about the 29th of November, Mr. Woodfall, publicly, and in very complimentary terms, acknowledged a communication from his valuable correspondent C., and, on the following day, apologizes for not inserting his article, owing to its being of so delicate a nature, that the editor dared not insert it, if not permitted to make such changes in certain expressions as might take off the immediate offence, without hurting the meaning. On the 5th of December, a letter appeared in the Public Advertiser, in which, after stating himself to be one of a party who meet for their amusement, in a sort of Political Club, the writer, signing himself Y. Z., says, "The following is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, which I threw out at one of our late meetings, and it is at your service, if you think it can afford the least entertainment to your readers." The communication thus alluded to, by Y. Z. or C. and which he *positively asserts to have been spoken by himself*, at one of the late meetings of his Political Club, is neither more nor less than the foregoing speech of Mr. Burke, which, it now appears, was sent to Mr. Woodfall by his private correspondent C., the signature always used by Junius in his private notes, *four* or *five* days after Mr. Burke had delivered it in the House of Commons!!! The only difference between the speech quoted at length by Mr. Roche, and that to be found in the second volume of Mr. Woodfall's Junius, consists in substituting the words *Committee, Society, Advice from the Chair*, &c., for *Ministry, Administration, House of Commons*, &c.; also, of some passages which the Editor of the Public Advertiser was afraid to publish, on account, as he thought, of their libellous tendency.

Not only is the above speech to be found in the Parliamentary Debates published in 1772, when the privilege of reporting the proceedings of both Houses was allowed, but it also appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1767, under the head of "*a curious speech spoken at the opening of a late sessions.*" In addition to the fact of Mr. Burke having been a frequent contributor to that work, this insertion of the speech completely decides its authenticity, and it has in fact never been disputed either by Mr. Burke himself, or any of his biographers.

Previous to his answering the objections that have been made to his hypothesis, and some additional reasoning in support of them, the author observes, "when the conclusions suggested by these last documents (the speech and several of the private notes of Junius to Mr. Woodfall,) are coupled with those arising from the numerous examples of similarity of style, and coincidence of opinion, which the reader has already seen; but, more particularly, when it is remembered that the coincidence, as I

have incontrovertibly shewn, extends even to their very faults and defects, I am persuaded that the results of the whole, in every fair and candid mind, will be a full conviction that the Letters of Junius were written by Mr. Burke."

Considering the deep and permanent interest Mr. Burke had in carrying the *secret* through life, and into his grave, I do not, by any means, wonder that the author of this essay should draw an inference highly favourable to Mr. B.'s being the writer of those renowned Letters, from the circumstance of his *spontaneous* denial of it to Dr. Johnson, well knowing, as he did, the penetration of the latter in such matters, and that he had considered him as Junius, long before the gratuitous disavowal was made. Upon this subject of spontaneous denial, I have to state, that, it was not confined to Mr. Burke alone, but extended to the other members of his family. A friend of the great orator, now in this metropolis, and whom I have occasionally the pleasure of meeting, feels unequivocally convinced that Junius and Mr. Burke were one and the same person. Amongst various anecdotes and facts related by him in support of his opinion, is that of Mrs. Burke having, in consequence of a report circulated after his decease, called upon most of his political friends, for the express purpose of assuring them that her late husband *was not* the author of Junius! The same amiable and entertaining personage, who was also intimate with Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and the other members of the literary club which Mr. Burke irradiated by his eloquence and wit, has informed me that the late Mr. Woodfall, once at a select evening party, when pressed to give his opinion who he really thought was the writer of the Letters, after having evaded the question for some time, at length said, I cannot name the author, gentlemen, as I did not know him, but I will give you a toast; upon which he filled his glass, and drank to the health of EDMUND BURKE!

A great variety of other facts and observations introduced by Mr. Roche, in which he very ingeniously meets, and, I think, refutes all the objections brought forward against the claims of Mr. Burke, carry great weight with them, and certainly tend to confirm the author's previous assertion, as to the identity of the two writers. Amongst those, the manner in which the difference in their political creeds, Mr. Burke's prosecution of Woodfall, &c. are accounted for, and explained by the author, are the most interesting. But having trespassed so long on your time, I must hasten to the end of this communication. Other peculiarities of expression, such as *playing fast and loose, opening one's-self on a question or affair*, &c. are also noticed as found in both writers. Mr. Burke is, besides, the only writer whom the author knows to have ever quoted the passage from Lucan, in which *Stat nominis umbra* occurs, and which many classical scholars had considered as a composition of Junius himself. Mr. Roche very properly lays great stress on the circumstance of Mr. Burke's contemporaries, of almost every description and class, not excepting Mr. Horne Tooke, attributing the Letters to him. That Junius was an Irishman, there is considerable evidence throughout the essay upon which I have founded these desultory remarks, but in nothing so much as the very far-fetched allusion contained in one of his letters to Lord North, wherein the writer says, "*he has degraded even the name of Luttrell.*" At all times unintelligible to Englishmen, the above phrase is now obsolete in Ireland, where it originated in consequence of a belief amongst the Catholic population, that it was owing to the treachery of an officer named Luttrell, that James the Second lost the battle of the Boyne.

Thus, Mr. Editor, have I given you a few reasons to justify the opinion of Mr. Burke having been the author of those celebrated Letters: and without any wish of interfering with the surmises or speculations of others, much less pretending to have made any very extraordinary discovery, I leave the further discussion of it to your correspondent alluded to in the early part of my letter, and in conclusion have only to repeat my settled conviction that the Letters of Junius were written by EDMUND BURKE.

I am, &c. E. B.

Leicester Square, Jan. 1, 1820.

MEMOIRS AND TRAVELS OF THE LATE JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT.

THE association for promoting the discovery of the interior parts of Africa, than which, it would be difficult to name a more useful and important body, has just published an account of the Travels of the late John Lewis Burckhardt.

It is truly lamentable that in proceeding to notice this work, we should be under the sad necessity of paying a last tribute to the enterprising author, in whom the world of science and philanthropy has sustained an almost irreparable loss; when we consider the pains he took to prepare himself for the arduous task of exploring Africa, together with his physical and moral aptitude for that most laborious vocation, this estimate of Mr. B.'s merits will not, we think, be disputed by any one. Much, however, as we ought to deplore his untimely fate, it is undoubtedly consolatory to reflect, that the spirit of inquiry, so peculiar to the age, is steadily directed to that vast continent; and considering the many risks incurred by those who second the wishes of the benevolent and philosophical in Europe, no praise ought to be withheld from the courageous individuals who have little else as a reward for their labours, and to whose ardent and emulative minds, it is far more grateful than pecuniary recompence or worldly advantages.

That such was the character of Mr. B. the following brief notice of his valuable life, short as it was, will amply demonstrate.

John Lewis Burckhardt was born of highly respectable parents, at Lausanne; although his father's life began with the best prospects, they were blighted by the French revolution; from the commencement of which, he was involved in a series of difficulties that had, at one time, nearly brought him to the scaffold. Having entered into a Swiss corps in the pay of Great Britain, the elder Mr. B. was under the necessity of leaving his family at Basle, where his son Lewis remained until 1800, when, being then 16 years of age, he was placed in the university of Leipsic; and after a stay of nearly four years there, went to that of Göttingen. In both places he seems to have merited the highest character, both as to his private conduct and great zeal in the pursuit of knowledge. When his education was completed, the young student returned to his family at Basle, where his active mind was not likely to remain torpid. But his ambition had a higher aim than that of mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; and he had, besides, no predilection for the French allies of Germany. Our hero, for so he deserves to be called, therefore determined to add one more to the number of the German youth who sought an asylum in England during the period of the French domination in their own country. Accordingly he first visited the British metropolis in July, 1806; amongst his letters of introduction one was fortunately addressed to that patron of science, the venerable president of the Royal Society. Sir Joseph Banks happened also to be an active member of the African Committee, and it is probably to this coincidence that we are indebted for the subsequent offer of Mr. B.'s services; they were tendered, after the association had determined, in consequence of Horneman's communications, to prosecute its discoveries in the northern parts of Africa. The opening afforded by these seems to have been too tempting to be neglected by the enterprising Burckhardt; he therefore made an offer of his services through Sir Joseph Banks, undismayed by the representations which Dr. Hamilton, the then acting secretary to the institution, made, as to the dangers he was likely to encounter in so perilous an undertaking. The youthful enthusiast persevered, upon which his offer was gladly accepted. This occurred in May, 1808. On the January following he received his instructions, having diligently employed the interval in London and Cambridge, in the study of the Arabic, and also of those sciences most necessary in the proposed situation. He allowed his beard to grow, and assumed the Oriental dress, attending lectures in chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, medicine, and surgery. The leisure afforded from those pursuits was occupied in making long journies on foot, bareheaded, in the heat of the sun, sleeping upon the ground, and living upon vegetables and water!!

It was determined that Burckhardt should first proceed to Syria, for the double advantage of learning the purest Arabic, and of acquiring an habitude of Oriental manners, remote from those countries that were afterwards to become the scene of his researches, and consequently without much risk of being so easily recognised. After a stay of two years in Syria, he was directed to visit Cairo, and thence proceed with the Fezzan caravan to Mourzouk, whence he was to be enabled to depart for the interior.

Having sailed from Cowes on board a merchant ship, in March, 1809, Burckhardt arrived at Malta in the following month. From that island he opens a correspondence with his venerable patron. The first letter, dated April 22, 1809, merely details whatever came un-

der his observations while at Valetta, where he received the attentions of Sir Alexander Ball, its late worthy governor. The next intelligence which the association received from their traveller, gave a detailed account of his progress from Malta to Aleppo; and although we have no room for any extracts from that long communication, the style and manner of relating the occurrences of his journey, afford considerable promise of future excellence as a writer of travels. We cannot, however, avoid applauding that part of Mr. B.'s conduct, showing the prudent way in which the secret of his intended peregrination was kept, not to mention the ingenuity which enabled him to reach the Syrian capital in a Turkish dress without a discovery of his ulterior object, either at Malta, or in the remainder of the voyage. We mention this circumstance as a material point to be observed by all those who enter into similar undertakings, as an imprudent disclosure made in any part of the Mediterranean, might be fatal to the success of the best laid exploratory enterprise.

Mr. Burckhardt remained two years and a half in Syria, during which time, in addition to his daily acquirements in the Arabic language and Oriental manners, he made some occasional excursions into the adjacent countries, visiting Palmyra, Damascus, &c. A sketch of his travels at that period, is communicated in his letters to Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Hamilton, copious extracts from which are given by the editor of this volume. The following extract, describing the prosperous condition of Damascus, when visited by the writer, serves to give a tolerably fair idea, not only of the writer's penetration, but also of his epistolary talents.

"Having had frequent occasions, during my stay at Aleppo, to observe the deplorable state of the whole country around it, it has been a very gratifying sight to me to witness the comparative ease, and, I might even say, wealth, of the inhabitants of the territory of Damascus. The neighbourhood of the city, in particular, is in a very prosperous state, owing partly to the richness of the ground, which is no where equalled in Syria, partly to the effect of Yussef Pasha's government, who, during his whole reign, never extorted any extraordinary contributions from the peasant, and protected him against the oppressions of minor tyrants. It is the misfortune of the Turkish government, at least in its present decayed state, that popular virtues in the persons of its governors, are quite incompatible with the Porte's own views. The Porte demands supplies, and nothing but supplies; and the Pasha, to satisfy her, must press upon the industry of his subjects. He who is the well-wisher of his people, who contents himself with the ordinary revenue, and who lets justice preside in his councils, will undoubtedly incur his sovereign's displeasure, not because he is just, but because his justice prevents him from plundering and transmitting a portion of the acquired plunder of the Divan. To save his existence, he has nothing left but silently to resign his unhappy subjects to the rod of a succeeding despot, or to declare himself a rebel, and to contend with his rival, until the Porte, convinced of the difficulty of deposing him, patiently waits for a more favourable opportunity of effecting her purposes. These principles are applicable to all persons in office, from the Pasha down to the Shikh of the smallest village; and it is to them that the rapid decay of Turkey is chiefly to be ascribed. It requires but one year's reign of a man like Djezzar to destroy the benefits of a four years' government of a Yussef. The rapidity, however, with which ease and wealth are seen to re-flow into the re-opened channels of industry, prove that Syria, on the downfall of the Turkish empire, would soon regain its former lustre."

We cannot omit another paragraph from the same letter, in which the imperfect mode of sending our travellers out, with means totally inadequate to the important object of their missions, is strongly exemplified. This arises, as the writer of these cursory remarks pointed out, above eight years ago, from the want of more liberal support being granted to the African Institution, the funds of which are generally in a very dilapidated state, from the number of calls made on its liberality. What, for instance, can be more humiliating to a public body, or annoying to its servants, than such a declaration as this?

"I am at last under the disagreeable necessity of telling you, that, notwithstanding every economy in expence, I have spent my last farthing. I performed my travels throughout in the garb of a pauper (the Haouran tour, for instance, only cost me four pounds sterling) yet some expense in feeding myself and my horse, together with some occasional presents, were unavoidable. I should less regret the want of remittances if it was not for the consideration that my stay in Syria might have afforded me opportunities of laying out whatever I might have spared of my appointments, in manuscripts or objects of antiquity, an opportunity which, if lost now, may be lost for ever. I have lived for nineteen months, since my leaving Malta, upon 170*l.*; the remainder of my credit upon Mr. Lee, and I shall now

be obliged to accept Mr. Barker's kind offers gradually to advance me the sums necessary for my livelihood, until I may be enabled to reimburse him by the receipt of my salary from the Committee."

After repeated journies, in many of which Mr. B. seems to have had a bitter foretaste of what was to be expected on his future travels, and having regularly transmitted minute accounts of his proceedings, he reached Cairo in September, 1812. The detail of his journey from Damascus to the capital of Upper Egypt, will be read with considerable interest by the lovers of scriptural research, as a number of spots familiar to us in the pages of the Bible, are described by him. The author's account of the Valley of Ghor is extremely curious. After stating his opinion that the trade between Jerusalem and the Red Sea was carried on through it, Mr. B. describes another, called Wady Mousa, of which he adds:

"This place is very interesting for its antiquities and the remains of an ancient city, which I conjecture to be Petra, the capital of Arabia Petræa; a place which, as far as I know, no European traveller has ever visited. In the red sand stone, of which the valley is composed, are upwards of two hundred and fifty sepulchres, entirely cut out of the rock, the greater part of them with Grecian ornaments. There is a mausoleum, in the shape of a temple, of colossal dimensions, likewise cut out of the rock, with all its apartments, its vestibule, peristyle, &c. It is a most beautiful specimen of Grecian architecture, and in perfect preservation. There are other mausolea with obelisks, apparently in the Egyptian style, a whole amphitheatre cut out of the rock, with the remains of a palace, and of several temples. Upon the summit of the mountain, which closes the narrow valley on its western side, is the tomb of Haroun (Aaron, brother of Moses). It is held in great veneration by the Arabs. (If I recollect right, there is a passage in Eusebius, in which he says that the tomb of Aaron was situated near Petra). The information of Pliny and Strabo upon the site of Petra, agree with the position of Wady Mousa."

Diverted by circumstances from prosecuting the main object of his travels in the interior of Africa, Mr. B. devoted above two years more to excursions along the Nile, towards Dongola, and into the Nubian desert, penetrating as far as the banks of the Astaboras. The author's account of these journies form the principal subject of the volume before us. From a letter to his patron, dated at Djidda, in August, 1814, and giving some account of his second journey into Nubia, it appears that he again suffered the greatest inconvenience from want of funds. Surely this part of the Association's concerns might be better managed.

By way of illustrating more fully the character of this extraordinary young man, we are tempted to give an extract from the Memoir:

"Nearly a year elapsed," says the writer, "before the Association received any further advices from their traveller, his next letter being dated from Cairo, upon his arrival in Egypt from Arabia. As the unfortunate state of his health prevented him, upon this occasion, from entering into any particulars of his Arabian journey, it is right to inform the reader, that in the following year he transmitted to the Association the most accurate and complete account of the Hadjis, including the cities of Mekka and Medina, which has ever been received in Europe. His knowledge of the Arabic language, and of Mahommedan manners, had now enabled him to assume the Mussulman character with such success, that he resided at Mekka during the whole time of the pilgrimage, and passed through the various ceremonies of the occasion without the smallest suspicion having arisen as to his real character. Upon one occasion, when the Pasha of Egypt, Mahommed Aly, then holding his head quarters at Tayf, to the eastward of Mekka, and who was not altogether ignorant of Burckhardt's connection with England, thought proper to put his qualifications as a Mussulman to the test, by directing the two most learned professors of the law, then in Arabia, to examine him upon his knowledge of the Koran, and of the practical as well as doctrinal precepts of their faith; the result was a complete conviction upon the minds of his hearers, or at least of his two examiners, of his being not only a true, but a very learned Mussulman. It was his firm conviction, that the title of Hadji, which his pilgrimage gave him the right to assume, would be of the greatest use to him in his future travels in the interior of Africa. Important, however, as were the experience and information acquired by his journey in Arabia, they were too dearly purchased; for there can be little doubt, that his constitution never recovered from the effects of that fatal climate, which has always proved pernicious to Europeans. The severe attacks of fever and dysentery which he suffered in Arabia, appear to have been the ultimate cause of the fatal termination of the disorder which, two years afterwards, in closing at once his labours and his existence, destroyed the best founded hopes of success in exploring the unknown regions of Africa, which the Association had ever formed."

Such were the effects produced on Mr. Burckhardt's health by his residence in Arabia, that the remainder of his life was principally occupied in preparing the

journals which follow the Memoirs, and making arrangements for his intended visit to Africa. One of his letters, dated in July, 1816, contains a short account of a visit to Mount Sinai. This is interesting, no less from the facts related, than from that association of ideas which is so naturally produced by perusing the description of a place so often celebrated in sacred and profane history. It seems that we are partly indebted to Mr. Burckhardt for the head of Memnon, which forms so conspicuous an ornament of the British Museum, as he co-operated with Mr. Salt, in providing means for its transport down the Nile.

The above excursion was the last journey accomplished by Mr. Burckhardt; and it appears that from the period of his return to Cairo, in June, 1816, until his death, in October, 1817, he continued to reside in that city, occupied in preparing various papers for his employers, and other avocations connected with Arabic literature and his travelling pursuits.

The letters addressed to Mr. Hamilton, and which are inserted in this portion of the Memoir, are extremely entertaining, and full of curious matter relative to the antiquities of Upper Egypt. The following allusion to the celebrated Belzoni, who is now on his way to this country, will prepare our readers for the appearance of that ingenious and persevering antiquarian:

"Mr. Belzoni, who is as enterprising as he is intelligent, high-minded, and disinterested, further informs us, that he has dug up the colossus, indicated by the French upon their map of Karnak, as laying on the N. W. side of the above-mentioned pond, under the name of *Colosse renversé*. He has turned it up, and finds it to be a torso without head or feet, about thirty feet in length, of beautiful workmanship. He says that he has seen nothing in Egypt, not even excepting our head," [that of Memnon,] "that can be compared to it, as it is a true imitation of nature, not done in the usual hard style, but according to the best rules of art."

"If Mr. Belzoni had had a flat-bottomed boat at his command, he is confident that he should have been able to float down one of the small obelisks of Philœ, about twenty five feet in length. He handles masses of this kind with as much facility as others handle pebbles, and the Egyptians, who see him a giant in figure, for he is six feet and a half high, believe him to be a sorcerer."

It now becomes our painful duty shortly to advert to the last moments of poor Burckhardt, too hastily snatched from a world in which he would doubtless have done infinite service to science and humanity!

Having transmitted all his papers connected with former journeys to England, in the autumn of 1817, it was with the utmost satisfaction that he contemplated the prospect which some Moegrebyns, or western Africans, who were expected to return home as usual by way of Cairo and Fezzan, held out, of putting his great mission into execution. But, as his biographer observes, Providence ordained it otherwise; for, on the 4th of October, his symptoms of dysentery increased so much as to render an application for medical assistance necessary. Fortunately, Dr. Richardson, the travelling companion of Lord Belmore, who happened to be on the spot, was enabled to attend and prescribe for the dying man, which, though it did not save, was at least a consolation. A private letter from Mr. Salt, our consul at Cairo, gives a very affecting detail of Mr. Burckhardt's last moments. They were such as became a man and a Christian! We regret that our limits preclude the possibility of giving the whole of this well-written epistle: the following facts will, however, serve as a much better panegyric on our lamented traveller, than we could possibly compose. On the morning of the 15th, conscious of his danger, he sent for Mr. Salt, who says, in the letter to which we have alluded:

"I went over immediately, and cannot describe how shocked I was to see the change which had taken place in so short a time. On the Tuesday before, he had been walking in my garden with every appearance of health, and conversing with his usual liveliness and vigour; now, he could scarcely articulate his words, often made use of one for another, was of a ghastly hue, and had all the appearance of approaching death. Yet he perfectly retained his senses, and was surprisingly firm and collected. He desired that I would take pen and paper and write down what he should dictate. The following is nearly word for word what he said:— 'If I should now die, I wish you to draw on Mr. Hamilton, for two hundred and fifty pounds, for money due to me from the Association, and, together with what I have in the hands of Mr. Boghoz,' (two thousand piastres,) 'make the following disposition of it. Pay up my share of the Memnon head,' (this he afterwards repeated, as if afraid that I should think he had already contributed enough, as I had once hinted to him). 'Give two thousand piastres to Osman,' (an Englishman, whom, at Shikh Ibrahim's particular request, I had persuaded the Pasha to release from slavery).

'Give four hundred piastres to Shaharti, my servant. Let my male and female slaves, and whatever I have in the house, which is little, go to Osman. Send one thousand piastres to the poor at Zurich.'

"After some other dispositions expressed with equal calmness, he added—'Give my love to my friends,' (enumerating several persons with whom he was living on terms of intimacy at Cairo): 'write to Mr Barker.' (He then paused, and seemed troubled, and at length, with great exertion, said)—'Let Mr. Hamilton acquaint my mother with my death, and say that my last thoughts have been with her,' (this subject he had evidently kept back, as not trusting himself with the mention of it until the last). 'The Turks,' he added, 'will take my body; I know it; perhaps you had better let them.'—When I tell you that he lived only six hours after this conversation, you will easily conceive what an effort it must have been. The expression of his countenance when he noticed his intended journey, was an evident struggle between disappointed hopes and manly resignation. Less of the weakness of human nature was, perhaps, never exhibited on a death-bed."

"Mr. Burckhardt departed this life the same night, at a quarter before twelve, without a groan."

Those who read the foregoing passage will find no difficulty in subscribing to the opinion of his biographer, who, in summing up Mr. B.'s character, observes:

"As a traveller, he possessed talents and acquirements which were rendered doubly useful by his qualities as a man. To the fortitude and ardour of mind, which had stimulated him to devote his life to the advancement of science in the paths of geographical discovery, he joined a temper and prudence well calculated to ensure his triumph over every difficulty. His liberality and high principles of honour, his admiration of those generous qualities in others, his detestation of injustice and fraud, his disinterestedness, and keen sense of gratitude, were no less remarkable, than his warmth of heart and active benevolence, which he often exercised towards persons in distress, to the great prejudice of his limited means."

MR. LOUDON ON THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH GARDENING.

MR. EDITOR,

AUTHORS on landscape gardening in this country seem generally to entertain the idea that the free or natural style of laying out ground, at present followed, was first suggested by a well-known passage in Milton's "Paradise Lost." The translator of Girardin's Essay, (Malthus,) Eustache, and some others, go farther, and trace Milton's idea in Tasso's description of Armida; and certainly, if we are to derive the origin of English from poetry, Tasso has a prior claim. The Italian literati, however, have lately discovered a new source of derivation for this style, in an ancient park, said to have been formed in Piedmont by Charles, the first Duke of Savoy, and from which Tasso, according to his own account, took the idea of his Garden of Armida. The following extract from the appendix to a tract published in Verona, in 1817, and entitled, *Dissertazione su i Giardini Inglesi, &c. by* HIPPOLITO PINDEMONTE, an author who has spent several years in England, will be read with interest by those who are in any degree conversant with the history of gardening.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. C. LOUDON.

Bayswater, Nov. 20, 1819.

"After having written and sent my dissertation to the Academy of Padua, the celebrated Professor Malacame published a Discourse; in which, speaking of the old park near Turin, planted by the order, and from the design of Charles Emanuel, first Duke of Savoy, and examining certain letters of Coppino, in which he speaks of this park, made him conjecture that it had not a little of the English manner and taste. And, indeed, it was really so, as he perceived himself, by a letter from Torquato Tasso to Giovanni Botiro, which was found by Cavalier Tiraboschi, in the archives of Guastalla, and communicated to me by the learned professor. This is the letter, which, as far as I know, has not yet appeared in print:

"In order that my lord, the Duke of Savoy, may know how grateful I am to his illustrious highness for the most important services he granted me, I have recourse to you, begging you to assure his serene highness that I wished to immortalize, as much as I could, the most magnificent and unique work in the world, his park near the capital, in a stanza of my Jerusalem, where I endeavour to describe the garden of the enchanted palace of Armida, thus:

"Poi che lasciar' gli avviluppati calli
In lieto aspetto il bel giardin s'aperse,
Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli,
Fior 'varj e varie piante, erbe diverse,
Apriche collinette, ombrose valli,
Selve e spelonche in una vista offerse:
E quel che'l bello e'l care accresce all'opre,
L'arte, che tutto fa, nulla si scopre.

"Then leaving the entangled paths, the beautiful garden opens with a cheerful aspect, peaceful waters, streams of crystal, various flowers, plants, and grasses; sunny hills, shady vallies, woods, and caves appear in one view: but what adds the most beauty to the work is, that the art which has effected every thing, no where appears.

"Remind his serene highness the duke of my past and present misfortunes, and beg of him to deign to continue to ask a favourable termination of what he is the arbitrator of. Kiss his knees for me, and may every happiness attend you.—*From the prison of St. Anna, Ferrara.*"

To the letters of Coppino, may be added, three sonnets of Chiabura, which he entitles, *Per lo Barco, o sia Parco, ordinato da Carlo Emanuele Duca di Savoja*, or "The Park laid out by Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy." It is known that the duke honoured Chiabura very much, and that he made Giovanni Botiro invite him to remain at his court when he was but a young man and wrote the poem of the *Amadeide*.

Here follow the sonnets, which, although they are not without faults, contain all those poetic beauties for which they are celebrated.

ANASTASIUS; OR MEMOIRS OF A GREEK.

(Concluded.)

IN resuming our notice of Anastasius, it affords us great pleasure to be enabled to say, that a perusal of the second and third volumes, has only tended to increase the favourable opinion already expressed of the author's talents; thus encouraged, we are led to anticipate a rather indulgent reception to the following analysis of his subsequent adventures.

Having reached Egypt, our hero soon finds his way to Cairo, where no time is lost in presenting his letter of introduction to Suleiman Bey, who receives him very civilly, and soon after, in consequence of his dexterity at the national game of djereed, he takes Anastasius into his service. The removal of a favourite Mamluke seems to have made room for another, and accordingly Selim Aga, the Mahommedan title of our adventurer, becomes daily more useful to his patron.

"I was his cyclopedia, and whatever puzzled his sagacious brain—whether a paragraph on Egypt, in an old Vienna gazette, or the site of Cairo in an old worn-out Nuremberg map; whether the arranging of a microscope presented by a traveller, or the telling of the weather by a barometer extorted from a Jew; whether the construction of a barge, or the design of a keosk—all was referred to me, as to the oracle in chief: so that many a time, when there occurred what seemed inexplicable riddles to Mamluke intellects, I could only escape my part of Œdipus, by my insufficient proficiency in the language of the Egyptian sphinx; and my ignorance of the Arabic saved my credit for information on many other subjects. The Bey, however, recommended me to the tuition of a schaich, bred in the college of El-Azhar; not doubting that, when once taught all the refinements of the Caïreen idiom, I should no longer be at a loss for an answer on any topic whatsoever. He thought me a positive abyss of science; and in truth it would have been difficult to discover on what bottomed my knowledge. Whenever I feared that its want of solid foundation might become palpable, I diverted the Bey's attention by some piece of flattery. Not that I ever condescended to perform so inferior an office in the endless departments of adulation, as that of administering to Suleiman his daily dose of crude unmodified incense, which, in common with all other grandees, he had from long and inveterate habit come to regard—like his daily pill of opium—as an absolute necessary to his constitution; insomuch that, while he could as little dispense with the praise as with the laudanum, he swallowed both alike only as a thing of course, and felt neither peculiar exhilaration from the drug, nor gratitude toward the giver:—the task of preparing this insipid sort of panegyric I left to the vulgar herd of attendants. Mine was the nicer office of exciting the Bey's appetite ere I gratified it, and of heightening the flavour of the destined draught by that little previous fermentation which I often had found to give spirit to the flattest beverage. I therefore usually began by putting my patron, through means of some point blank contradiction, into a violent rage. To yield afterwards to the force and perspicuity of his arguments was perfectly irresistible: it gave at once the pleasure of surprise to his triumph, and the appearance of sincerity to my submission."

Destined to enjoy still greater honours, Anastasius has the good fortune to cure his master of a fever, contracted by too much eagerness at the djereed; this proof of skill was almost immediately followed by his being appointed a Multezim and Caimakam: that is, proprietor and lord lieutenant of a populous district. The system of governing the Turkish provinces is capitally illustrated in the second chapter, wherein his off-

cial avocations are described. The mode of settling disputes amongst litigants in Egypt is somewhat more simple than we are accustomed to.

"In Europe, they say, the law demands a long apprenticeship: it is not so among Mohammedans. The Koran and its commentaries decide every case,—from a point of faith to a right of gutter—in a few seconds. The form of trial is simple. Every man pleads his own cause: and wonderful is the readiness of the Egyptians in finding answers to every interrogatory, excuses for every action, witnesses to every fact, and sureties for every engagement. I remember a poor fellow who, called upon for his respondents, and having none on earth, had recourse to heaven. Imam Aly was the one he chose: nor durst the other contracting party, albeit a little startled, refuse so respectable a security: however distant the abode of the Imam, and difficult the task of enforcing his appearance!"

Suddenly recalled from his government, Selim Aga expects nothing less than the high displeasure of Suleiman Bey; but on his return to Cairo he is most agreeably surprised with greater marks of favour than ever. The death of Osman, a rival in Suleimen's good graces, has in fact paved the way for Selim's promotion to another dignity; and this is speedily followed by his marriage to the lady Khadidge, who is thus pourtrayed on the wedding-day.

"All things being ready for my nuptials, the ceremony began. My bride was conducted to the bath in state, lest the world should remain in ignorance of her cleanliness. Properly steamed, stretched out, and pumiced, she next went through the labours of a toilette so exquisite, that on its completion not one among her beauties remained nature's own! Several hours were employed in twisting her hair into the semblance of whipcord, in adding to the one hundred and fifty plaits which adhered to her own head, two hundred and fifty braids more, the produce of other scalps; and these were formed into an edifice at once so elegant and so weighty, that she could have wished for a second head, merely for common use. Her eyebrows were only dismissed the artificer's hands, after being shaped into exact semicircles; and her eyes were not deemed to possess all their requisite powers, until framed in two black cases of surmeh. Henna, the symbol of joy, which already had been most liberally bestowed upon the epistles which communicated my marriage to my patron's numerous clients, was lavished in still greater profusion on my bride's own plump and lustrous person; and made it emulate the colour which no doubt Isis displayed, when doomed to roam through Egypt's plains in the undignified shape of a red cow. After all these pains, taken for the sake of beauty, the lady was, on the score of modesty, wrapped up in so many veils impervious to the eye, as scarce to escape suffocation; but the most celebrated awalis of the capital took care to inform the assistants in their epithalamiums, of the splendor of the charms and jewels which they were not allowed to see."

The circumstances attending our hero's nuptials are extremely ludicrous, and he is not long in discovering that he had only changed from a lord's dependent to a lady's slave! The details which follow relative to his domestic concerns, tyranny of the Egyptian rulers, and a war amongst the Beys, furnish a lively, and doubtless a very faithful picture of things in that country. From this tumultuous scene he retires to Djedda, on the coast of the Red Sea. The effects of a famine at Cairo, and novel method adopted by the people to appease the wrath of heaven, by only permitting children to implore the divine commiseration, from the minarets, is very finely described. Being so near the holy city, our author thought he could not better employ his time, than by endeavouring to acquire the title and prerogative of a hadjee, or pilgrim. He therefore hastened to Mekka, and after performing his round of devotions at the Kaaba, returned to the former place, where he became the guest of an original named Sidi Malek. We cannot refrain from introducing another of his Djedda acquaintance, no less a personage than the astrologer, to that of our readers.

"The Sidi's stationary oracle was a soothsayer of established repute, residing in one of the remotest suburbs of Djedda, and who seldom condescended to visit from home, but waited to be worshipped in his own cave or temple. For the sake of peace, I suffered myself to be conducted to this personage, the odour of whose fame, I was told, extended all the world over. It might be so:—and certain it is that I was nearly suffocated on entering his den. To say the truth, however, this sanctuary smelt more of things below, than of the stars above; but I had promised to introduce myself, and accordingly groped my way till I reached the inmost recesses of the unsavoury abode.

"There I found the wizzard seated in state on an old clothes-chest. A stuffed crocodile canopied his head; a serpent's skin of large dimensions was spread under his feet. On every part of the wall glittered potent charms and formidable spells. They had their names written over them for the information of the beholder, and hair of unborn Dives, hoart of maiden vipers, liver

of the bird Roc, fat of dromedary's hunch, and bladders filled with the wind Simoom, were among the least rare and curious. Of the wizzard's own form and features so little was discernible, that I almost doubted whether he had any. An immense pair of spectacles filled up all the space between his cloak and his turban. These spectacles were in constant motion, like a weathercock, from left to right and from right to left, between a celestial globe robbed of half its constellations by the worms, and a Venice almanack despoiled of half its pages by the wear and tear of fingers. Before the astrologer lay expanded his table of nativities.

"Opposite the master shone with a reflected light his apprentice, crouched, like a marmoset, on a low stool. This youth, with his little pair of round sparkling eyes immoveably fixed on his principal, sat watching all his gestures, and never stirred from his station, except to hand him his compasses, to turn his globe, or to pick up his spectacles, which, for want of the support of a nose, came off every moment. After each of these evolutions he immediately ran back to his pedestal, and resumed his immoveable attitude until the next call for his activity. So complete a silence was maintained all the time on both sides, that one would have sworn every motion of this pantomime must have been pre-concerted."

The termination of this intimacy, if so it could be called, was rather awkward for the poor soothsayer, who told the fortune of Anastasius so little to his taste, that, instead of a sequin, the sum stipulated for, the ill-fated seer received a sound drubbing; after which our hero precipitately departs for Mekka again, to witness the arrival of the pilgrims. His next visit was to Damascus; here new adventures await him; returning to Constantinople, he calls at the arsenal to enquire for his old friend Mavroyeni, and is informed that the grand admiral has become hospodar of Valachia. An unexpected *rencontre* with an old friend of his father's, whose son Anastasius had saved from drowning at Chio, is the prelude to several unpleasant vicissitudes, and to a quarrel, in which he kills his adversary; this act is followed by his retreat from Stambool. A very amiable youth named Spiridion, who plays a highly honourable part in these memoirs, bears him company. Amidst the variety of reflection contained in this portion of the volume, on the influence of the passions, good and evil, causes and effect, we shall only quote the hero's words on quitting the Boghaz.

"Just as we launched into the wide bason of the Archipelago, the sun's brilliant disk was majestically dropping behind the distant crags of Athos, whose gigantic and insulated mass, alone dimly beheld soaring above the silver wave, looked like the huge spirit of the deep, emerged from its dark caverns to survey his domain. With the last departing rays of the orb of day also died away the breeze, leaving the liquid plain as smooth as a mirror.

"The monotonous sound of the oar, falling upon the waters in slow and steady cadence, now remained the only sound which broke the universal silence, and insensibly its solemn and regular return disposed me to ruminate on my portion of life already wound off.

"'How whimsical a thing,' thought I, 'is man's destiny! How variously seem contrasted its most proximate vicissitudes, and yet how intimately are linked its furthest incidents: by how many anterior minute and hidden agencies is often irresistibly produced the last and sole ostensible cause of the weightiest events! How entirely is the will that seems spontaneously to urge us on, an unavoidable offspring of circumstances wholly independent of that will, since prior to the very existence of the being whom it sways! A fair form arises in Damascus: and this form, flitting through the distant streets, and just caught by my eye as it vanishes away—this form, never before or since beheld—makes me throw down a Frank on the steps of the mosque, crop a friar's beard in a barber's shop, seek refuge from a Syrian Pasha's wrath in Constantinople's vortex, incur in protecting an old friend the insolence of a stranger, rid the world of a ruffian for threatening my own life, and again abandon Stambool to fly .... God only yet knows to what remote part of this ill-conditioned globe!'"

The wayward destiny of Anastasius next led him to his native island, where a law-suit is commenced with those members of the family who had remained at home, and taken advantage of his absence to appropriate the paternal estates on the demise of his father. Although his claim was recognized, Anastasius did not derive much benefit from the struggle. Even his liberality seemed only to awaken the hatred and resentment of two ungrateful brothers; this leads to the bitterest strife, and a degree of violence on the part of Selim Aga, which induced Spiridion to leave our hero, and return to Constantinople. The following splendid metaphor closes a comparison which he makes between Spiridion and himself:

"Far different was the similitude borne by my roving life. Seeking my fortune in strife, not in harmony; making havock, not culture, the means of my support: and engaged, not in the steady pursuit of a regular profession, but in a wild wandering

flight from one career to another; sometimes prosperous, and oftener unfortunate; now in unavailing plenty, and now again in pinching want, I at best resembled the blustering mountain torrent, which, only acquiring might and substance during the war of the elements, as soon as they cease their strife, again subsides in a mean rill; in times of serenity shews no trace of its existence, save in the havock of darker days brought to light; and so far from, in its fulness, diffusing more benefits than in its penury, only effects greater mischief as it receives ampler supplies. While still near its source in the upper regions of the globe, this ill-favoured offspring of the clouds, hurried over fell and precipice, only offers a succession of fierce struggles, furious falls, and impracticable shallows; when further advanced in its impetuous career, and rushing with tremendous roar into the fertile plain below, it seems indeed determined to make itself amends for the restraint which it experienced;—it disregards all rights, destroys all property, and levelling fence and boundary, annihilates crops, habitations and life: but throughout the whole of its wild uncertain progress, from where it first bubbles up near the sky, to where it finally plunges into the vast abyss of the deep, it equally remains a curse to the regions it pervades!"

Taking a final leave of Chio, our author proceeds to Cyprus, and thence to Egypt, where he once more enters the military profession, performing an active part in various battles, and elaborately describing a rapid succession of events, which throw a great light on the affairs of that country, during the most boisterous period of its modern history, when the Beys, supported by Russian intrigue, were continually opposed to the Porte. The civil war of Egypt terminated, Anastasius returns to Constantinople, and thence pursues his way to Bucharest, the seat of Mavroyeni's government, received rather coldly at first, the prince soon discovers that our hero may be rendered very useful in the war which had just broken out between the Turks and their neighbours of Austria and Russia. His failure in this contest led to poor Mavroyeni's being *honoured* with the bow-string. After which, there being no longer any need of his services, Anastasius traces back his steps to the capital, and turns trader! Embarking on board a merchant vessel chiefly laden by himself, they sail for Smyrna, and are wrecked on the coast of Scio, when, undaunted by the event, our hero coolly prosecutes his journey overland to the same city, in order to recover his insurance. The adventures and eccentricities of Isaac Bey, a casual acquaintance, closes the second volume.

From the restless disposition, and versatile nature of Anastasius, our readers will not be surprized to find him opening the third volume of his extraordinary Memoirs, with an entirely new plan of future operations; a sense of past errors, and lost time, seems to have produced salutary reflection on the mind of our hero, and accordingly several prudential resolutions are made – to be broken. It is, however, but justice to add, that few authors of so wild and visionary a turn, and withal so prone to dissipation, make better use of their lucid intervals and moments of sober reflection.

Disgusted, as he well might be, with the trading spirit and overreaching chicanery of some people at Smyrna, our hero leaves that place for his favourite rendezvous, the capital, previously observing—

"Had my fancy for trade been a confirmed passion, Smyrna was the place to indulge in all its luxuries. In that blessed city, peoples' ideas run upon nothing but merchandise; their discourse only varies between the exchanges and the markets: their heads are full of figs and raisins, and their whole hearts wrapped up in cotton and broad cloths. They suppose man created for nothing but to buy and sell; and whoever makes not these occupations the sole business of his life, seems to them to neglect the end of his existence. I verily believe they marry for no other purpose but to keep up the race of merchants."

Selim Aga's approach to Scutari, on the Asia Minor side of the Dardanelles, was marked by one of those philosophic reveries that frequently interrupt the course of his narrative, which terminates by a picture that we request our readers to contrast with his description of Stambool, already submitted to their perusal in our last Number.

"I still continued impressed with the wisdom of securing the present, and committing the whole task of my happiness to the sense, when I began to discover Scutari, the principal outpost of the capital on the Asiatic shore; and in the neighbourhood of that city,—edging the horizon,—the black streak of cypress groves that mark its immense cemeteries, the last resting place of those who, dying in Constantinople, fear that their bones may some day be disturbed, if committed to the unhallowed ground of Europe.

"A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapours ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs

the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he approaches them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and exhaling a cold sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow shaking ground, which loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this spot with the sad relics of mortality,—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of mouldering bodies, and its gardens of blooming sepulchres in every direction stretch far away across the brow of the hills, and the hollow of the vallies: already are the avenues which cross each other on every side in this domain of death so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, has to travel many a mile between endless rows of marshalled tombs shaded by mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and yet every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly encreasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower beds of graves."

"'Far from my thoughts be such folly! Whatever tempts let me take: whatever bears the name of enjoyment, henceforth, let me, while I can, make my own!"

The concluding sentence of this eloquent passage, and which we have omitted, seems intended to prepare the reader for that series of irregularity and crime into which the fickle Anastasius plunges on his return to Smyrna, where he is called back by a very unexpected letter. The story of his amour with a lady named Euphrosyne, though the least moral, is probably one of the most interesting throughout the whole work.

That our author is neither a lover of political innovation, nor an advocate of revolutionary doctrines, is sufficiently apparent from the bitter satire contained in the fourth chapter, wherein he draws the character of an Italian poet (Cirico) who travelled for the purpose of propagating the modern philosophy that obtained a temporary sway and ephemeral popularity during the early part of the French war. Unfortunately, there was a little shade thrown over the poet's doctrine, by his *happening* to leave Smyrna without paying his tavern bill! We perfectly agree with Anastasius that there are too many of every party who forget to practise what they preach; but we are induced to hope that notwithstanding the profligacy of a few, neither governments nor individuals will be deterred from bettering the condition of society, whenever it can be done without violating the principles of morality and justice.

Ever on the wing for new adventure, instead of going to Paris to become a member of the National Convention, as the poet proposed, Anastasius proceeded to Bagdad, in which city there is no lack of incident, and we particularly regret not being able to give even an abridgement of his admirable account of the famous Wahhabees, amongst whom our hero not only sojourned, but even took unto himself a Bedoween brunette for wife. The chapters in which this part of his life is detailed are by no means the least interesting of the Memoirs; and from the manner of describing the multifarious scenes he passes through, it is scarcely possible to doubt his having witnessed a great deal of what he relates. A visit to St. Jean d'Acre affords our hero an opportunity of giving an elaborate and animated account of Jdezzer, the late execrable tyrant of that devoted Pachialich, and who is already well known to the generality of English readers.

Perceiving that we have gone far beyond the prescribed limits of our intended notice, it becomes absolutely necessary to close this analysis for the purpose of introducing two more passages, which we feel anxious to record in the columns of our Magazine. The first is the wanderer's farewell to the Turkish capital, that prolific scene of his former revels, and which he thus describes:

"All things being ready at last for my departure from Stambool, I ascended the hill crowned by Noor Osmany, and from the loftiest galleries of this superb building took a last parting view of the proud capital which I had made the first scene of my youthful revels, which, during the fairest portion of my life I had considered as my home, and which I was now probably going to quit for ever. For the last time my eye, moistened with tears, wandered over the dimpled hills, glided along the winding waters, and dived into the deep and delicious dells, in which branch out its jagged shores. Reverting from these smiling outlets of its sea-beat suburbs to its busy centre, I surveyed in slow succession every chaplet of swelling cupolas, every grove of slender

minarets, and every avenue of glittering porticoes, whose pinnacles dart their golden shafts from between the dark cypress trees into the azure sky. I dwelt on them as on things I never was to behold more; and not until the evening had deepened the veil it cast over the varied scene from orange to purple, and from purple to the sable hue of the night, did I tear myself away from the impressive spot. I then bade the city of Constantine farewell for ever, descended the high-crested hill, stepped into the heaving boat, turned my back upon the shore, and sunk my regrets in the sparkling wave, across which the moon had already flung a trembling bar of silvery light, pointing my way, as it were, to other yet unknown regions."

The reader of the above, has only to recal the memory of some spot on which he has experienced the pains and pleasures of life to any excessive degree, and he will be able to feel the force and eloquence of our author's sentiments.

We cannot pass on to the last extract of the reflections of Anastasius on Rome, without adverting to those affecting details which he gives relative to his infant son. For while they display his diversified power of language, there is a goodness of heart and warmth of feeling manifested throughout, to which none but a mind of exquisite sensibility could have given utterance. Let us now hear what were the author's sentiments in that memorable capital which has been such a fertile source of contemplation to the acute and philosophic of every civilized country.

"As I approached the ancient mistress of the world, the eternal city, the destroyer of Greece, my heart beat high. But, alas! If he who names Rome names energy, names strength, he who beholds her in her present fallen state, beholds nothing but feebleness and imbecility:—he beholds the prostrate members of a giant, and corruption at work among their mouldering remains. Sheep graze round the altar where captive monarchs were slaughtered in the name of Jove the great and the good, and silence reigns in that arena where eighty thousand spectators could at once count the pangs of wretches, tortured in frightful reality to represent some ancient fable. The very monuments of a more recent date only arise, like fresher weeds, out of the ashes of former decay:—they are only the fungus starting forth from the creviced base of some nobler pile, and which, by feeding on that fabric's substance, achieves its destruction.

Silva seemed to enjoy my disappointment; satire was his profession. "These people," said he, "cannot prevent the sun of their fine climate from shining at its stated hours, but they make their streets impervious to its cheering light:—a deep gloom meets the eye wherever towers man's abode. They cannot prohibit the rich vegetation of their fertile soil from diffusing its fragrance, but they collect every villainous odour to subdue nature's sweets and convert one sense at least, into means of torture. They cannot cancel the spring's ancient privilege of enamelling alike with flowers the hill and the valley, the garden and desert, but they tarry in their fetid town till the magic has vanished, and autumn sears the leaf, and embrowns the parched meadow:—no one thinks of country rambles before the summer's close. They cannot stop the crystal rills while gushing down the mountain's slope, but they suffer their aqueducts to ooze out the captive stream, and to convert the healthy plain into a pestilential marsh. They cannot dive into the inmost recesses of the human brain, to nip in its very first germs every brightest faculty, but, conducting its developements as the Chinese do that of their peach and plum trees, they encompass each tender shoot of the intellect with so many minute fetters, religious, political and social, that dwarfs are produced where giants were intended. Their manuscripts are not suffered to be inspected; their pictures are left to rot; their very city has been allowed to slip from its seven hills into the sink between. They clip their trees into men, and their men into singers. In their vaunted Last Judgement heaven appears far more dismal than hell. Their law deems infamous not the thief, but the magistrate—the bargello. Their tribunals sell justice to the highest bidder; their churches protect from it the criminal; and the huge temple on which we now stand (for from St. Peter's proud dome went forth this bitter diatribe), built at the expence of all Christendom on a foundation which stands awry, and with a cupola which yawns with rents,—contains absolutions for every sin as well as confessionals appropriated to every language. A priest habituated only to the duties of humility and obedience during the greatest portion of his life near its close becomes the sovereign, and assumes the supreme power when his failing faculties fit him to think only of death: and as each inferior member of the imbecile government like its tottering chief must forego a lawful lineage, so are of each statesman the views oblique, and the ways devious and crooked. The word virtue indeed exists in the language, but is applied to skill in singing; and as to valour, the former signification of the same word, it is a quality which during so many ages has been let out for hire, first in the gross by the condottiere, and next more in detail by the professed bravo, that it is become discreditable, and cowardice, under the name of caution, forms not only the privilege of the priest, but the pride of the cavalier. Visit a friend in the day time and he surveys you through a grated hole in his entrance door, ere he

dares to let you in: venture out at night, and from a distance you are bidden to avert your eyes, lest one murder witnessed should necessitate a second. The very head of the church when in the holy of the holies, dares not take the consecrated wine except through a gilded reed, lest his lips should suck in poison; and in the heart of his capital, the Pontiff of Rome keeps in his pay—for the safety of his person—the rude mountaineer of Swisserland, as your Turkish pasha does the barbarian from Epirus and from Coordestan. Thank God, however this map of imbecility and vice hies fast to its fate: for if by a late submission, which the Romans call a treaty, the rotten grant of St. Peter's rich domain is yet saved awhile from utter ruin, its seals are all torn off, and its ornaments effaced. Nature herself conspires with man in the work of just destruction. In that sky so transparent lurks a permanent poison, which, formerly only creeping like the adder along the hollow valley, now soars like the eagle above the steepest hill, and invades the last abodes once safe from its intrusion. Thus shall soon the world's ancient mistress again return to nought; and as the herdsman erst wandered in solitude where Rome in later days arose, so shall the herdsman again wander in solitude where Rome has ceased to be."

We have also seen the former mistress of the world, in the midst of her ruins and her superstition; her splendid misery and degraded condition! no wonder, therefore, that we should unequivocally subscribe to the justness of our hero's description, which, with one or two trifling exceptions, is in our humble opinion, at once the most eloquent and faithful picture of the *eternal city*, as it now is, recorded by any writer of the present day.

When we sat down to terminate our notice of these singular memoirs, it was fully our intention to have confined the analysis and extracts to a much narrower space, but having found it impossible to adhere to either, we trust the reader will admit that the novel character of the work is a sufficient excuse for trespassing somewhat more largely on this department of our Magazine than might have been otherwise justifiable.

Without attempting to offer a lengthened panegyric on these volumes, we may be permitted to observe, that almost unique as a work of fiction, it discloses a knowledge of men and manners, which, if exercised on matters more immediately connected with the local history and domestic habits of our own country, would give the Memoirs of Anastasius a degree of popularity seldom if ever accorded to books of a similar cast.

From having already stated on the authority of a contemporary, that the high honour, and, we doubt not, lasting fame of this production, belongs to Mr. THOMAS HOPE, we are by no means inclined to tear the imperishable wreath from his brow. But however extravagant it may appear, owing to the self-evident difference of sentiments and opinions between the two writers, we have, while perusing several passages in the Memoirs, often been impelled involuntarily to exclaim, "surely this is Lord Byron!" So much has the spirit and manner of his lordship found its way into the mind of Anastasius!

The above will doubtless be easily accounted for by more able judges, though we think it will not be denied that the person who wrote Anastasius, if not a poet, is at least full of poetic inspiration, and above all, that no one could have written such a book who had not been long practised, and deeply versed in literary composition. With this remark we shall take our leave, once more thanking the author for the pleasure his book has afforded us, and expressing our wish that he may shortly reappear before that public, which he has proved himself so capable of gratifying by the present interesting production.

ON THE POETRY OF ANSTER,* AND OTHER IRISH WRITERS.

IRELAND may be considered as a country unfortunate, almost above all others, among civilized nations, in the reluctance with which her claims to merit, of any description, are allowed, and the scantiness with which they are rewarded. Nevertheless it will be found, upon examination, that in every age, in every pursuit, whether civil or military, in every branch of literature, she has contributed her numerical proportion of men of talent.

In the delightful walk of poesy she can, at this time in particular, boast of highly gifted characters, who have added much to the standard poetry of the language — we need only name Moore, Maturin, Croley, Shiel, and

* Poems with some translations from the German. By John Anster, esq. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1819.

though "last not least," Anster. Moore every one allows to be the most playful, fanciful, and splendid poet of this most poetical age. That he is the tenderest too might be supported on the most tenable grounds: he sometimes breathes a sort of sentimental sorrow, a kind of melancholy, heart-breaking tenderness, that is absolutely enchanting and inimitable. Would that he were not the most voluptuous and prurient, not only of modern poets, but of all the poets that ever lived. That Croley has much of the requisites of the true poet every one at all acquainted with his writings must instantaneously allow. Of the two rival dramatists, Maturin and Shiel, we would wish to speak at some length, but our limits will only allow of some brief notice. Maturin possesses more imagination (the staple intellectual commodity of his country) than perhaps any man living. His "Montorio" alone we think would be sufficient to prove this, and there are passages in all his tragedies of the very highest poetical merit. Every page of "Bertram" is gleaming with the rays of poetical inspiration. There can be nothing more exquisitely beautiful than Imogene's addresses to the Moon and to the Picture. And there cannot be produced two scenes from any play of the modern drama, where poetry and passion are so delicately mingled, and so highly sustained, without encroaching on each other's boundaries, as in the two scenes between Bertram and Imogene—one in the second, and one in the third act. Manuel is a fine poetical composition, but we think it rather deficient in female interest. And we wonder much that the high vein of poetry and passion that runs through "Fridolfo' did not secure its success, even in despite of the atrocity of its characters, which caused its failure. Mr. Maturin has more of the spirit of the worthies of the dramatic golden age than any other living writer of dramatic poetry, with whom we are acquainted, and that, not by a mean and trammelled imitation of the peculiarities of their idiomatic diction, but by a bold, daring, and original adaptation of their spirit to modern language. He does not follow them as a dependent—he walks arm in arm with them as a friend. We think so well of Mr. Maturin, and wish him so well, that we would be proud to see him descend to a fair Arena, where he might display his great genius in the composition of some poem (not dramatic) upon which the foundation of solid fame should be laid, and his tenure of the admiration of posterity unequivocally insured.

Shiel we must consider as much inferior to Maturin in the scale of intellect. He is not gifted in any very high degree with the "imagination all compact," that forms ideal worlds for itself, even lovelier than the true—that magic of mind that waves its wand of enchantment, and creates for itself a poetical paradise. He has not "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," that glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. All his business is with Earth. He can describe what he has seen, and that with all the truth and colouring of a Dutch painter, but he cannot draw one bold, daring, or new outline. All his characters are but different modifications of the same characters as were drawn before—their former scene and costume only changed; their features are exactly the same. In all his females there is as much personal identity as there is in Miss O'Neill, who played them all. And perhaps the reason of their very great similarity can be traced to his writing for the peculiar talents of that distinguished actress. It is true that in writing for her he wrote for a most admirable model. Yet we entirely disapprove of this custom, so prevalent in these times. Players should be as they always have been, nothing but "the parrots of the poet's thought," and it does not speak well for the pride of genius, when it subjects itself to the caprices, peculiarities, or even the perfections of any player, however gifted or however popular. Mr. Shiel can paint the passions of men with the nicest delicacy of truth and feeling in the language of men. But he is an entire stranger to that language of the gods, that bursts and burns from the poet's heart when breathed upon by inspiration. Perhaps he affects this to throw an air of naturalness over his personages. But in this, if it be the case, he is very much mistaken; common sentiments and every-day language will not sound well from the mouths of these heroic persons, whom the wizard bard has, as it were, summoned from their marble sepulchres, to live again and pass before us for our pleasure and improvement. Mr. S. has too much of the artist about him, and we give him great praise when we say his touches of tenderness often remind us of Otway, and that he is seldom inferior to Rowe or Southern in his poetry. Of his four plays Evadne must be certainly ranked the highest. Though inferior to

the Apostate in representation, it classes infinitely higher in poetry. The Apostate possesses a great deal of true passion—interesting incident and dramatic bustle—very little poetry, perhaps we should say none, except a few prettinesses of composition thinly scattered over it like little green patches in a barren desart—for such every drama appears to us that is not in some degree poetical. In "Adelaipe," his first play, there is more poetry than in any of the others, except Evadne. Though blemished by juvenile faults, yet from so young a man it gave a promise of something that has not been fulfilled, and makes us half believe Mr. Shiel could write better if he did not write hastily and carelessly, and in the spirit of some of the old Roman dramatists—

Gestit enim nummum in loculos dimittere, posthac
Securus cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.

His Bellamira contains very little passion or incident, less interest and no poetry. During its composition there seemed something of a cloud hanging over the genius of Shiel. But we are glad to see it dispelled; we are glad to see, in his last production, the genius of this amiable young man bursting forth again, like the sun from an overshadowing veil of vapour, with more steady light and more increased lustre. "The Statue" is interspersed with some very beautiful poetical passages—it has a great deal of the raciness both of the sentiment and diction of the good old school, and possesses some high-wrought scenes of no ordinary dramatic merit. It is a close and worthy imitation of the old drama, and reflects high honour on the talents of the author. Yet we all perceive he had not the full strength to bend the bow of Ulysses. We are all sensible he cannot soar to the aspirations of Ford, Fletcher, Shirley, or Massinger. In the sun of their genius his waxen pinions melt. His Icarian wing can no longer support him—he falls; yet often in his fall shews such a meteor track of light, such a path of erratic splendour, that we gaze on it in wonder and admiration. Moreover, one of the most effective scenes in the play, that between Ludovico and Colonna, where the villain proclaims and triumphs in his treachery, is an evident transcript of a similar scene in Massinger's tragedy of the "Duke of Milan," between Francisco and Sforza, from which we think Young also borrowed the inimitable scene between Zanga and Alonzo, in the last act of the "Revenge."

Anster's poetry is of a very peculiar kind. It is not the poetry of glowing fancy, or strong passion, or bright and highly-coloured picture; but it is the poetry of a rich, though sombre, imagination, most intensely and delicately strung to the very deepest bass of feeling. It is pathetic and picturesque, yet a sort of mild, inborn melancholy softens his passion and sheds a kind of mellow and shadowy tint over the brightest of his painting. A lover of poetry would wander through his productions as a lover of sublime and beautiful scenery would through the Vale of Tempe in moonlight. All his images are shadowed over by the "tender twilight pensiveness" that is shed upon all his works, and is like the homogeneous ray of Newton, which reflects, in its predominant colour, any object of any colour that is immersed in it. His harp is like the sweet pensive harp of Imogine so beautifully and delicately described in "Bertram:"

"Whose most sad sweetness is in tune with joy:"

or like his own soft "wind-harp's frame," from whose strings is breathed

"A wild, low voice, that slowly rolls away,
Leaving a silence not unmusical!"

The author himself felt this, when he compares his heart to this wind-harp, in these sweet lines:

"I then did love to leave my lonely heart,
Like this soft harp, the plaything of each impulse,
The sport of every breath."

We believe this; for his poetry is the effusion of genuine feeling; and we have drawn a stronger analogy between his heart, when strung by these impulses, to this "same instrument," when visited by the "sighing breezes. It breathes forth tones as wildly musical, "rolls the same long murmur," and dies upon the ear and heart, with the same mild melancholy melody. Mr. Anster's mine of thought is deep and rich. His power of expression is pure and simple. He thinks profoundly and correctly, and clothes his imaginings in the richest drapery of poetical language, though cautiously shunning the slightest affectation of gaudy metaphor, or meretricious brilliancy. He has too good a taste not to perceive that

"The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness."

And we believe that a man would as soon take honey for a continuance of diet, as metaphor for a continuance of reading.

"He looks on nature with a poet's eye,"

and describes accordingly. So that

whether in the natural or moral world, his outlines are true and grand, and his colouring simple and bright. He does not, like other poets, turn a thought a thousand ways, for the mere purpose of saying pretty things on it; he does not spend on it all the brilliancy of expression and conceit; he does not analyze it in its different lights and shades, in the prism of his fancy. He gives the ray of thought as it is, and as it descended to him from the sun of intelligence, strong, bright, simple, and undivided. But what we chiefly admire in this young author, are the truth and purity of his sentiment and morality. This union of poetry and morality, who, like "righteousness and peace, kiss each other," is peculiarly gratifying in this age, when the most splendid talents are prostituted to the worst purposes, and lent to the most flagitious principles—when policy and religion are scoffed at, and anarchy and infidelity advocated—when there are men of the highest abilities and most unbounded genius, by whom we hear

> "All the kind charities of life profan'd,
> And lessons taught, at which our ancestors
> Are shuddering in their startled sepulchres."

No where has the beautiful line of one of the most pleasing of our living poets been more fully illustrated, than in the little volume before us, except in his own excellent works—

> "And song is but the eloquence of truth."

Mr. Anster's political and moral principles are those of a man of knowledge, feeling, and sense. He has shewn us that the general outlines of morality and religion can be advocated without dwindling down into a moral sentence-writer, or becoming a sort of poetical Epictetus. His song is the deep, solemn organ tones of soul. There is nothing of airiness or lightness—nothing of that frivolous brilliancy, forced conceit, pointed antithesis, and the many other satellites of a bad taste, that under-geniuses love so much to riot and revel in, and scatter about in such lavish profusion. His muse is sweet and simple: sweet in the spontaneous flow of musical and unlaboured numbers: simple, without any lady-like fainting, or nervous relaxation into babyish simplicity. Were he not possessed of a very distinguishing taste, and of a sound judgment, he would have certainly fallen more into the milk-and-water tenderness, and splendid nothingness of the Lake minstrelsy. He is evidently an admirer and copyist of the Lake school of poetry, and, we believe, its only Irish disciple (for we understand Mr. A. is an Irishman, and a member of the University of Dublin), yet he imitates it as a man of talent. He imitates what ought to be imitated—its graces of conception—its truth and colouring of picture—its vividness of imagination—its depth and sanctity of feeling—its melting melody of numbers;—and in each of these is no way inferior to the greatest of his chosen models; but he is quite free from their mawkish affectation—from their wild extravagancies—from their childish simplicity—from their adopted lownesses—from their foolish eccentricities, and from the metaphysical mysticism, that is inseparable from all their productions, which, like some obscure spirit, haunts all their poems, and flings a dark veil of impenetrability to common feelings and common understandings, over the brightest and most magnificent passages of their poetry.—Of all the jugglers in this mental legerdemain, Coleridge "out-herods Herod," and is pre-eminently the first. Wordsworth follows him next, *longo sed proximus intervallo.* Coleridge is not only mad in his poetry, where madness might be somewhat tolerated, but even in sober prose, the language of reason, he is as mystical, moon-stricken, and extravagant:—in the drear, deep, and dark mines of his metaphysics, he stands most miserably in need of the illuminating aid of an intellectual safety-lamp. Yet, with all his eccentricities, with "all his imperfections on his head," Coleridge is endowed with many of the perfections of the true and noble poet, and will be looked on in the annals of poetry as a man who, through a vain affectation of singular originality—through a fostered petulance of pride, and through a foolish rejection of the public taste, will remain as a solitary land-mark of blasted hopes, disappointed fame, and ill-applied poetical capacity.

The first poem in Mr. Anster's little volume is called "The Times; a reverie:" a reverie it is indeed—a day-dream of genius. "The Times" it ought to be emphatically called. In all the epochs of ages these "Times" ought to be eminently distinguished. In the history of the world, the past presents nothing so momentous to the interests and happiness of mankind—nothing equal, except the descent of the all-glorious Messiah to redeem lost and fallen mortality from the bondage of death and the power of darkness. And the future will never see "to the last syllable of recorded time," the trumpets, and cannons, and carnage,

of the twenty years' war equalled, until the trump of the Archangel peals the last awful summons—until the thunders of the Divine vengeance shake earth and heaven to their centres—until this world and its sinful inhabitants vanish like a scroll before the burning majesty of the Almighty. "The Times"!!!—yes! the times of famine, pestilence, and war—the times of terror—of the hundred days—of the tyrant—the times of Waterloo, Wellington, and glory—the times of triumph, liberty, and peace. This poem is a tissue of thoughts upon, and descriptions of, these eventful times, woven in a high strain of poetry and feeling, and displaying a rich embroidery of pure, manly, and patriotic principles. "The Times" can be read, felt, and admired; but can scarcely be subjected to any of the common rules of criticism. It opens with a description of the visitations of imagination to the poet—of these "mysterious breathings

"When the power
Of song exerts her holy influence."

We quote the lines:

"What gentle murmur hath disturb'd the air!
Sure I have felt upon my cheek a breath,
Silent, and soft, as from an angel's wing!—
They come—in midnight visitings they come—
Those forms that hover o'er the poet's couch—
What time he gazes with most earnest eye,
And long suspended breath, lest from his view
The imag'd objects of idolatry
Should fade!"

The poet then shews, in a beautiful simile, the inability of the bard to struggle against inspiration, and how the soul, "in unresisting motion," obeys such impulses:

"Hast thou beheld the obedient march of waves,
The appointed flow, the regulated fall,
The rise and lapse alternate! even as soon
Shall they rebel against the silent maid
Who walks in joy among the company
Of stars, and casts her chain upon the deep,
As poet struggle with the awful power
That wakes the slumbering spirit into song;
As man forbid the soul to undulate
Through all its depths, what time the breath of heav'n
Moves o'er the darkness."

We give the following lines as a single specimen of soft and beautiful description:

——"Round my broad window's arch
The ivy's wreaths are wound, and through the frame
A few short shoots have found unbidden way;
The woodbine's pillar'd blossom in the breeze
Moves slowly, and upon the moonlight ground
The shadow casts an ever-varying stain;—
The sound of waters too is here,—that stream
Whose banks I love to call the poet's haunt,
Soothes with its ceaseless murmur—opposite
My window is a poplar, all whose leaves
Flutter most musical—the moonshine there
Plays strange vagaries—now a flood of light
Spreads like a sheet of snow along the plain,—
Now all is darkness, save that through the boughs
On the green circle, like a summer shower,
Slow falling from unagitated leaves,
Some glancing drops of light are chequering still;
Now is the ivy coloured with the beams—
Now on my floor they lie in quietness—
Now float with mazy flow most restlessly,
(At rest or quivering still how beautiful!)
Like Fancy sporting with the poet's soul!"

This is in Wordsworth's best style and colouring. After this he rushes enthusiastically into his subject.—We make the following quotation, because it contains a most poetical personification of, and a sublime apostrophe to, Ruin.

"They come—in midnight visitings they come—
But not such forms as in the calm of night
Seek the soft twilight of the gentle moon!—
What form is yonder?—never hath the dream
Of night been bodied in a wilder shape!
Stern is his brow, and gloomy, and his height
Is as the shadow on the burial ground,
When the moon's light upon some sculptur'd form
In cold reflection lies!—A heavy cloud,
And red, as though from streaming vales of blood
Exhal'd, o'ershades him with its canopy!
Whither, O Ruin! whither would'st thou haste?
Why dost thou wander from the wildnerness
Where Tadmor wastes away? Methought thine eye
Delighted, linger'd on the mouldering wall,
And watch'd in rapture each decaying trace
That ceas'd to speak of man! Methought thy voice
Was the low echo, that within the tomb
Disturbs the grave-worm, when the rotting plank
From the loose coffin drops upon the earth,—
A sound that, to the meditative man
Would waken no unholy melancholy,
But now a restless fire hath lit thine eye.—
But now thy voice is dreary as the sound
That wakes the wounded warrior from his trance,
When the black vulture from her heavy wing
Flaps on his brow the drops of stiffening gore,
Or the steed dying falls a weary weight
On his bruis'd body:—whither wouldst thou lead
Dark Ruin, whither? Say, wilt thou to-night
Wander to see the dews of heaven shine chill
On those insensate forms, that, long expos'd,
Long rotting in the Summer's saltry sun
Breath'd pestilence?"

After this follows a long and beautiful description of the different sort of men that fell in "Waterloo's red field"—of their various natures, dispositions, feelings, passions, affections and sympathies—of their different ages and prejudices, and of the different pretexts of justification each made for his own conscience, in being the assertor of the cause he had chosen.—There is a genuine flow of tenderness in some of these passages, but our compass will not allow extracts. Yet we quote the last lines of the first part with great pleasure.—We wish to shew the political empirics who railed against the perseverance and glories of England, who saw in the triumphant illuminations for the redeeming and mighty

victories of Leipsick and Waterloo, the torches to light the pyre of the British constitution—Who deem the elixir vitæ of the body politic can only be found in mob-senates and annual squabbles—We wish to shew these deluded persons the sentiments and opinions of a man of genius on the same subject.

———" Thou wert alone,
Thou, England, like some hill, whose lofty brows
Retain at night, and joyously effuse
The light, that loves to lie and linger there:—
Only with thee, Religion found a home,
Only with thee did Liberty repose!
* * * * *
* * * * *
Monarchs of Europe, when the storm of night,
Swept with his eagle wing the subject earth,
Where slumber'd ye? When all was desolate
Where linger'd Russia? where did Austria lurk?
Shall we not speak of Erfurt?—meteor-like
Ye shifted with the shifting gale, now red
With ominous lustre, now with sudden fall
Precipitate, your light was seen no more—
But, England, thou wert as the steady star
That, first appearing at the close of day,
Cheers with its lonely beam the traveller,
Nor fades till lost in morning's purple light!
Woe to the traitor, whose unholy breath
Would dim thy glories! to the thoughtless woe
Who scoff against thee, like some wretched carle
Muttering his magic to the glorious moon;
And even more soon that maniac's frantic words
Shall make her smile with less benignity
Upon the mourning sleeper's weary bed,
Than thou shalt cease to shine above the states
Of earth, than thou shalt furl the lion-flag
That floats triumphantly in Ocean's breeze!"

The second part contains a description of the wilful blindness of France, in not foreseeing the destruction hovering over her, when she received the outlaw of Elba—a spirited description of the often-sung field of Waterloo—a brief allusion to the "fatal flight of France"—to the "moonlight meeting"—"when the Prussian chief greeted victorious Wellesley,"—and to the flight of the "Imperial slave." From this Part we will make one extract descriptive of the infatuated impatience of France in opening her arms to the tyrant.

———" Though no prophet call'd,
Unhappy France, though on the palace-wall
No hand dim-seen inscrib'd the words of doom
As in old Babylon, she might have known
What fate would follow, when she stretch'd her arms,
Impatient for the tyrant—might have heard
In true anticipation, every shriek,
That soon must ring throughout her ravag'd realms,
She might have heard the rush of soldiery
Numberless as the atoms, that the wind
Drifts in the stormy desart, when some ribb'd
And rifted hill of sand is whirl'd along—
She might have heard the warriors of the Don,
And Dwina, shouting forth their strange hurra,
Screaming in sunny vales the dissonance,
That the cold peasant hears, when midnight storms
Shake his rude hut, and from the crashing roof
The whirlwind tears the rushy covering!
Woe to the land where Prussia's plunderers come!
Behind their path the blaze of cottages
Shall shine, a beacon to the thousand hordes
That starve on Danube's banks! Woe to the land,
Where England comes in anger! Weep ye wives,
The cross of blood is streaming in the sky!
Weep, daughters, weep, for brand and bayonet
Are sparkling in the sunbeam!"—

The third part is confined to a spirited phillippic on the character and principles of the Ex-emperor, and a description of the follies and impieties of the French philosophy. What the author thinks of the fame of the *great man* we shall give in his own words:—

" Yes, Fame is thine: when to another race
Thy purchas'd slaves have pour'd their flattery,
When Scorn hath ceas'd to titter at thy name,
Thou yet shalt live—the Patriot's curse is thine,
The tale of Europe's groans, of murder'd man,
Of violated woman yet shall live,
And give thy deeds to immortality!
Yes! Fame is thine, and thou hast paid its price!"

The last part opens with a personification of the French Revolution, that would mock even the pencil of Fuseli—describes its horrors and impieties—shews how the tenets of its philosophy proscribed the cultivation of poetry, and the study of the ancient classics—then claims the superiority for poetry over all the other arts and sciences, and closes his poem with a most beautiful address to poetry itself. Thus we have analyzed and given an epitome of this poem, in which a respectable journal of our northern brethren has observed a great similarity to Akenside. We were disinclined to take this entirely even upon their authority, till, upon a closer perusal of the poem, we found they had some grounds for the parallel; though his blank verse appears to us more like the flexible and harmonious, yet less laboured rhyme of the laureate. There are, however, passages that present to us the unvaried, stately, and splendid versification of the "Pleasures of Imagination." We think this coincidence not accidental, but rather aimed after, for it only appears when both treat on ancient learning and ancient mythology—when both digress into any thing Greekish, which we all know Akenside, in his Grecomania, was so predisposed to run after, on every occasion, that he would even go out of his way, to bring it in.

The following are some of the passages where this coincidence both in style and sentiment is most apparent:—

" Hath not philosophy disprov'd a God?—
Ere yet the chymist call'd the bolt from heav'n,
We spoke of spirits governing its beam—

Ere yet he learn'd to part and analyze
The rock, we deem'd some more than human
pow'r
Had planted it in Ocean,—till he stirr'd
The muscles of the dead with mimic breath,
And call'd the cold convulsion life, we deem'd
That heav'n alone could bid the dry bones shake!
—But joy to man! progressive centuries
Have err'd, and wisdom now at length appears;
And lo! the goddess! not with brow austere,
Features, that tell of silent toil, and locks
Laurell'd, as erst in the Athenian schools;—
Nor yet with garment symbol'd o'er with stars,
And signs, and talismans, as in the halls
Of parent Egypt; not with pensive eye
And dim, as though 'twere wearied from its watch
Through the long night, what time, to shepherd
tribes
Of fair Chaldea, she had imag'd forth
The host of heav'n, and mapp'd their mazy march,
While the bright dew on her tiara'd brow,
And the cold moonlight on her pallid face,
And the loose wandering of her heavy hair,
(As the breeze lifted the restraining bands,)
And the slow motion of the graceful stole,
When with her jewell'd wand she trac'd the line
Of milky light—all gave a sober air
Of mild solemnity.—*She* comes not now
Like that tall matron, on whose sunny cheek
The smile of pleasure shone, when over earth
She yok'd her cloudy chariot to the breeze,
And scatter'd blessings with a bounteous hand.
While young Triptolemus, with flushing face
And animated eye, reveal'd his love;
And sporting with the brown lock's floating length,
Wreath'd her dark temples with the curling shoots
And green leaves of the vine!—Hath wisdom rob'd
Her form with mystery, as when Athens bow'd,
At old Eleusis' venerable shrine,
The suppliant knee, while cymbal clash'd, and song
Re-echoed, and with pomp of sacrifice
The victims bled to pale Persephone." &c. &c.

The next passage, we think, bears even a greater resemblance—

——— "No more the winding wave
Recals to memory those enchanting times
When, on Diana's cheek the breeze of dawn
Breath'd rosy colouring, as with buskin'd foot
The graceful huntress past through pearly dew,
And in the groves of Delos, rous'd the lark
To greet her brother's beam;—no more the bard
Pours songs to Venus, and deludes his heart
With the fond fiction!—Gods, whom Greece ador'd
Farewell! farewell the everlasting page
Of Homer! dreams of Sophocles farewell!—
Wise men proscribe your influence, yet be sure
That not in vain that influence hath been breath'd;
Renounce more soon, my friend, the lucid page
Of old Eudoxus, fling away the book
Where Newton's spirit lives.
* * * *
But if thy secret bosom hath rejoic'd
At its own grand conceptions, if the flow
Of music, heard at twilight-time, hath wak'd
Feelings, not much unlike its varying tones;
To thee, I need not tell, what added strength
Will nerve the plume, that seeks with elder bards
Olympus high, and bathes in Castily."

We will quote one passage more, and only one. Though it is *Akenside-ian*, yet it will remind the reader of Milton also:

Spirit of heav'n, undying poetry,
Effluence divine! for by too high a name
I cannot call thee—'ere the ocean roll'd
Round earth, 'ere yet the dewy light serene
Stream'd from the silent fountains of the East
To fill the urns of morning, thou didst breathe,
And, musing near the secret seat of God,
Wert thron'd o'er angels! thou alone couldst look
On the eternal glory; till thy voice
Was heard amid the halls of heav'n, no breath
Disturb'd the awful silence! Cherubim
Gaz'd on thy winning looks, and hung in trance
Of wonder, when thy lonely warblings came
Sweet as all instruments, that after-art
Of angel or of man hath fashion'd forth.
Spirit of heav'n, didst thou not company
The great Creator?—thou didst see the sun
Rise like a giant from the chambering wave,
And when he sank behind the new-form'd hills
Shrined in a purple cloud, wert thou not there
Smiling in gladness from some shadowy knoll
Of larch, or graceful cedar, and at times
Viewing the stream that wound below in light,
And shew'd upon its breast the imag'd heav'n,
And all those shades, which men in after days
Liken to trees, and barks, and battlements,
And all seem'd good to thee;—

We are persuaded a look into Akenside will justify our criticism.

The critics, to whom we alluded above, have ranked this gentleman as high as Akenside among the English poets (an honourable exaltation indeed). Now, though we will not venture to compare "The Times a Reverie" to the Pleasures of Imagination, one of the most philosophical poems in any language, and the noblest standard of didactic poetry in the language of this country, yet we will compare the men, and we will not hesitate to tell the world, that we think the temperature of Mr. Anster's mind as poetically constituted; that he has as much of the "*mens divinior*" of the minstrel, and that we expect more from him hereafter, from the idea we have formed of this little volume, than Akenside gave the world after his first laboured and celebrated production.—Akenside's Odes we deem complete failures; but Mr. Anster has shewn us he can sweep the chord of lyrical enchantment with the hand of a master. Our limits refuse us the pleasure of noticing these Odes more particularly, as well as the Lines on the Princess Charlotte—Zamri — his Sonnets — Miscellaneous Poems, and German Translations; from the same cause, also, we are prevented from entering into remarks upon the faults of Mr. Anster's performances, for we do not mean to say that he is without them; but so greatly did we find them exceeded by his merits, and so much more congenial is it to lovers of the muse, to point out the excellencies, rather than the defects of those who come loaded with offerings to her shrine, that we had arrived to the very extent of the

space allotted to us before we recollected that it was the critic's duty sometimes to censure, and to advise, as well as to praise.

ON BRITISH NOVELS AND ROMANCES, INTRODUCTORY TO A SERIES OF CRITICISMS ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS.

WE regard the authors of the best novels and romances as among the truest benefactors of their species. Their works have often conveyed, in the most attractive form, lessons of the deepest and most genial wisdom. But we do not prize them so much in reference to their immediate aim, or any individual traits of nobleness with which they may inform the thoughts, as for their general tendency to break up that cold and debasing selfishness with which the souls of so large a portion of mankind are encrusted. They give to a vast class, who by no other means would be carried beyond the most contracted range of emotion, an interest in things out of themselves, and a perception of grandeur and of beauty, of which otherwise they might ever have lived unconscious. Pity for fictitious sufferings is, indeed, very inferior to that sympathy with the universal heart of man, which inspires real self-sacrifice; but it is better even to be moved by its tenderness, than wholly to be ignorant of the joy of natural tears. How many are there for whom poesy has no charm, and who have derived only from romances those glimpses of disinterested heroism, and ideal beauty, which alone "make them less forlorn," in their busy career! The good house-wife, who is employed all her life in the severest drudgery, has yet some glimmerings of a state and dignity above her station and age, and some dim vision of meek, angelic suffering, when she thinks of the well thumbed volume of Clarissa Harlowe, which she found, when a girl, in some old recess, and read, with breathless eagerness, at stolen times and moments of hasty joy. The care-worn lawyer or politician, encircled with all kinds of petty anxieties, thinks of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, which he devoured in his joyful school-days, and is once more young, and innocent, and happy. If the sternest puritan were acquainted with Parson Adams, or with Dr. Primrose, he could not hate the clergy. If novels are not the deepest teachers of humanity, they have, at least, the widest range. They lend to genius "lighter wings to fly." They are read where Milton and Shakspeare are only talked of, and where even their names are never heard. They nestle gently beneath the covers of unconscious sophas, are read by fair and glistening eyes, in moments snatched from repose, and beneath counters and shop-boards, minister delights "secret, sweet, and precious." It is possible that, in particular instances, their effects may be baneful; but, on the whole, we are persuaded they are good. The world is not in danger of becoming too romantic. The golden threads of poesy are not too thickly or too closely interwoven with the ordinary web of existence. Sympathy is the first great lesson which man should learn. It will be ill for him if he proceeds no further; if his emotions are but excited to roll back on his heart; and to be fostered in luxurious quiet. But unless he learns to feel tenderly and deeply for things in which he has no personal interest, he can achieve nothing generous or noble. This lesson is in reality the universal moral of all excellent romances. How mistaken are those miserable reasoners who object to them as giving false pictures of life—of purity too glossy and etherial—of friendship too deep and confiding—of love which does not shrink at the approach of ill, but "looks on tempests and is never shaken," because with these the world too rarely blossoms! Were these things visionary and unreal, who would break the spell, and bid the delicious enchantment vanish? The soul will not be the worse for thinking too well of its kind, or believing that the highest excellence is within the reach of its exertions. But these things are not unreal; they are shadows, indeed, in themselves; but they are shadows cast from objects stately, grand, and eternal. Man can never imagine that which has no foundation in his nature. The virtues, he conceives, are not the mere pageantry of his thought. We feel their truth — not their historic or individual truth—but their universal truth, as reflexes of human energy, and power. It would be enough for us to prove that the imaginative glories, which are shed around our being, are far brighter than "the light of common day," which mere vulgar experience in the course of the world diffuses. But, in truth, that radiance is not merely of the fancy, nor are its influences lost when it ceases immediately

to shine on our path. It is holy and prophetic. The deep joys of childhood—its boundless aspirations and gorgeous dreams, are the sure indications of the nobleness of its final heritage. All the softenings of evil to the moral vision by the gentleness of fancy, are proofs that evil itself shall perish. Our yearnings after ideal beauty shew that the home of the soul which feels them, is in a lovelier world. And when man describes high virtues, and instances of nobleness, which rarely light on earth; so sublime that they expand our imaginations beyond their former compass, yet so intensely human that they make our hearts gush with delight; he discovers feelings in his own breast, and awakens sympathies in ours, which shall assuredly one day have real and stable objects to rest on!

The early times of England—unlike those of Spain—were not rich in chivalrous romances. The imagination seems to have been chilled by the manners of the Norman conquerors. The domestic contests for the disputed throne, with their intrigues, battles, and executions, have none of that rich, poetical interest, which attended the struggles for the holy sepulchre. Nor, in the golden age of English genius, were there any very remarkable works of pure fiction. Since that period to the present day, however, there has been a rich succession of novels and romances, each increasing the stores of innocent delight, and shedding on human life some new tint of tender colouring.

The novels of Richardson are at once among the grandest and the most singular creations of human genius. They combine an accurate acquaintance with the freest libertinism, and the sternest professions of virtue—a sporting with vicious casuistry, and the deepest horror of free-thinking—the most stately ideas of paternal authority, and the most elaborate display of its abuses. Prim and stiff, almost without parallel, the author perpetually treads on the very borders of indecorum, but with a solemn and assured step, as if certain that he could never fall. "The precise, strait laced Richardson," says Mr. Lamb in one of the profound and beautiful notes to his specimens "has strengthened vice from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries, and abstruse pleas against her adversary virtue, which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester, wanted depth of libertinism sufficient to have invented." He had, in fact, the power of making any set of notions, however fantastical, appear as "truths of holy writ," to his readers. This he did by the authority with which he disposed of all things, and by the infinite minuteness of his details. His gradations are so gentle, that we do not at any one point, hesitate to follow him, and should descend with him to any depth before we perceived that our path had been unequal. By the means of this strange magic, we become anxious for the marriage of Pamela with her base master; because the author has so imperceptibly wrought on us the belief of an awful distance between the rights of an esquire and his servant, that our imaginations regard it in the place of all moral distinctions. After all, the general impression made on us by his works, is virtuous. Clementina is to the soul a new and majestic image, inspired by virtue and by love, which raises and refines its conceptions. She has all the depth and intensity of the Italian character, with all the purity of an angel. She is at the same time the grandest of tragic heroines, and the divinest of religious enthusiasts. Clarissa alone is above her. Clementina steps statelily in her very madness, amidst "the pride, pomp, and circumstance" of Italian nobility; Clarissa is triumphant, though violated, deserted, and encompassed by vice and infamy. Never can we forget that amazing scene, in which, on the effort of her mean seducer to renew his outrages, she appears in all the radiance of mental purity, among the wretches assembled to witness his triumph, where she startles them by her first appearance, as by a vision from above; and holding the penknife to her breast, with her eyes lifted to heaven, prepares to die, if her craven destroyer advances, striking the vilest with the deep awe of goodness, and walking placidly at last, from the circle of her foes, none of them daring to harm her! How pathetic, above all other pathos in the world, are those snatches of meditation which she commits to paper, in the first delirium of her woe! How delicately imagined are her preparations, for that grave in which alone she can find repose! Cold must be the hearts of those who can conceive them as too elaborate, or who can venture to criticise them. In this novel all appears most real; we feel enveloped, like Don Quixote, by a thousand threads; and like him, would we rather remain so for ever, than break one of their silken fibres. Clarissa Harlowe is one of the

few books which leave us different beings from those which they find us. "Sadder and wiser" do we arise from its perusal.

Yet when we read Fielding's Novels after those of Richardson, we feel as if a stupendous pressure were removed from our souls. We seem suddenly to have left a palace of enchantment, where we have past through long galleries filled with the most gorgeous images, and illumined by a light not quite human nor yet quite divine, into the fresh air, and the common ways of this "bright and breathing world." We travel on the high road of humanity, yet meet in it pleasanter companions, and catch more delicious snatches of refreshment than ever we can hope elsewhere to enjoy. The mock heroic of Fielding, when he condescends to that ambiguous style, is scarcely less pleasing than its stately prototype. It is a sort of spirited defiance to fiction, on the behalf of reality, by one who knew full well all the strong holds of that nature which he was defending. There is not in Fielding much of that which can properly be called ideal—if we except the character of Parson Adams; but his works represent life as more delightful than it seems to common experience, by disclosing those of its dear immunities, which we little think of, even when we enjoy them. How delicious are all his refreshments at all his inns! How vivid are the transient joys which he depicts—how sweet the resting-places of his heroes, in their chequered course—how full and over-flowing are their final raptures! His Tom Jones is quite unrivalled in plot, and is to be rivalled only in his own works for felicitous delineation of character. The little which we have told us of Allworthy, especially that which relates to his feelings respecting his deceased wife, makes us feel for him, as for one of the best and most revered friends of our childhood. Was ever the "soul of goodness in things evil" better disclosed, than in the scruples and the dishonesty of Black George, that tenderest of gamekeepers and truest of thieves? Did ever health, good-humour, frank-heartedness, and animal spirits hold out so freshly against vice and fortune as in the hero? Was ever so plausible a hypocrite as Blifil, who buys a Bible of Tom Jones so delightfully, and who, by his admirable imitation of virtue, leaves it almost in doubt, whether, by a counterfeit so dexterous, he did not merit some share of her rewards? Who shall gainsay the cherry lips of Sophia Western? The story of Lady Bellaston we confess to be a blemish. But if there be any vice left in the work, the fresh atmosphere diffused over all its scenes, will render it innoxious. Joseph Andrews has far less merit as a story—but it depicts Parson Adams, whom it does the heart good to think on. He who drew this character, if he had done nothing else, would not have lived in vain. We fancy we can see him with his torn cassock (in honour of this high profession) his volumes of sermons, which we really wish had been printed, and his Eschylus, the best of all the editions of that sublime tragedian! Whether he longs after his own sermons against vanity—or is absorbed in the romantic tale of the fair Leonora—or uses his ox-like fists in defence of the fairer Fanny, he equally embodies in his person "the homely beauty of the good old cause," of high thoughts, pure imaginations, and manners unspotted by the world.

Smollet seems to have had more touch of romance than Fielding, but not so profound and intuitive a knowledge of humanity's hidden treasures. There is nothing in his works comparable to Parson Adams; but then, on the other hand, Fielding has not any thing of the kind equal to Strap. Partridge is dry, and hard, compared with this poor barber-boy, with his generous overflowings of affection. Roderick Random, indeed, with its varied delineation of life, is almost a romance. Its hero is worthy of his name. He is the sport of fortune rolled about through the "many ways of wretchedness" almost without resistance, but ever catching those tastes of joy which are everywhere to be relished by those who are willing to receive them. We seem to roll on with him, and get delectably giddy in his company.

The humanity of the Vicar of Wakefield is less deep even than that of Roderick Random, but sweeter tinges of fancy are cast over it. The sphere in which Goldsmith's powers moved, was never very extensive, but, within it, he discovered all that was good, and shed on it the tenderest lights of his sympathizing genius. No one ever excelled so much as he in depicting amiable follies and endearing weaknesses. His satire makes us at once smile at, and love all that he so tenderly ridicules. The good Vicar's trust in Monagomy, his son's purchase of the spectacles, his own sale of his horse, to his solemn admirer at the fair; the blameless vanities of his

daughters, and his resignation under his accumulated sorrows, are among the best treasures of memory. The pastoral scenes in this exquisite tale are the sweetest in the world. The scents of the hay field, and of the blossoming hedge-rows, seem to come freshly to our senses. The whole romance is a tenderly-coloured picture, in little, of human nature's most genial qualities.

De Foe is one of the most extraordinary of English authors. His Robinson Crusoe is deservedly one of the most popular of novels. It is usually the first read, and always among the last forgotten. The interest of its scenes in the uninhabited island is altogether peculiar; since there is nothing to develope the character but deep solitude. Man, there, is alone in the world, and can hold communion only with nature, and nature's God. There is nearly the same situation in Philoctetes, that sweetest of the Greek tragedies; but there we only see the poor exile as he is about to leave his sad abode, to which he has become attached, even with a child-like cleaving. In Robinson Crusoe, life is stripped of all its social joys, yet we feel how worthy of cherishing it is, with nothing but silent nature to cheer it. Thus are nature and the soul, left with no other solace, represented in their native grandeur and intense communion. With how fond an interest do we dwell on all the exertions of our fellow-man, cut off from his kind; watch his growing plantations as they rise, and seem to water them with our tears! The exceeding vividness of all the descriptions are more delightful when combined with the loneliness and distance of the scene "placed far amid the melancholy main" in which we become dwellers. We have grown so familiar with the solitude, that the print of man's foot seen in the sand seems to appal us as an awful thing!—The Family Instructor of this author, in which he inculcates weightily his own notions of puritanical demeanor and parental authority, is very curious. It is a strange mixture of narrative and dialogue, fanaticism and nature; but all done with such earnestness, that the sense of its reality never quits us. Nothing, however, can be more harsh and unpleasing than the impression which it leaves. It does injustice both to religion and the world. It represents the innocent pleasures of the latter as deadly sins, and the former as most gloomy, austere, and exclusive. One lady resolves on poisoning her husband, and another determines to go to the play, and the author treats both offences with a severity nearly equal!

Far different from this ascetic novel is that best of religious romances the Fool of Quality. The piety there is at once most deep and most benign. There is much indeed of eloquent mysticism, but all evidently most heartfelt and sincere. The yearnings of the soul after universal good and intimate communion with the divine nature were never more nobly shewn. The author is most prodigal of his intellectual wealth—"his bounty is as boundless as the sea, his love as deep." He gives to his chief characters riches endless as the spiritual stores of his own heart. It is, indeed, only the last which gives value to the first in his writings. It is easy to endow men with millions on paper, and to make them willing to scatter them among the wretched; but it is the corresponding bounty and exuberance of the author's soul, which here makes the money sterling, and the charity divine. The hero of this romance always appears to our imagination like a radiant vision encircled with celestial glories. The stories introduced in it are delightful exceptions to the usual rule by which such incidental tales are properly regarded as impertinent intrusions. That of David Doubtful is of the most romantic interest, and at the same time steeped in feeling the most profound. But that of Clement and his wife is perhaps the finest. The scene in which they are discovered, having placidly lain down to die of hunger together, in gentle submission to heaven, depicts a quiescence the most sublime, yet the most affecting. Nothing can be more delightful than the sweetening ingredients in their cup of sorrow. The heroic act of the lady to free herself from her ravisher's grasp, her trial and her triumphant acquittal, have a grandeur above that of tragedy. The genial spirit of the author's faith leads him to exult especially in the repentance of the wicked. No human writer seems ever to have hailed the contrite with so cordial a welcome. His scenes appear overspread with a rich atmosphere of tenderness, which softens and consecrates all things.

We would not pass over, without a tribute of gratitude, Mrs. Radcliffe's wild and wondrous tales. When we read them, the world seems shut out, and we breathe only in an enchanted region, where lovers' lutes tremble over placid waters, mouldering castles rise conscious

Thomson Sculpt.

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, K. G.

&c. &c.

London Published Feb.y 1st 1820 by Henry Colburn Conduit Street.

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...ent age has produced a singu- ...uthors of delightful prose we intend to give a ...e shall next month whom we shall ...h Sterne; and passed over the present cursory other days.

T. D.

MEMOIR

OF THE

...H, K. G.

...everely contested, the wealth and in- who is reported to ...y 30,000*l.* in order ...mph. He was not ...efore he essayed his ... The subject which ...len effort, was upon ...her Ireland had a ...lia, notwithstanding ...e East India Com- ...r. Stewart (for the ...derry was then only ...ed the affirmative of ...t is said, he exhibited ...ledge as well as a ...g.

...nden was sent out to ...y, his kinsman, as ..., felt the influence of ...ich the families were ... Castlereagh was soon ...our of a place in the ...But it would be unjust ...owed this distinction ...fluence. His lordship's ...eme assiduity, and his ...its of business, pointed ...rson eminently qualified ...vernment; and he had, made his election, as to ...th which he was deter- ...e. At the outset of his career, he had shewn some disposition towards whiggism, captivated, as young minds are apt to be, by the specious principles of that once popular party. As his judgment became more matured,

...ueen, by whom he has had several children.

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of deeds of blood, and the sad voices of the past echo through deep vaults and lonely galleries. There is always majesty in her terrors. She produces more effect by whispers and slender hints than ever was attained by the most vivid display of horrors. Her conclusions are tame and impotent almost without example. But while her spells actually operate, her power is truly magical. Who can ever forget the scene in the Romance of the Forest where the marquis, who has long sought to make the heroine the victim of licentious love, after working on her protector, over whom he has a mysterious influence, to steal at night into her chamber, and when his trembling listener expects only a requisition for delivering her into his hands replies to the question of "then—to-night my Lord!" "Adelaide *dies*" —or the allusions to the dark veil in the Mysteries of Udolpho—or the stupendous scenes in Spalatro's cottage? Of all romance writers Mrs. Radcliffe is the most romantic.

The present age has produced a singular number of authors of delightful prose fiction, on whom we intend to give a series of criticisms. We shall next month begin with MAKENZIE, whom we shall endeavour to compare with Sterne; and for this reason we have passed over the works of the latter in our present cursory view of the novelists of other days.

T. D.

MEMOIR
OF THE
RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, K. G.
(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

OF the private life of this statesman, whose name will fill a distinguished place in the annals of our country, there is little to tell, for he began his political career at so early an age, that it may almost be said, whatever is worthy of being known of him, belongs to the public history of the period in which he has lived. In compliance, however, with a custom which has its advantages, we shall briefly advert to the few domestic events connected with the noble lord, which may be considered as forming an appropriate introduction to this sketch of his public character.

Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, is the eldest son of the Marquis of Londonderry, his father being elevated to the rank of a marquis in 1816. The family was first ennobled in 1789, when the present marquis was created a baron, on the 18th of August. His first wife, whom he married June 3, 1766, was Sarah Frances, a daughter of the Earl of Hertford, but who died on the 18th of July, 1770. Lord Castlereagh was the issue of this marriage, and was born on the 18th of June, 1769. His lordship married, secondly, on the 3d of June, 1775, Frances, daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl Camden, by whom he has had several children.

Before Lord Castlereagh had attained his twenty-first year he was returned to the Irish Parliament, as knight of the shire for the county of Down, where the family estates chiefly lie. In his election, which was severely contested, he was supported by the wealth and influence of his father, who is reported to have expended nearly 30,000*l.* in order to secure his son's triumph. He was not long in Parliament before he essayed his powers as an orator. The subject which called forth his maiden effort, was upon the question, whether Ireland had a right to trade to India, notwithstanding the monopoly of the East India Company. The Hon. Mr. Stewart (for the Marquis of Londonderry was then only a baron,) maintained the affirmative of the question; and it is said, he exhibited considerable knowledge as well as a sound understanding.

When Lord Camden was sent out to Ireland as viceroy, his kinsman, as might be expected, felt the influence of those ties by which the families were connected. Lord Castlereagh was soon raised to the honour of a place in the Irish cabinet. But it would be unjust to infer that he owed this distinction solely to that influence. His lordship's talents, his extreme assiduity, and his persevering habits of business, pointed him out as a person eminently qualified to serve the government; and he had, by this time, made his election, as to the political path which he was determined to pursue. At the outset of his career, he had shewn some disposition towards whiggism, captivated, as young minds are apt to be, by the specious principles of that once popular party. As his judgment became more matured,

however, he soon discovered that his means of doing good would be increased by an alliance with the government, and that in exchanging for these means, the privilege of complaint, and the assumption of superior wisdom, he was merely renouncing a plausible but exploded patriotism, for a rational, and therefore practicable sphere of action. This change, if change it can be called, which was little else than abandoning the neutral character of an observer, the moment he discerned the path in which he felt he could best exercise his talents, subjected him, of course, to a charge of apostacy: a charge which he shared in common with Mr. Pitt, whose youthful mind was equally fascinated with the allurements of exclusive virtue and honour, as assumed by the Whigs; but whose riper faculties disdained the trickery and delusion inherent in such arrogant pretensions.

In 1798, Lord Castlereagh became the chief secretary of Ireland, an office then filled by the Hon. Thomas Pelham, now Earl of Chichester. That gentleman had, for some months, been obliged to suspend his attention to his official duties in consequence of ill-health, and Lord Castlereagh performed them temporarily as his substitute. This was under the viceroyalty of Earl Camden. At length, however, he found it expedient to retire altogether from the arduous station; and when the Marquis of Cornwallis assumed the reins of the viceregal government, Lord Castlereagh was formally appointed to the chief secretaryship, an office which he continued to hold till 1801, when he resigned it, during the administration of the Earl of Hardwicke, in favour of the Right Hon. Charles Abbott, afterwards distinguished as the Speaker of the House of Commons, and lately elevated to the peerage by the title of Lord Colchester.

The office of chief secretary of the Irish government, before the Union, was one of great importance; and accordingly, if we look back to the list of persons who filled the situation during the present reign, we shall find in it the names of many who afterwards became eminent among the statesmen of their time. He was, in fact, the prime minister of Ireland, and stood in nearly the same degree of connexion, with respect to the viceroy, which the prime minister of England does with respect to the sovereign. Upon him devolved the management of the Irish House of Commons, a task of no small difficulty or delicacy, when it is recollected of what materials that House was commonly composed, and what principles were recognised and acted upon in its management. In addition, however, to what may be considered as the ordinary exigencies of this office, there were others of a still more formidable and trying character attached to it, at the time when its duties were assumed by Lord Castlereagh. The rebellion, which had long agitated Ireland, now began to develope itself in all its most aggravated qualities, and to rage with all the calamitous symptoms of a civil war. In this crisis of his country's fate, Lord Castlereagh exhibited a degree of fortitude, of presence of mind, and of discretion, which far surpassed his years. That these virtues exposed him to the hatred and reproaches of those who found in them insuperable obstacles to the success of their criminal enterprises, may easily be imagined; and the calumnies which had their origin in that disastrous period of civil strife, have since been perpetuated by the unforgiving passions of men, who fled from Ireland to save their forfeited lives. A minister who does his duty to his king and country, when both are menaced by traitors, must expect, if he survive the conflict, to incur the bitterest enmity of those whom he has baffled. Hence, Lord Castlereagh has been stigmatised by expatriated Irish rebels, who have taken up their abode in England, as the contriver and patron of cruelties during the rebellion, which require a rebel's heart to imagine, and a rebel's head to believe. The whippings, the stranglings, the half-hangings, &c. which are currently alleged to have taken place in the Castle-yard, Dublin, under the sanction of the chief secretary, but which are not as currently believed, are gross exaggerations. They never did take place, to the extent, or in the manner, which has been represented. But if they had, they would not, of themselves, constitute a *primâ facie* case of cruelty and oppression against the government of that day, or against Lord Castlereagh, whom it has been the fashion, from malignant motives, to consider as synonimous with the government. Such calamities are incident to a state of civil commotion, where neither the eye of authority, nor the power of the law can always be effectual. They form the melancholy consequence of crime which, when general, too often devolves punishment upon the innocent; for what can stop the passions and resentment of a multitude acting from public and private feelings? It

would be impossible to devise any plan, any scheme of government, any degree of vigilance, competent to restrain or punish unauthorised excesses, when a nation is agitated and torn by internal faction and open rebellion. Before, then, the severities exercised by the Irish government (admitting the most exaggerated accounts of them to be true,) are stigmatised as sanguinary and needless, let it be satisfactorily shewn that proceedings of a more lenient and conciliatory character could have been wisely and safely adopted. If this cannot be shown, and we firmly believe it cannot, we may lament the constrained rigor of insulted authority, but we cannot condemn it.

The Union was another of those measures which increased the arduous responsibilities of the office of Irish secretary, during the period when Lord Castlereagh filled it. It is obvious that in this brief Memoir of his lordship, it would be impossible for us to enter into any consideration of this great national event, or to mark the progress of those violent passions engendered by it, which the lapse of twenty years has not been sufficient to subdue. Suffice it to say, that his lordship's parliamentary conduct, during the time of its discussion in the Irish legislature, was such as held forth the strongest promise of that political eminence to which he has since attained. Coupled, however, as his name inevitably was, with the stern measures which led to the suppression of the rebellion, and with those which deprived Ireland of her Parliament, it may be supposed that he incurred no ordinary share of popular odium. Some idea of the extent to which this disfavour was carried, may be formed from the following emphatic toast, which was commonly drunk, at that period, by the United Irishmen, and the disaffected generally, in their convivial meetings:—

> A high gallows, and a windy day,
> To Corny, Pitt, and Castlereagh.

By *Corny*, was meant the Marquis of Cornwallis, who continued Viceroy of Ireland from the year 1798 to 1801.

It may be mentioned as a striking instance of the youthful character of his lordship, while taking a leading part in these momentous transactions, that he was frequently designated by the epithet of *stripling*, in the Irish House of Commons, during the stormy discussions upon the Union; and Mr. Plunkett, in the course of one of his speeches, made use of the following expressions:—"I was induced to think that we had, at the head of the executive government of this country, a plain honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining, the intrigues of politics; and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, *(puer ingenui vultus, ingenuique pudoris,)* whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence; yet, am I bold to say, that during the viceroyalty of that unspotted veteran, and during the administration of that unassuming stripling, within the last six weeks, a system of black corruption had been carried on, &c."—It was in a similar way that Mr. Pitt was taunted by Sheridan, Fox, and others, with his youth, when he first assumed the office of prime minister.

When the Union was carried, and the Irish Parliament blended with that of England, Lord Castlereagh quitted his native country for the latter; animated by the ambition of signalizing his talents in the councils of the united empire. Having been returned to the Imperial Parliament, he took an active part in the debates, and gradually won upon the confidence of the House. When Mr. Pitt retired from the situation of prime minister, in 1801, a change of administration of course took place; and Lord Castlereagh accepted, under Mr. Addington, the office of President of the Board of Control for the affairs of India, succeeding in that department, Lord Viscount Lewisham, now Earl Dartmouth. In May, 1804, Mr. Pitt returned to power, and his lordship continued to hold his appointment with much credit to himself, and great advantage to the interests of our Indian possessions. Shortly afterwards, he succeeded to the more important office (more important in reference to the period of which we are speaking,) of secretary of state for war and colonies; but when the lamented death of that great minister took place, in January, 1806, he retired, with his colleagues, to make room for the Whig ministry of Mr. Fox. He was succeeded in his office by the late Mr. Windham, who, on moving the thanks of the House, in December, 1806, to Sir John Stuart, for his services at the battle of Maida, took occasion to bestow some liberal compliments upon Lord Castlereagh, under whose administration the enterprize had been planned.

Lord Castlereagh did not long remain

out of office. Mr. Fox died in August, 1806, only a few short months after the decease of his illustrious rival. An effort was made to supply his loss, and keep the party in their places; but *all their talents* could not prevail. The country soon became disgusted with their conduct; for it was now glaringly obvious that their pretensions to superior political virtue, as compared with their opponents, were mere illusion. The Catholic question at last destroyed them, more, perhaps, from the inflexible manner with which they endeavoured to force it upon their sovereign, than from its intrinsic unpopularity, though that was considerable. When the Whigs retired, after their short glimpse of power, patronage, and profit, a new ministry was formed in April, 1807, under the auspices of the late Duke of Portland, who was nominated prime minister. Lord Castlereagh then resumed his former situation as secretary of state for war and colonies; and in which he continued till 1809, till the unfortunate misunderstanding between himself and Mr. Canning, induced him to resign. It is not our intention to enter into the complicated merits of this question; but we have no hesitation in stating it, as the result of a mature examination of the whole transaction, that Lord Castlereagh was entirely justified in the view he took of it. We do not mean to say that Mr. Canning was any party to the duplicity which was practised upon his noble colleague; but that there was duplicity, or something very nearly approaching to it, and that, too, at the expense of Lord Castlereagh's honour and feelings, is unquestionable. There is every reason, however, to believe that Mr. Canning was himself deluded. The duel that followed, and all the circumstances attending it, are too fresh in the memory of the public to require any thing more than this brief allusion to the unpleasant event.

Lord Castlereagh was succeeded in his office by the Earl of Liverpool, and he remained unattached to his Majesty's government till the year 1812, when, upon the assassination of Mr. Percival, another ministerial change took place, and Lord Castlereagh accepted the seals of the Foreign Office, which he has ever since continued to hold.

The distinguished character which he sustained, as a negotiator, at Chatillon, at Paris, and at Vienna, after the abdication of Bonaparte, has placed his name higher in the scroll of diplomatic fame than ever was attained before by any British minister. When his lordship returned from Paris, in June, 1814, and laid upon the table of the House of Commons, the treaty of peace between France and the Allies, he was received, upon his entrance into the House, with loud acclamations from all sides. Even the sullen spirit of Whiggism relaxed, and lost something of its arrogant selfishness, while it acknowledged the extraordinary abilities displayed by the noble lord as a negotiator. The sagacity, the firmness, and the profound policy which he evinced, subsequently, at the first Congress of Vienna, (whose sittings were interrupted by the escape of Bonaparte from Elba,) impressed upon the continental sovereigns and their ministers a high notion of his character.

As an orator, Lord Castlereagh is not greatly distinguished. His style is difficult, and his language not always correct. But the acute and comprehensive views which he takes of almost every subject, amply compensate for the absence of any embellishments in his mode of discussing them. He is always listened to with great attention, and whatever differences of opinion may subsist between him and his opponents, the mild and conciliatory tone which he invariably adopts—his polished manners—and insinuating courtesy—neutralise all asperity of feeling. It very rarely happens that he is animated into any thing like fervour, though we have occasionally seen him thus excited. The effect was not unpleasing. On the contrary, it rather inspired a wish in the observers, that he could oftener divest himself of a coldness, bordering upon apathy, which must weaken his influence over a popular assembly.

It only remains to mention, that his lordship married, in the year 1794, Amelia Hobart, youngest daughter and co-heiress of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

FINE ARTS.

"THE Battle of Hastings," thirty-one feet six inches wide, and seventeen feet six inches high, painted by Mr. Wilkins, jun., and now exhibiting at the Great Room, in Spring Gardens.

The reputation which this young artist had obtained by his copies in water colours, from the old masters, would probably have contented other painters, and prevented their aiming at excellence in a higher department. But knowing that no country ever rose to fame in the fine arts *by copying*, and that the habit of implicitly following the works of others, chills the powers of invention and fancy, we are happy to see in this arduous effort, that this gentleman is determined to leave no honourable exertion untried to render himself deserving of public patronage as an historical painter. We have been assured of the fact that Sir Godfrey Webster had the public spirit to give Mr. Wilkins a commission to paint this picture for his grand hall, at Battle Abbey. Mr. Wilkins confirms this statement in a grateful and modest dedication to his liberal patron, prefixed to a brief description of his picture, which is sold at the place of its exhibition. He speaks of his work with a diffidence which cannot but interest every true lover of the arts; and terms it an *attempt*, which no doubt it is; but an artist, whose reasoning is not always wrong, has maintained in effect, though in other words, that to *attempt great things* is commendable, and cannot but be attended with a good consequence. We agree in this assertion, in the present instance, and, although we do not consider the mere size of a picture to constitute a merit, we acknowledge that this, both as to extent of subject and size, is the most extraordinary attempt we ever remember. The artist who could pass from copying in water colours, to encounter the appalling difficulties of such an extensive composition in oil, and who has exhibited, in his first essay, so much to applaud and fix attention, may hope, by persevering in the study of *anatomy*, the *living model*, and *antique statues*, to attain an honourable station among the rising historical painters of his country.

Mr. Wilkins, instead of a general representation of the battle, has judiciously chosen the decisive moment, when William, without knowing the cause of their confusion, on seeing the Saxons dispirited by the fall of Harold, made a charge upon them at the head of his principal knights and followers. This brought him to the spot where the dead monarch is held up to his view by two Normans. The Conqueror is represented in the act of checking his noble white horse; in the surprise of the moment his sword has fallen from his hand; and his eye is bent upon the accomplishment of his hopes. The artist has successfully (here follow his own words from his printed description,) "attempted to express the sensation he feels at suddenly finding the consummation of his wishes burst upon him: the crown of England within his grasp, and Harold sleeping in death at his feet." One of the Normans is holding up to William's view the arrow with which Harold was slain; and another is presenting to him the king's helmet, encircled according to the Saxon fashion with a royal crown. William's half brother, Odo, the celebrated Bishop of Bayeux, has curbed his horse on the left side of the Conqueror, and eyes him with a look of exultation. Tostain, bearing the consecrated banner, rides beside Odo; and behind him are a group of Normans crowding to partake in the triumph of the day. Count Eustace in a suit of "*tegulated* armour," and mounted on a dun horse, is conspicuous among the Normans who immediately follow William. A Norman trumpeter, on a dark brown horse, boldly fore-shortened, sounds the blast of victory. The wounded, dying, and dead of both nations, are promiscuously strewed on the fore-ground: among these are Tallefer, a Norman, who commenced the battle by slaying two Englishmen; and was killed by a third. Gurth, Harold's brother, resting his forehead upon his hand, in a state of insensibility, is among the wounded in the left corner of the fore-ground. Our restricted limits forbid our doing justice, *at present*, to the detailed excellence in *invention*, *composition*, *effect*, and *historical character* of this interesting picture, which reflects so much honour on the independent public spirit of Sir Godfrey Webster, and on the genius of the artist. We have not even room to notice a few defective particulars, which are of a class to be expected in so extensive a composition, undertaken as a first essay. But we trust that the public will do justice to its merits, and we earnestly recommend an inspection of it to every person curious in early British history,

and to every real friend of the British school.

As long and warm advocates for British historical painting, we rejoice in the public sensation already produced by the exhibition of this noble effort of genius. We hail this strong feeling as a proof of the progress of good taste in this country. W. C.

MODERN SCULPTORS AT ROME.

(Extract of a letter dated Dec. 1819.)

"THE Art of Sculpture has attained in our times a degree of perfection which, without prejudice, it has never before had since the brilliant era of Greece. And besides the great masters of this art, Canova and Thorwaldsen, there is here a considerable number of able men who would be distinguished as ornaments of their art in the principal cities of Europe. Of these I will only mention the Swede, Mr. Von Byström; Mr. Shadow, jun. of Berlin; the ingenious Carraresen, who, during Thorwaldsen's absence partly directs his atelier; Mr. Tenerani; the accomplished Courland nobleman, Mr. Von Lannitz; and Canova's first scholar Mr. Testanova, two Spaniards and a Frenchman, whose ateliers I have not yet visited are also particularly esteemed.

"Prejudice and party spirit have also been busy here, and Canova has been depreciated to exalt the merit of Thorwaldsen, as if the two great masters could not stand together. The beautiful female forms of Canova, and his inimitable Grace, are not to be disputed. However, I admire the Grecian art, and in some Grecian female figures, as in the Minerva, (formerly belonging to Lucien Buonaparte, and now acquired by the Pope for the Vatican) and the Venus de Medicis, see more ideal beauty, I must sincerely confess that I have never seen any thing earthly, more beautiful, more really graceful, without mannerism, than the two female dancers, the group of the three graces, the Hebe, and a new statue of this great artist, which he has just modeled, a nymph who reposes on a Panther skin resting on a Xista. She probably represents an attendant on the young Bacchus.

"He is particularly successful in fine youths; he has for instance completed this year a sleeping Endymion, whom a greyhound guards during his sleep, in which he has been extremely successful; and his Perseus, though a little too effeminate, is admirably executed. If it cannot be placed in the same rank as the Apollo of Belvedere, we must always confess that it is the representation of a fine hero, and Apollo ought surely to be more divine than Perseus. Last year this skilful artist sent a recumbent Venus to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, which is indeed extremely beautiful. She reposes in an elegant attitude on a soft cushion, and listens with pleasure to the singing and performance of Cupid, who sitting at her feet on the same couch plays upon the lyre. The whole is very pleasing, the flesh tender, and in general, like all Canova's works, very highly finished. The care which he employs in finishing his works is extremely laudable, and his obliging behaviour and benevolent disposition necessarily acquire him many friends.

"He is reproached with being envious of the merit of Thorwaldsen, and with having attempted to injure him. I have not observed any effects of this envy; on the contrary, Canova's friends have more reason to complain, that every effort is employed to depreciate the real merits of Canova. Here, as every where else, there is a certain class of connoisseurs, who cry down every thing which does not accord with their own system, skilful as many of our German artists are, they are, unhappily for the most part, infected with this malady, and too easily despise the merit of others.

"Thorwaldsen is indeed a truly creative genius in composition and modeling. In bas-reliefs he certainly excels all moderns, nay, even among the ancients, there are but a few who could dispute the palm with with him in this branch of sculpture. His triumphal entrance of Alexander into Babylon, which is in Stucco, in the Quirinal, is the most excellent work I have seen. It is now to be executed in marble for the Marquis of Sommariva, and it is said that Thorwaldsen has undertaken to execute it on a larger scale for the palace of Copenhagen, an immense undertaking!

"Several important Bas-reliefs are being executed in his study, under the superintendance of Messrs. Lannitz and Tenerani, to whom he has given the direction of his atelier during his absence; in the first place, persons are there employed in working at several pieces for the Bas-relief for the Marquis of Sommariva; secondly on a most beautiful frieze for the chapel of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which represents Christ, when he says to Peter "feed

my sheep." The expression and composition in this Bas-relief are very fine, and the execution of it is far advanced. The beautiful and celebrated medallions which represent day and night, now so frequently copied by Gemengraolds, are ready, or at least nearly finished. I believe that those I have seen are duplicates of the same subject, as he is said to have executed them already twice before in marble. Of the great Frieze of 134 feet in length, which Thorwaldsen is to make for the church, which the Crown Prince of Bavaria intends to build opposite to his Museum; and which is to represent the History of our Saviour (I believe in twenty-two divisions) two are already modeled by Thorwaldsen, and are now in the hands of his scholars to be executed in marble. The two beautiful statues for the Crown Prince are indeed already far advanced, but require the finishing hand of the Artist. Some persons however suppose that he will leave it to his late scholar, Tenerani, to put the last hand to them, as he has hardly time to execute every thing himself. In his study stand at present two most beautiful statues, modeled by Tenerani, and now executed by him in marble; the one a Psyche which is extremely graceful, and the other a recumbent Venus, with Cupid extracting a thorn from her foot: an elegant group, which Tenerani has executed for Prince Metternich.

"The well known celebrated Swede, Mr. Von Byström, who is particularly skilful in handling the chisel, and is of a lively, cheerful, disposition, has just finished a beautiful group for the King of Sweden, which really deserves the approbation of all connoisseurs and has much character. Juno, the majestic Juno, in the full luxuriance of health is represented sleeping naked on an elegant antique sofa, and the little infant Hercules sucks iron strength from her full bosom; the busy sucking boy is beautifully executed, and the character of the goddess is even in her sleep, admirably expressed in her physiognomy. The accessions as the elegant elastic mattrass on which she reclines, the pretty drapery, the beautiful couch reflect much credit on the ingenuity of the workmen who are here at the command of the great artists.

"An able embroideress would be delighted to see how skilfully the sculptors have arranged the neatest patterns on the sheets which seem to be made of the finest Holland linen. The couch on which the mattrass lies is very elegant and tasteful, and this whole group stands on a beautiful black marble slab of Porto Venere, so that this group will be an admirable ornament for a magnificent saloon.

"Mr. Von. Byström has besides perfectly succeeded in the head of a young Bacchus. A whole statue of a young Bacchus, and also of a young Nymph, likewise destined for Sweden, are universally admired. Mr. V. Byström's candid and polite disposition, which is a stranger to envy and dispute, must certainly make him friends even among his brother artists, as he is also inclined to encourage youthful talents. He has in his house a young Count Mörner, who has a great talent for painting, and whose compositions have so much spirit, that great things are expected from him.

One of our most delightful German Landscape painters, Mr. Rebell (a native of Tyrol, possessor of wit and agreeable manners) who has a very peculiar talent to represent the beautiful Sea Venus of Sicily and Naples, and who has just finished two charming scenes for the Emperor of Austria, resides in the hospitable circle of Mr. V. Byström. Mr. Rebell is at present employed on three delightful landscapes for Prince Metternich. Upon the whole, next to sculpture, landscape painting has now reached the highest perfection here. Mr. Vogd, a native of the Netherlands, produces many particularly beautiful pieces, and has much to do. He succeeds extremely well in the animals, with which he adorns the landscapes. Mr. Verfaffel, a native of Antwerp, and established here many years, is a distinguished artist, and has a great deal of employment.

The sea pieces of the skilful Mr. Cater of Berlin, are of uncommon effect. As he is a good historical painter, the figures in his landscapes are well designed. A representation of the Quay of Naples, which is crowded with figures painted for General Koller, is very lively, and in which he has perfectly succeeded. He has much to do, and is generally beloved. Bassi, a young Italian of Perugia, a friend of Catel, is also an admirable landscape painter. His foliage, his light and shade are particularly excellent.

"Of Historical painters I will only mention Messrs. Riepenhausen, brothers, who are among the most skilful Artists of Rome. I will not yet say any thing upon the present state of painting in Rome, as I must in fact see more myself. But it is undoubtedly true that art is here at home."

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VARIETIES.——LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

PROCEEDINGS OF PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ON the 1st of May, 1819, this society held its fifteenth anniversary, in a new and spacious house recently constructed for that purpose in Regent-street. After the proceedings had closed, a report on the state of the society was read, by which it appeared that the total number of members on that day was 601, of which 220 had been elected in the preceding year.

At the first meeting in June, several interesting papers were read, particularly one on the steam-pits, erected by Count Zubow, at St. Petersburg, by Dr. Fisher, inspector of the botanic garden at Gorinski, near Moscow, a foreign member of this society.—These pits are constructed for the general purpose of forcing, but more particularly for pines: they are filled with earth instead of tan, and are heated by passing a perforated steam-pipe through a reservoir of water, occupying the whole space beneath the pit, and the water being heated by this means, communicates its heat to the earth above through perforated planks, and raises it to a high temperature. It retains its heat so effectually that the fire may be discontinued for several days without injury to the plants. A communication from Dr. Hill was also read, on the use of oxygen gas for improving the growth of plants. Dr. H. has proved, by frequent experiments, that water impregnated with this gas, and applied to the roots of plants in a feeble state, will rapidly effect a change, and produce the most luxuriant vegetation.

On the 3d of August a specimen of transplanted onions were presented by Mr. David Anderson, gardener to the Viscount Montague, at Ditton Park. The seed was sown in September, 1818; some were transplanted the first week in the succeeding March, and others suffered to remain in the seed-bed. On comparison, the transplanted bulbs more than tripled, in size and weight, those which were suffered to remain.

October 19. Numerous specimens of pears and apples, many of them of great excellence, were exhibited. The effects of ringing the branches of apple-trees, in enlarging the fruit, was exemplified in six varieties, presented by T. Hunt, esq.

At the last meeting of the society, held December 7, silver medals were presented to Mr. Robert Hedley, of Yarm, and to Mr. Thomas Tanner, late gardner to Lord Henry Fitzgerald, for their skill in horticulture.

ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

The Royal Humane Society have recently published directions for the recovery of persons apparently dead, from drowning, lightning, cold, heat, noxious vapours, apoplexy &c.; and as a great number of valuable lives have been preserved to society by the means here recommended, we feel it a duty we owe to the public to extract the same for general information. They are as follows:

Cautions.—1. Never to be held up by the feet. 2. Not to be rolled on casks, or other rough usage. 3. Avoid frictions with salt, or spirits, in all cases of apparent death.

The Drowned.—1. Convey carefully the body, with the head and shoulders raised, to the nearest convenient house.

2. Strip and dry the body: clean the mouth and nostrils.

3. Place young children between two persons in a warm bed.

4. An adult. Lay the body on a blanket or bed, in a warm chamber, in winter.—To be exposed to the sun in summer.

5. To be gently rubbed with *flannel: a heated warming-pan*, covered, lightly moved over the back and spine.

6. If no signs of life appear, the warm bath: *warm bricks*, &c. apply to the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet.

7. To restore breathing—introduce the pipe of a pair of bellows (when no apparatus) into one nostril; the other nostril and the mouth closed: *inflate the lungs* till the breast be a little raised; the mouth and nos-

trils must then be let free:—repeat the process till life appears.

8. Where a bellows, or any proper apparatus, cannot be had, immediately attempt to excite the natural inspiration and expiration, by pressure on the breast, ribs, and muscles of the body, merely by the hands, so as to press out as large a portion of air as possible, and then removing and applying the pressure alternately, in order to imitate the natural breathing, and promote the introduction of atmospheric air, in proportion to the quantity pressed out from the air-cells of the lungs. This process has proved highly successful; and as any person may apply it, as well as a medical professor, it should not be delayed a moment.

9. Electricity *early employed* by a medical assistant. Rub the body with *snow, ice,* or *cold water.* Restore warmth, &c. by slow degrees, and, after some time, if necessary, the plans to be employed for the resuscitation of drowned persons.

Suspension by the Cord.—1. A few ounces of blood may be taken from the jugular vein, and cupping glasses may be applied to the head and neck; leeches also to the temples.

2. The other methods of treatment, the same as recommended for the apparently drowned.

Suffocation by noxious Vapours and Lightning.—Cold water to be repeatedly thrown upon the face, &c. drying the body at intervals. If the body feels cold, employ gradual *warmth,* and the plans for the drowned.

Intoxication.—The body is to be laid on a bed, &c. with the head a little raised: the neckcloth, &c. removed—obtain immediately medical assistance, *as the modes of treatment must be varied* according to the state of the patient.

General Observations.—1. On signs of returning life, a tea-spoonful of warm water may be given; and, if the power of swallowing be returned, warm wine, or diluted brandy—to be put into a warm bed, and if disposed to sleep, will generally awake restored to health.

2. The plans above recommended are to be used for three or four hours. It is an absurd and vulgar opinion to suppose persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance.

3. Electricity and bleeding never to be employed, unless by the direction of the medical assistants.

If the resuscitative process be immediately employed, an immense number of lives will be restored.

Coroners.—Many lives have been sacrificed, which might have been restored, from a prevailing opinion concerning the impropriety of meddling with a body without the permission of the coroner.

Opinion of an eminent special Pleader.—"It is a misdemeanor to prevent the coroner from doing his duty. But the meddling with a body, for the purpose of restoring life, is not a transgression of the law; nor do I know any statute by which such an act is prohibited. The coroner ought to be called in as soon as it is evident that the body is dead."—Absolute, not apparent, death is here meant.

Reflections.—1. This Institution has dried up an abundant source of destruction to human life.

2. Has created an additional province to medical science, and enlarged the boundaries of its exertions.

3. The Royal Humane Society has promoted, in all ranks of people, an ardent spirit of benevolence and philanthropy.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS AND BELLES LETTRES, PARIS.

This academy has proposed the following question as the subject for the prize to be awarded in 1821:

"To compare the monuments which remain of the ancient empire of Persia and Chaldea, either edifices, basso-relievos, statues, or inscriptions, amulets, engraved stones, coins, cylinders, &c., with the religious doctrines and allegories contained in the *Zend Avesta,* and with the indications and data which have been preserved to us by Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Oriental writers, on the opinions and customs of the Persians and Chaldeans, and to illustrate and explain them, as much as possible, by each other."

The prize is a gold medal of 1,500 francs value. The essays are to be written in Latin or French, and sent before the 1st of April, 1821. The prize will be adjudged in July following.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES,

At its sitting of the 8th of November, appointed Sir Humphrey Davy to be foreign associate, in the room of the late Mr. Watt. The ordinance confirming this appointment was issued on the 17th of December.

VARIETIES.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Illumination of Coal Mines.—The ingenious plan for illuminating cities by the means of an electrifying machine, (noticed in our last number), appears well adapted for the use of coal mines, &c. and bids fair to reduce the number of those terrific explosions of such frequent occurrence in an inflammable atmosphere. The electric fluid in Professor Meinacke's apparatus acts on a similar principle to the galvanic column lately applied to the formation of a self-moving machine.

Economical Mode of rectifying Spirits

of Wine.—If alcohol of 30° be put into a bladder until it is half full, the orifice closed, and the bladder then exposed to the sun, the air, or the heat of a stone, after a short time, the alcohol will be found rectified to 40°, and thus may all the water be evaporated without losing any of the spirit. If water be added to make up the diminished weight, the alcohol will return to 30°; and this may be accomplished by hanging the bladder in a humid place for a few days. By the application of this principle to domestic purposes, wine or spirituous liquors may readily be evaporated to any required strength, while their reduction in bulk will serve as a criterion of their previous strength.

Detonating Mud.—M. Humboldt informs us, that Don Carlos de Pozo has discovered, in the Llanor of Monai, at the bottom of the Quebrada de Moroturo, a stratum of clayey earth, which inflames spontaneously, when slightly moistened and exposed for a long time to the rays of the tropical sun. The detonation of this muddy substance is very violent. It is of a black colour, soils the fingers, and emits a strong sulphureous smell.

New Theory of the Earth.—A curious commentary, or rather an attack, upon the received system of the planetary motions, has recently been published, in a small pamphlet, by Captain Burney, which is likely to excite the attention of the scientific world, and may lead to the discovery of very unexpected astronomical facts. The author deduces the motion of the whole of our system from the progressive motion of the sun itself; a quality which, he says, must be equally possessed by all the heavenly bodies, resulting from the universally acknowleged laws of gravitation. He argues, *a priori*, that from progressive motion rotation is produced, and, *a posteriori*, that a body in free space, having rotation round its own axis, is a clear indication of its being in progressive movement. This he corroborates by the general belief now entertained that our sun and planets are advancing towards the constellation Hercules. The opinion that the sun has progressive motion was not entertained till long after its rotatory motion was discovered. Captain B. states his conviction, that if from the discovery of the sun's rotation and the acknowledged universality of gravity, its progression had been inferred, when Kepler first suggested that the planets moved round the sun by means of its atmosphere, the system of this philosopher would have obtained immediate and lasting credit, and that the hypothesis of these bodies being continued in motion by an original *projectile* impulse would not have been resorted to in accounting for the phenomena of their motions.

Potatoe.—The general opinion is, that this vegetable is indigenous in America, and that it was brought from that continent to Europe by the Spaniards, soon after the discovery of America by Columbus. A fact mentioned in the *Transactions of the Linnean Society*, vol. xii. p 585, may, perhaps, be considered as a corroboration of this opinion. Don Jose Pavon, of Madrid, one of the authors of the *Flora Peruviana*, states, in a letter to Mr. Lambert, that he and his companions Ruiz and Dombey, had found the potatoe (*Solanum tuberosum*) growing wild in the environs of Lima, and fourteen leagues from thence on the coast of Peru as well as in Chili; and that it is cultivated very abundantly in those countries by the Indians, who call it *papas*.

Portable Gas Lamp.—The ingenious idea of compressing gas for the purpose of rendering it portable, and thus adapting it to various economic purposes, appears to have been suggested by Professor Brande, in a lecture delivered May, 1816. In this case, Mr. Gordon has no claim to the title of inventor, much less to the exclusive protection of a patent right which he has lately assumed.

Water Clocks.—The Clepsydra, the water clocks of the ancients, seem to have been well fitted for astronomical purposes. They were formed by a regular flow of water into a bason, in which there was a buoyant body that gradually mounted as the water entered and the bason filled. To this body was fixed the one end of a chain, the other was carried over the axis of a wheel, and had a weight fixed to it, which counterpoised the floating body, and kept the chain stretched so that the wheel necessarily turned regularly round as the water flowed into the bason.

Curious Galvanic Experiment.—If the hand is applied with a slight degree of friction to the upper eye-lid in a darkened room, and the thumb thrust below the superciliary ridge, a vivid and highly luminous circle will be visible. To ensure success, the room must be perfectly dark, and the nail of the thumb turned towards the eye, a considerable pressure being employed on the upper lid while in the act of raising it.

Signor Belzoni.—The Gazette de France contains a general notice of the valuable discoveries made in Africa by this enterprising traveller, and thus concludes:—"It is painful for us to announce that the London (*British*) Museum alone profits by his discoveries.

The Parisian editor, we presume, regrets the departure of those *halcyon days* when the Musée Napoleon was enriched with plundered spoils torn from the altars and thrones of more than the half of Christendom. Would he know the cause of this misfortune which he so pathetically laments, he will find it in the praise-worthy love of science so eminently displayed by the British government, and the liberal patronage of those who aid in its advancement.

Sculpture.—A fine statue, habited in full

robes, of the late Right Rev. and venerable Bishop Skinner, Primate of the Scotch Episcopal Church, is just finished by the Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, and about to be sent to its place of destination—the spacious new Gothic chapel (dedicated to St. Andrew), in Aberdeen. The figure, judiciously chosen, has a bible put into the hands, and is in the act of delivering a text from the Proverbs of Solomon, "Buy wisdom and sell it not."

Printed Maps—The celebrated Mr. Firmin Didot is now employed in engraving the dies for moveable types for printing maps, which will, it is affirmed, equal those engraved on copper, and which invention seems to be exclusively his own. Many attempts have already been made to print maps with moveable types, among which the specimens from the presses of Messrs. Haas of Basil, and Periaux of Rouen (who exhibited in the exhibition of Arts this year, a beautiful map of the department of the lower Seine) are particularly distinguished; but they do not satisfy the expectations of connoisseurs; it is therefore hoped, that Mr. Firmin Didot, by his talents and zeal, will succeed in conquering the difficulties which have hitherto opposed the complete success of this important branch of typography.

We must observe, that the art of printing maps with moveable types, is originally a German invention. It is well known that one of the earliest printers, Conrad Sweynheym or Schweinheim, introduced this art into Rome, in company with Arnold Pannarz, on the occasion of printing the twenty-seven maps for the cosmography of Ptolemy. He died before the work was quite finished, and it was therefore executed by another German, Arnold Buckinck (Bucking) at Rome, in October 1478. The pratice was continued for some time in the 16th century, but aftewards abandoned, probably because it was too difficult and tedious, till the second half of the 18th century, when two Germans, almost at the same time, and without knowing any thing of each other, renewed the attempt. The first who published a specimen was Augustus Gottlieb, a Prussian, deacon at Carlsruhe, and who corresponded with the celebrated printer William Haas, of Basil, that he might cut types for him on a certain plan, to be used in map-printing. His first attempt was made in 1776. It anticipated Breitkopff in the publication and execution of his ideas, and was called typometry. In the same year, however, appeared the Environs of Leipsig, by Breitkopff, as a specimen; and his second attempt, in 1777, in which, and also in succeeding essays which were not made public, he constantly endeavoured to improve his invention.

Mr. Didot will now probably find some method to facilitate the very troublesome process. That may be—Nam inventis facile est addere.—*Literary Gazette.*

RURAL ECONOMY.

Turnip Fly.—From experiments made by Lord Thanet and Mr. Grey, it has been ascertained, that lime sown by hand, or distributed by a machine, is an infallible protection to turnips against the ravages of this destructive insect. It should be applied as soon as the turnips come up, and in the same daily rotation in which they were sown. The lime should be slacked immediately before it is used, if the air be not sufficiently moist to render that operation unnecessary.

New Method of grafting Trees.—The common method of grafting, by making a transverse section in the bark of the stock, and a perpendicular slit below it, is frequently unsuccessful.—It is recommended in a late number of the *Annales de Chimie* to reverse the operation, by making the vertical slit above the transverse section, and pushing the bud upwards into its position.

To preserve Fruit Trees from the Effects of Frost.—M. Bienenberg, of Lignitz, in Siberia, has contrived a sort of rope, from the use of which he has, during many years, derived great advantages. These ropes are made of straw or hemp, with which he envelopes fruit trees, the ends of the ropes being put into, and reaching to the bottom of a vessel filled with spring water.

A single vessel will suffice for several trees, by winding the same rope, or many united ropes, around all of them, and placing the two ends in the vessel. The vessel should be four or five yards distant from the trees, taking care that the branches do not touch the ice upon the surface of the water.

This singular preservative has been proved in many places of Prussia and Poland, and always with success. The lovers of horticulture should avail themselves of it, particularly for apricots, which, blossoming early, are more exposed to the destructive effects of late frosts, than most other trees.

Important Invention in Acoustics.—It may be justly remarked in regard to all the sciences that industry and ingenuity are now approaching their height in rendering their application successful for the use of society. The only neglected branch of surgery which remained some time ago nearly untouched, is that which regards the ear and its operations, Mr. Curtis, aurist to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, has, by taking up this branch exclusively, placed it on the same footing as the other divisions of surgical science, by instituting as a school of practice the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, where he has an extensive field for attempting every mode of improvement in the treatment of deafness, which either

experience or analogy can point out. It is on this principle he has made a valuable improvement on an instrument used by the Sieur Gengot of Versailles, as described by Gaungeot, for injecting liquids into the eustachian tube, from the back part of the mouth, in cases of deafness of long standing. The use of it produces no pain, and supersedes the necessity of puncturing the tympanum.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

FRANCE.

Improvement in Iron Bridges.—A memorial of some interest has been presented to the French Chamber of Deputies, on the subject of wrought iron bridges, by M. Poyet, architect to the minister of the interior and to the Chamber, and a member of "the Institute." We give an abstract of its most material passages.

"I propose to substitute for stone bridges (the enormous expence of which renders the construction of an adequate number impracticable), bridges of wrought iron, which are as strong as stone bridges, and may be built at about one-fifth of the expense. If instead of constructing these iron bridges on stone piles, wood were substituted for the stone, the expense would be diminished one-half, and thus we might have ten wooden bridges for one of stone.

"The bridge which I propose, is constructed on an entirely new plan, which precludes the possibility of those accidents so frequent in France and Germany, where inundations sweep away the strongest erections, because they too powerfully resist the passage of the water in strong currents, and the passage of the ice after them.

"The principal advantages of the bridge I propose, are—

"1. Great strength; each arch bearing the weight of a million of kilogrammes, (984 tons 7 cwt.), without the necessity of constructing abutments for the support of the last arch.

"2. The piles may be raised at the distance of thirty or forty metres (98 to 130 feet), from each other, which must of course diminish expense, and facilitate navigation.

"3. The bridge may be constructed with great expedition, because the iron is wrought in the usual way, and only a slight scaffold is requisite for raising it.

"4. It may be repaired without obstructing the foot-path or carriage-way.

"5. It may be raised or lowered at pleasure, leaving only the piles standing, which must prove a vast advantage on frontier rivers in time of war.

"6. A portion of the bridge may be raised between two piles, sufficient for the passage of ships."

ITALY.

Egyptian Antiquities imported abundantly.—It is not easy to say how far fashion may extend its dominion, when once it has obtained pre-eminence. Anciently Egypt was not only the granary of Rome for corn, but the inexhaustible source of idols and antiquities. At the present moment, fashion is taking the same direction; and Egypt is ransacked for antiquities, to supply all the world. Besides the discoveries and acquisitions recently made by the English and French, Rome also has put in for a share of the spoils of Egypt.

Antiquities discovered: obscurities explained.—The *Giornale Arcadico* for July last, contains an account of the discovery of three ancient *favissæ*, by the architect Joseph de Rosso. The immediate occasion of this discovery was the operation of levelling and relaying the soil and pavement around the dome. In this place was, anciently, the temple and the citadel of *Faesulæ*. In front of the temple were three pits, of a pyramidal form, into which were thrown the remains of the victims which had been consecrated to the gods, and which, consequently, were considered as no longer applicable to common use. The sacred pits were distinguished by the name of *favissæ*, or *flavissæ*. Marcianus says, that there were others near the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Those of Fiesoli were filled with remains of various animals, horns of goats, teeth of wolves, &c.; and among these, fragments of sacred vases, &c. These *favissæ* have been explained by Sig. Joseph del Rosso, who has given a plan of the localities; in which also have been discovered, at the same time, several ancient Christian tombs.

This will, no doubt, interest classical antiquaries; and we should like to see the further enquiries on the nature and destination of these pits. So far as recollection serves at the moment, only remains of sacrifices offered to the *infernal* deities could be thus disposed of. These offerings were attended with peculiar ceremonies, they were also esteemed devoted, in the strongest sense of the term. But Jupiter Capitolinus was not an infernal deity: and there should seem to be either some mistake in reference to his temple; or victims of a peculiar nature were occasionally offered to this deity: —perhaps as deprecating public evils.

AUSTRIA.

Saving Banks.—These useful institutions, whose advantages are well known among us, and our neighbours, the French, have made their way to Austria also; and one is now formed in the *Leopoldstadt*, one of the most populous suburbs of Vienna, under the auspices of the minister of the interior, Count de Saurau. M. Bernhard, honorary censor-royal, now at Vienna, gave the first details of such institutions in a public paper

called the *Conservations Blatt*, (sheet) in which he had urged the necessity for establishing them in the Austrian states. The proposal was favourably received, and considered by the minister of the interior; and M. Weber, rector of a parish in the suburb of Leopoldstadt, with indefatigable activity, associated a number of subscribers for sums, which, in the whole, are of considerable amount. The Austrian government renounces all influence over this nascent undertaking; but has given its sanction by an imperial edict, dated July 9, in which it is described as the "first Austrian *Caisse* of reserve against futurity, established in the Leopoldstadt."

Height of the Passage over the Splugen.—The Austrian engineers at present employed in making this road, have determined the height trigonometrically, and found it 6,393 French feet above the level of the sea. Dr. Schouw, one of the philosophers at present travelling at the expence of the King of Denmark, found the height, by a barometrical observation, 6,431 French feet. The difference between these two determinations is only 58 feet, which, in the case of an isolated barometrical observation, may be considered very small. Formerly the height was reckoned only 5,926 French feet. This is the height given in the Almanack of Gotha.

SWITZERLAND.

Cast Steel, superior to the English.—At a late meeting of the Helvetic "Society of Natural Sciences," which was held at St. Gall, professor Pictet, of Geneva, read to the society an account of two experiments made by a committee of arts, of Geneva, on cast steel, specimens of the manufacture of Col. Fischer, of Schaffhousen. Of this manufacture other specimens also were submitted to the society, together with tools and implements of all sorts, forged of this steel, whether alone, or united to iron; and this last property was reported to be peculiar to itself, and not to be found in the cast steel manufactured in England. Many favourable certificates from the artists of Geneva, who had employed these tools, accompanied the specimens; and reported them to be superior to the English. M. Pictet also shewed two curious specimens of cast steel, chrystalized in the crucible; one with contact of air, the other without. The first presented a rough surface; the other was much smoother, and covered with slighter ramifications, not unlike those visible in water in the state of freezing. Without pretending to give an opinion on the merits of this manufacture, we may be allowed to call the attention of our artists to the subject. We are sorry to see a preference given to any foreign production, of a description in which Great Britain has formerly excelled: and the more, when we find a hint embodied in this report, that the British manufacture has deteriorated in late years. Much allowance may be made for national prejudice, and patriotic partiality; but, this observation, as it affects our countrymen, is too serious to escape our notice, and ought not to escape theirs.

BAVARIA.

Society for Improving the Condition of Commerce and Industry.—This society already reckons more than *ten thousand* members, the central committee of it resides at Nuremburg, where it publishes a journal, the purpose of which is well expressed in its title: "*The Organ of the Commerce and Manufactures of Germany.*" Deputies from this association have visited, and are visiting, the courts of Germany, especially in the South, in order to engage the Princes to make a common cause for the purpose of raising German commerce, which these deputies depict, with all their eloquence, as being in a most deplorable state of oppression and decay. They have met with a very favourable reception at Munich; where the King, the Prince-Royal, and the ministers, have professed their extreme sympathy with the interests of German industry and commerce They have been no less favourably received at Stutgard, by the King of Wirtemburgh.

AFRICA.

Olive oil a remedy against the Plague.—We think it our duty to record an article of intelligence sent by the Swedish consul at Tangiers, on account of its important connection with the interests of humanity. How far the practice is new we cannot pretend to say; but, we know that the external application of oil is old, and was recommended some years ago with great zeal, by Mr. Baldwin, an English consul in the East. M. Graberg writes from Tangiers, June 1, 1819, that by drinking from *four* to *eight* ounces of olive oil, a great number of patients had been saved from death. The remedy acts generally as a sudorific, an abundant sweat breaks out all over the body, and the virus seems to issue with it, and to lose its power. It sometimes proves vomitive or purgative: but the sweating is most salutary The consul states a remarkable circumstance that happened at Tangiers. It is affirmed, that negroes who take the plague never escape with life. But, two negroes, he says, who on the access of the disorder, took a strong dose of this oil, recovered from the effects of the contagion. To render this remedy more efficacious, some use it as frictions and bathings, externally also; and some drink a decoction of alder; but the curative power is in the sweating process brought on by the oil. It is far from our purpose to interpose any opinion on this subject, of which experience only is the proper test; but whether it may prove beneficial in other disorders allied to the plague (the *cholera morbus* of India) may *possibly* prove worth the enquiry of some of our medical men.

THE DRAMA.

THE month has produced several novelties; and first, in point of time, as well as importance, were the Christmas Pantomimes. We consider these the most important, because they still exist on the stage, which is more than we can say for any thing else, that the taste and discriminations of our theatrical purveyors have *managed* to supply. The grinnings of Grimaldi at Covent Garden Theatre, and the jumpings and distortions of Southby at Drury Lane, continue to produce laughter and applause. At the former temple of the muses, the adventures of the far-famed hero of Cervantes form the subject of the Pantomime, and the accidents, calamities, and honours, that fall to the share of his trusty squire, were intended to afford the amusement, which at this season of the year the frequenters of the play-house expect to derive from the eccentricities of the Clown: but the absence of that remarkable and much esteemed personage soon became the topic of general complaint, and the friends of legitimate Harlequinades, objected to the change, not so much for the disappointment occasioned in this instance, as from dread of the alarming consequences that must ensue, if from such an innovation escaping reproof, the Christmas plan of 1819, should be drawn into a precedent that might interfere with the amusements of 1820. The humour of Cervantes, sustained as it was by the most splendid and intricate scenery, and machinery so far failed, that after a few nights it became necessary to transform Sancho into a Clown, and Grimaldi was restored to all his wonted pantomimic glory. This change has met with considerable approbation, and the representatives of Rosinante and Dapple, (two Quadrupeds of great merit, whom the managers very reasonably expected would *draw*,) as well as the subordinate characters (including their masters, who act with great ability for bipeds) are nightly welcomed with the most cordial greetings from the spectators.

At Drury Lane the old story of "Jack and the bean stalk," has been taken to supply the ground-work of a more successful pantomime, than has been seen at that house for a considerable number of years. In splendour, it is by no means equal to its rival at the other house, and the last scene, which is usually the most magnificent, wore a singularly dingy aspect. But if in this instance deficient, it has more of that particular species of fun, which it is held to be the province of pantomime to display, than falls to the lot of "Harlequin and Don Quixotte." This, in one or two instances, degenerated on the first night into grossness, but ill calculated to please a London assembly. The defect, however, has since been corrected, and the rising generation may now be amused with the preposterous, without being offended by the indecorous. Some excellent local scenery accompanies this exhibition, the view up the new street, as it is, and as it will be, and two representations of Exeter Change, were particularly admired, and the description given of its inmates, and the groups formed by the wild beasts, and the tame animals who visit them, were sufficiently whimsical to justify the effect produced on the risible muscles of some of the most determined enemies of pantomimic mummery. Bologna, so long the motley hero of the other house is transplanted, to flourish the Harlequin of this. Southby from Astley's Amphitheatre, is the Clown, and Miss Tree the Columbine.

On the 15th a new Comedy was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, entitled "*Gallantry, or Adventures in Madrid*," If, as Mr. Elliston told the audience, it is difficult to judge of a new comedy, we cannot think that those to whom he addressed himself, had any right to complain of being placed in a situation of difficulty on that occasion. The whole comic strength of the house was brought forward to support it, but not all the amusing petulance of Dowton, the comical contortions of Munden, the florid animation of Elliston, and the playful frivolity of Harley, sustained by the efforts of Mrs. W. West, Mrs. Edwin and Miss Kelly, could procure it a favourable hearing. Distinctly to collect the plot, through the storm which prevailed was impossible; and really from that which transpired, we cannot say that this is a subject of much regret. Its incidents, few in number, were not original in character. To see an old lady resentfully pursue a ridiculous personage, who, under a mistake, had declared himself her lover, is whimsical enough; but unluckily we had laughed at something of the same kind, but infinitely superior, in the *Duenna*, so often, that our mirth was exhausted before we came to "Gallantry." This part of the play was however a fair sample of the

whole, which further offended by a repetition of the same incidents, and these defects, added to a want of sprightly dialogue, sealed its fate.

A remarkable mode of opposing the progress of the play was adopted on this night. The malcontents by an occasional single clap, repeated at intervals, produced such confusion in the house, that what ought to have been the most interesting part of the comedy was wholly unintelligible. The effect of this was ludicrous. The friends of the authors hissed the occasional clappers, and then with a view of putting them down began to clap lustily themselves. Upon this their opponents gave up clapping to hiss, and the moment silence was obtained, they returned to their former amusement. This occasioned much laughter. It was sport for a large portion of the audience, but death to the hopes of the author.

The play was promptly withdrawn on the fall of the curtain.

At Covent-garden Theatre, the play of *Mary Stuart* has been repeated. Having been materially curtailed, it was performed with great applause on the first night, but it has not been often repeated. Miss Foote succeeded Miss Macauly in the part of Mary. We cannot think the transfer of her light lisping prattle from comedy to tragedy, was eminently judicious. She was, however, considered to look the character well: that is, she gave a good idea of Mary, such as poets and painters have delighted to represent her, in the zenith of her charms; but very unlike the "rather corpulent," and elderly lady, who tottered to execution in Fotheringay Castle. Mary at the time she suffered was forty-four years of age. Her beauty had not wholly vanished, but she was no Ninon De L'Enclos.

A Miss Wensley has been brought out as Rosalind and Beatrice. Her figure is good. her manner at times agreeably playful, and her attention to the scene unremitting. We understand that she formerly acted at Salisbury, though when she made her curtsey in Rosalind, it was said to be her first appearance on any stage. Her efforts were honoured with considerable applause, but her voice is not sufficiently powerful to make the leading points so prominent as could be wished, and on the London stage she cannot be expected to hold that high rank in comedy to which she has aspired.

On the 15th, Mr. Nathan, a gentleman well known in the musical world, made his debut as Henry Bertram. His vocal efforts have generally been spoken of as characterised by sweetness and science, but these requisites were not very felicitously displayed at Covent Garden Theatre, and the volume of voice called for in so spacious a house is not at his command, or at least we could not perceive it, through the trepidation of a first appearance, and in the opinion of the majority of the audience he failed. Mr. Nathan has since addressed a letter to the Editor of the Morning Post, in which he complains of the unfeeling sarcasms which have been launched at him, in consequence of his late unfortunate attempt. The appeal is in a more than ordinary degree affecting. When he states, that to provide for a wife and four children, was one of the objects that he sought to accomplish, by embracing the profession of the stage, it is impossible not to admit that the effort was more than justifiable on his part, whatever may be its success. But admitting this, we must remark that an audience cannot be expected to determine, whether or not an actor is capable of affording them amusement by a reference to his necessities. Were this principle adopted—where it once to be assumed, that calamity is entitled to applause, we might soon be called to witness the tender sensibilities of a Juliet, with a hump on her back, and the agile boundings of a Harlequin with a wooden leg. What Mr. Nathan states, with respect to the indisposition under which he laboured on the night of his debut, is much more to the purpose. Afflicted as he describes himself to have been, it is matter of surprise that he could sustain himself to the end of the play. He announces it to be his intention to present himself to the public again as the representative of Macheath. The choice of that character, we confess, surprises us, but we sincerely hope that he will not make this effort till his health is perfectly re-established, and that no prejudice springing from his late failure will be suffered to influence the decision of the night.

To console us for the loss of Miss O'Neill, an attempt has been made to supply a new tragic actress in the person of a Mrs. de Jersey Beaumont, from the Philadelphia Theatre. It is rather too late in the day for her to look forward to a brilliant career in the metropolis. Her countenance is not destitute of expression, but her whole appearance was not exactly suited to Isabella, (the part in

which she came out) and her voice is peculiarly inharmonious. Her acting was merely respectable, and her reception so indifferent, that we apprehend her first appearance will prove her last.

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Mr. Pontifex's Patent Apparatus for raising Water by means of Fire.—The very limited reading of many ingenious inventors of the present day, seduces them into a belief that every thing that has the air of originality to them, must be equally new to their fellow mortals; a more extended view of the scientific literature of the last century would speedily correct this mistake, and a very considerable saving of time and expense would be the result. These observations unconsciously present themselves from a perusal of Mr. P.'s specification which contains little more than an imperfect description of that stupendous machine the steam engine. The first application of fire to the raising of water is unquestionably due to the Marquis of Worcester, though it is probable that he merely employed the repellent force of steam of a high expansive power for that purpose.*

Captain Savary, who is the next candidate for the honour of this invention, constructed an engine in its effects precisely similar to the one of which Mr. Pontifex now claims the title of original inventor, and to which, indeed, Captain Savary's engine is in many respects superior. The Marquis, as we have already observed, merely employed the repellent force of steam, and to this Savary added the pressure of the atmosphere, by which he filled up the vacuum produced from the condensation of the steam, after it had ceased to operate by its expansive force. The latter part of this invention has been adopted by Mr. Pontifex, whose engine may be thus described.—

Two copper vessels made to fit air tight are connected by what Mr. P. denominates a suction pipe, the lower end of which is immersed in the well from whence water is to be raised: steam is then admitted through two small branch pipes communicating with the boiler, which is again condensed by the admission of a jet of water. A vacuum being thus formed, the pressure of the atmosphere is sufficient to raise the water about thirty feet, which is the extreme capacity of Mr. Pontifex's engine.

New invented Gun.—A gun of an entire novel construction, was exhibited a short time back in the gardens of York-House, before the Duke of York. It weighs less than the common musket, though composed of seven barrels; one is of the common length, and in the same position; around it, at the breech, are the six others, of about three inches in length only. The simple act of cocking places each of the short barrels successively in complete connexion with the long one, and that of shutting primes it; so that seven discharges may be effected in 30 seconds. It is perfectly safe and accurate, every part being so guarded, as to prevent the possibility of danger, error, or impediment, with great simplicity.

Valuable Nautical Model.—Mr. Bywater has constructed a small model of a ship, in such a manner as to exhibit, by actual experiment, the principal magnetic phenomena mentioned by Captain Flinders, in his voyage to New Holland. From a minute attention to the subject, Mr. B. has devised a plan, which in all probability will remedy, by very simple means, the defect arising from the local attraction pointed out by Capt. Flinders, and thus be of real advantage to the science of navigation. A drawing of this plan (as it will be important to ships of war) has been sent to the Admiralty.

Important invention in Hydraulics.—There is at present circulated in Paris, the prospectus of a new machine which, if we may believe the authors, will overturn all our present system of hydraulics. They engage to supply a small portable steam engine, which will raise the water to the height of sixty feet, at the rate of fifteen quarts per minute. The machine will consume no more than the value of one pennyworth of coals in an hour, to raise nine hundred quarts of water to this height. It will cost six hundred francs, and will last more than a hundred years. No payment is required till the engine has been tried, and given satisfaction; till it is fixed, and raises the water from the well to the roof of the house, which will thus be secured against fire. They offer, for progressive prices, machines which shall raise double, triple, decuple quantities of water, to double triple, decuple heights, (i. e. 120, 180, or 600 feet) and this in infinite progression.

The authors had at first concealed their names, and this mysterious conduct excited suspicion. They have now made themselves known. They are Messrs. Croissen, brothers, both pupils of the Polytechnic School, and one of them Commandant of Artillery, whose talents inspire the greatest confidence. They keep their discovery a secret, and will not divulge it till they have raised

* We have on a former occasion noticed the Marquis's claim to this invention, a description of which is inserted in the *Century of Inventions*, published in 1663; and observe with pleasure that a new and improved edition of the above work, from the noble author's MSS. is now preparing for publication.

subscriptions for twenty thousand inches of water, according to their way of calculating.

New Stop-Cock for Pneumatic Apparatus.—In consequence of the frequent imperfection of the common stop-cock for the retention of condensed gaseous matter, Sig. Crivelli, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Milan, has invented another, which is supposed to be free from the objections that may be made to the first. It consists of a box and plug, both of the usual form; also a conical valve and a spring tube. The aperture in the end of the stop-cock, as far as it projects from the shoulder of the box is conical, and carefully ground. The other part inwards is cylindrical; the valve is a metal rod, extending from the plug to a certain distance beyond the conical end of the aperture just mentioned, with which it is made to correspond, so as to fit it with great accuracy. This valve is retained in its place in a shut position by a small spiral spring in the tube, which tube screws on to the worm at the conical end of the aperture. The opposite side of the box, corresponding to the other side of the aperture, has no appendage, but is finished by having a groove cut in its inside nearly half way round, and level with the valve and the aperture. The plug of the cock is not bored, but has a groove cut in it, deepest in the middle of its length, and passing off gradually into the general surface of the plug, so as to form a kind of inclined plane on it. This groove extends half way round, and is so arranged, that when the plug is put into its place, it shall receive the end of the valve, and the depth of the groove being such, that the former may perfectly enter into and close the conical aperture when its extremity is in the middle of its groove. Now, it is evident, that whilst the cock remains in this state, it is shut against the passage of any gas through it, not only by the conical valve, but also by the disunion of the two grooves; when, however, the plug is turned, the plane presses on the end of the valve, and opens it either more or less, according as it is turned round, and at the same time, the end of the plug groove passing over the end of that in the box, opens a channel, by which the gas passes off, which has already made its way by the valve. The emission of the gas may, in this way be regulated with great nicety, and its retention, if required, secured in a very perfect manner. The plug is retained in its place by a screw, or, as in the usual manner; and it is evident, that the valve end of the stop-cock, is that which is to be inserted into the vessel intended to contain the gas.

Improved Roller Pump.—A roller pump on an improved principle, for which a patent has been obtained, has for some time past been erected at Worcester, for the purpose, we believe, of raising water from the Severn into the large basin of the Worcester canal. It will throw up nine hundred gallons in a minute.

NEW PATENTS.

Specification of the Patent granted to THOMAS MOTLEY, *of the Strand, for certain Improvements on Ladders.*—Dated May 19, 1818.

These ladders if made of iron, to be constructed of sheet or wrought iron hoops, or of iron rolled or drawn with one, two, or more ribs, either on one or both sides, to be in any given lengths that may be required. The rounds or stops to be composed of hollow iron or metal tubes, of any required diameter, to be fixed in holes, made in the said side plates, either with a shank or shoulder, welded or bored inside of the end of the round or step, or with a collar or shoulder brazed, or made outside of each. And to prevent the round or step slipping through, the ends of the same are rivetted down on the outside, either on a collar or ring, or immediately on the outside of the side pieces, or fastened by a nut and screw, or otherwise, by making a screw-thread inside of the end of the round or stop with a screw, so as to fasten the sides and rounds or stops to each other. And for the purpose of making the said ladder more portable, I make a mortice, and tenon joint, as may be required, by fixing on the bottom of the outside of the upper succeeding part of the ladder or mortice, rivetted or brazed, and the top part of the two sides of the ladder I reduce to a tenon, so as to fit the mortice; and on either the mortice or tenon part is fixed a spring ketch to fasten them together. In like manner the joints are made applicable to wood ladders, or by having a dovetail of cast iron or brass with a wrought iron or brass tenon to fit therein, to be secured by a spring bolt or collar.

Specification of the Patent granted to JAMES FRASER, *of Long Acre, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, for his Invention of a Junction of Tunnels in a Boiler, for the purpose of Lessening the Appearance of Smoke, and for Lessening the Consumption of Fuel.* Dated Nov. 19, 1818.

This improvement consists in a vertical with a horizontal tunnel in a boiler, or in other words, both these tunnels are in the midst of the water. The horizontal tunnel is the supposed fire-place, and the vertical tunnel supplies the horizontal with fuel from above, so that the fire is immediately under the vertical tunnel, on the top of which is a door and register; also when the smoke is required to be burned, this register will admit of sufficient air to effect combustion, and beat the smoke down into the ignited coals, and thereby lessen its quantity. The vertical hopper will also supply the boiler with a quantity of coals, so that for ordinary purposes, such as for heating by steam, it may be left several hours; supplying itself regularly with coals, without attendance. From the junction of tunnels above-mentioned, the fire and hot air descend to the secondary flue under the boiler, pass

nearly its whole length from back to front, then turns right hand and left under the bottom to the sides, and then to the chimney. There are two flues issuing from the fire or horizontal tunnel, which meet the main flue, and present a more enlarged surface of flame and hot air to the water, and these flues may be made to pass out at the ends of the boiler, parallel with the horizontal tunnel, and then be made a common vortex. Bricks also may be placed at the flues and end of the fire; this will prevent the boiler from being burned, and will assist in bringing down the regular supply of coals from the vertical tunnel. The above horizontal tunnel is supposed the primary and essential flue; what I call the secondary flue is, in fact, the primary one of many boilers now in use, and my primary or horizontal is their secondary one; but the junction of a horizontal, with a vertical, tunnel opens a communication in the inside of a boiler, that independent of its convenience, presents many advantages, supposed unattainable in ebullition of ten hours' continuance, a more rapid combustion, and an enlarged surface.

PATENTS LATELY GRANTED.

HENRY TRITTON, of Battersea, esq. for a new method of producing rotatory motion. Dec. 4, 1819.

JAMES DICKSON, Gilmore-place, Edinburgh, for an improvement in communicating power to machinery by water, spirits of wine, quicksilver, oil, or fluids; which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes. Dec. 4.

SAMUEL LAMBERT, of Princes-street, for an improved water-wheel, applicable to mills and navigable bodies, and for other improvements. Dec. 4.

HENRY C. JENNINGS, of Carburton-street, gent. for an improved substitute for pitch. Dec. 4.

Sir WM. CONGREVE, of Cecil-street, bart. for certain improvements in the manufacture of bank-note paper for the prevention of forgery. Dec. 4.

WILLIAM CARTER, esq. of Grove-place, for certain improvements in the manufacture of measures of capacity. Dec. 9.

ARSLEY PELLATT, esq. of St. Paul's Church-yard, for an invention for incrusting into glass vessels, white or other coloured figures, made of composition metal, or other suitable material. Dec. 18.

JAMES HENRY LEWIS, of High Holborn, professor of stenography, for an improvement in the pens usually employed in the art of writing, which he denominates *caligraphic fountain pens*. Dec. 20.

LITERARY REPORT.

Speedily will appear a work entitled, the Faith, Morals, and Discipline of the Church of England Defended, in a Letter to the Rev. E. J. BURROWES, occasioned by his Second Letter to the Rev. W. MARSH.

The Rev. J. D. FOSBROOKE has in the press a quarto volume of Abstracts, &c. of Smythe's Lives of the Berkeleys; including all that is important in that excellent MS.; to which will be prefixed a copious History of the Town and Castle of Berkeley.

In the course of this month the Rev. Dr. BUSFIELD will publish a second volume of Sermons.

Dr. PIECHARD, physician to the Bristol Infirmary, is about to publish a Report of the Cases of Fever in St. Peter's Hospital and the Bristol Infirmary.

Mr. LEIGH HUNT, author of "Rimini," is about to publish a translation of Tasso's Amyntas, with an Essay on the Pastoral Poetry of Italy.

Mr. WM. GARDINER, author of "Saltana, a Tragedy;" "Lectures on Elocution," &c., is printing a Novel, entitled, the Mock Moralist, in three volumes.

Messrs. LACKINGTON and Co. expect to publish Mr. GORHAM'S History of St. Neot's, (in one thick volume, 8vo.) in the course of the present month.

Mr. G. MOLLIEN, whose enterprising spirit led him, in 1818, to explore the Sources of the Senegal and Gambia, is the nephew of the French peer of that name. The account of his Travels may be expected to excite considerable interest. It is edited by Mr. BOWDICH, author of "The History of the Mission to Ashantee," and printed uniformly with Park's Travels.

An Inquiry into certain Errors respecting Insanity, by Dr. BURROWS, is in the press, and will appear this month.

This month will appear, Retrospection, a Rural Poem. By THOMAS WHITBY, author of "The Priory of Birkenhead, a Tale of the Fourteenth Century."

Elements of the History of Civil Governments; being a View of the Rise and Progress of the various Political Institutions that have subsisted throughout the World; and an Account of the Present State and distinguishing Features of the Governments now in existence, by JAMES TYSON, esq. will be published very speedily.

In the press, the Iliad of Homer, translated into English prose, as literally as the different Idioms of the Greek and English languages will allow: with Explanatory Notes. By a Graduate of the University of Oxford. In 2 vols. 8vo.

In the early part of the present month, Mr. Baynes and Son will publish the first portion of their Catalogue of old Books, to

comprise an extensive collection of Divinity, Dictionaries, and the Greek and Roman Classics.

Mr. WILLIAM CAREY has nearly ready for publication, his "Brief Thoughts on the Early Obstacles to the Progress of the Fine Arts in Great Britain and Ireland; containing a Refutation of the Anti-contemporarian and Anti-British Arguments and Prejudices against modern Art." Dedicated, by express permission, to Sir JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, bart.

A Poem, entitled the Palace of John Bull contrasted with the Poor House that Jack Built, will appear in a few days, illustrated by plates.

WALTER HAMILTON, esq. is printing, in two quarto volumes, with maps, a Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Description of Hindoostan, and the adjacent country.

The Rev. JOHN PENROSE has in the press, an Essay on Human Motives, chiefly on principles of religion.

General LACROIX' History of the Revolution in St. Domingo, translated from the French, with notes and illustrations, is preparing for the press.

The Rev. C. SIMEON has in forwardness, in eleven octavo volumes, Horæ Homileticæ, or Discourses in the form of Skeletons upon the whole Scriptures, containing above 1200, distinct from those in the five volumes already published.

C. VON KOTZEBUE's Voyage round the World, in 1816-17-18, is printing in a quarto volume.

Mr. REVELEY, of Bryn y Gwin, Merionethshire, (in conjunction with Mr. GREEN, of Ipswich,) is editing a MS. by his father, the late Henry Reveley, esq. on the Drawings and Sketches of the Great Masters; which is expected to appear early in the spring.

Taxidermy, or a complete Treatise on the Art of preserving every Object of Natural History for Museums, with lists of those that are rarest or most wanted in European collections, will appear next month in a small octavo volume.

Sunday School Sketches; a Memoir descriptive of the benign operation of those Institutions, will soon appear.

Mr. THELWALL is writing the History of the Six Acts, consisting of a review of the transactions of the first five weeks of a sessions of parliament, commencing on November 22, 1819.

Mr. T. CARR will soon publish, the Canadian Settler, being a series of Letters from Lower and Upper Canada, in the summer of 1819.

The Marquis of WORCESTER's Century of Inventions are printing, in octavo, from the original MSS. with notes, a biographical memoir, and a portrait.

A work, said to be written by LOUIS BONAPARTE, is announced, entitled Documens Historiques et Réflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande.—It will contain every event relating to the political or financial situation of Holland, from the commencement of the reign of Louis until the close of his government; sketches of the invasion of Italy and expedition in Egypt, in both of which the author was present; relations of most of the important events in Spain, and his refusal of the crown of that kingdom, on the renunciation of Charles IV. to Ferdinand, his son, and the formal cession of the latter to Napoleon.

Mr. DONCASTER is preparing a work for the press, illustrative of the superior advantages of his New System of Hydro-Agriculture and Mechanical Spade Cultivation; together with the proposition and solution of his newly-discovered Agricultural Paradox; and also on the propriety of parcelling out the Glebe Lands of the Country into convenient-sized Poultry Farms for the employment of the Poor in spade cultivation thereon, as well as for the advantage of small capitalists; a copious extract from which is promised for our next number.

Mr. BRITTON has just finished Part I., forming a half-volume, or Vol. V. to his Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain. This portion consists of 41 engravings, representing a variety of examples of the circular style of ecclesiastical architecture in England; including some specimens of Roman, Saxon, and Norman. These are displayed in plans, elevations, sections, and views; and are calculated to exhibit the progressive changes, or styles, in the architecture of this country. The work is intended to be completed in 80 plates, with appropriate letter-press, which will comprise an historical, descriptive, and critical essay on the rise, progress, and characteristics of the ecclesiastical edifices and styles of architecture in England. The work is to be completed by the end of the year.

The same author has also completed his History and Antiquities of the Metropolitical Church of York, illustrated with 34 engravings of views, elevations, plans, and details of the architecture of that edifice: with biographical anecdotes of the archbishops. He has also produced two out of three Numbers of The History and Illustrations of Lichfield Cathedral.

The following Works are announced to be nearly ready for Publication:

British Genius Exemplified in the Lives of Men, who, by their Industry, or by Scientific Inventions, have raised themselves to opulence, and promoted the Welfare of Mankind. By CECIL HARTLEY, M. A.

The Sketch Book. By GEOFFREY CRAYON. In 1 vol. 8vo.

Giovanni Seogarro, a Venetian Tale; in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Radical Triumvirate; or T. Paine, Lord Byron, and Surgeon Laurence, colleaguing to expel Religion from the Earth, and emancipate Mankind from all Laws, human and divine. By an Oxonian.

The Fudge Family in Italy. By the Author of "The Fudge Family in Paris."

A Tale of Paraguay. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, esq.

The Monastery: a Romance. By the Author of "Waverley," &c. In 3 vols.

An Historical and Statistical Account of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, including various political Observations relating to them. By WILLIAM WILKINSON, esq. late his Britannic Majesty's Consul to the above-mentioned Principalities.

The History of Parga; containing an Account of the Vicissitudes of that part of Greece during the French Revolution: supported by authentic Documents. Translated from the Italian MS. of HUGO FOSCOLO. 8vo.

Journal of a Tour in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; with Excursions to the River Jordan, and along the Banks of the Red Sea to Mount Sinai. By WILLIAM TURNER, Foreign Office. 3 vols. 8vo.

Memoir of the Early Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, in Portugal and Spain. By an Officer employed in his Army. 8vo.

The following Sales by Auction of rare and valuable Libraries and Collections of Fine Prints are announced by Mr. EVANS:

Mr. North's Engravings, including very ample and curious Collections for illustrating "Pennant's London," and the Original Drawings of Westall from the Holy Scriptures.

The very curious and valuable Library of AMOS STRETTELL, esq. removed from Binderton House, Sussex; particularly rich in Old Poetry, and Scarce and Curious Books, which are in very fine condition, and chiefly bound by Lewis and other eminent binders.

The Fourth and Concluding Part of the Library of the late J. BINDLEY, esq. This Portion will also include his valuable Collection of Autographs.

The Extensive, Curious, and valuable Library of the late SAMUEL LYSONS, esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S. Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

In addition to the List of Sales by Mr. SOTHEBY, *given in our last Number, we are enabled to announce the following:*

The extensive and very valuable Library of the late JAMES CURRY, M.D.

The entire and very valuable Library of EDMUND FLEMING AKERS, esq. of Acton.

The Library of a Gentleman, deceased.

We have been favoured with a sight of some specimens of the PORTRAITS OF THE BRITISH POETS, which are about to be published. The execution of this work appears fully equal to the interest and nationality of the design, and we think, as a *Series* of Portraits, it will rank above any which this country has hitherto produced. The engravings are executed by Messrs. Warren, Engleheart, Finden, Fittler, Wedgwood, Worthington, &c., in their best manner, from drawings by Mr. Thurston. Great pains, we have reason to believe, have been taken to procure the best and most authentic originals, particularly such as have not been already engraved. Any of our readers who may possess original paintings of any of the poets, or information of such originals, will, we are confident, readily lend their assistance to this interesting national work.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

IT has been truly observed of history, that those periods of time which are most fruitful in topics to the historian, are commonly most favourable to the happiness and advancement of nations. The progress of evil is marked by turbulence, and the conflict generally of bad passions: wars, persecutions, tyranny, not only agitate and destroy, while in operation, but leave behind them melancholy vestiges of their course, which often require the lapse of many years to efface. These are the prominent and durable features of an empire, which inevitably arrest the attention of the historian, and demand from him a narrative of their effects, and a philosophical estimate of their causes. Intervals of peace on the contrary, beneath whose benign influence are laid the foundations of every thing, which tends to civilise mankind; those intervals, in which the manners of a people are polished, their literature advanced, their scientific acquisitions made; their arts promoted, glide gently onwards, make no noise as they pass, and are known to have existed, in after ages, only by the wise and useful institutions which they leave behind them. The one period may be compared to a furious tempest, whose howlings and lightnings terrify while it lasts, and whose ravages afflict long after it has ceased; the other, to a calm and genial summer, remembered in the autumn and winter with gratitude, for the abundant harvests which ripened under its fostering suns.

Something of this contrast we feel at the present moment, as to periodical historians of the times in which we live.

When we first began this department of our miscellany in July last, the state of the country was pregnant with materials for comment, and we found no small difficulty in so compressing their multifarious particulars, as that each should receive some portion of our notice. This difficulty continued through all the succeeding months, till at last, the meeting of parliament transferred our attention from the country itself, to the same important proceedings of the great council of the nation. In our preceding number, we entered at some length into these proceedings, and ventured to predict the consequences likely to result from them.

Our predictions have been fully verified; but being so, we are nearly stripped, meanwhile, of all those imposing topics of remark, which could give comparative importance to our labours. Do we repine at this, our destitute condition? Far, very far from it. It is because the nation has, in a great degree returned to its former condition, that we are thus almost without a calling. It is because tranquillity has partially returned, that we have nothing left, except the simple fact of its return. May we long remain in this condition. May the insignificance of our materials long compel us to inform our readers, that the preceding month has passed without producing any event worthy of being recorded! They will be happy in proportion, and we, as one of them, shall be happy too. We do not mean to degrade ourselves by the ignoble comparison that we are about to make: but really, Jack Ketch might as well repine, because he has nothing to do, as we, because we have nothing to relate. He thrives, with the thriving condition of crime; and we can grow into importance only by the growing perils of the state.

While, however, we record the gratifying fact, that the inroads of sedition and disaffection have been thus checked, we may be permitted to say a few words upon the means by which this salutary end has been accomplished. The invaluable boon has been bestowed upon us, by the firmness and wisdom of ministers, aided by the equal firmness and wisdom of parliament. Our representatives, at least the majority of them, have done their duty, to their king, their country, and the constitution. They have applied bold remedies to bold dangers. They analyzed well the character of the evil which menaced us, and they have framed their correctives accordingly. It must be matter of consolation to them, at the same time, and it will be the theme of applause to those who shall hereafter write the history of this eventful period, that while they curbed the demon of sedition, while they silenced the tongue of blasphemy, and while they restrained the band of innovation, they imposed no restraints upon well regulated freedom, they abridged no part of our real constitutional liberties, nor did they impair the venerable fabric of our rights and privileges. Good men may still do and say all that patriotism and virtue may inspire; but mischievous men are prohibited from the prosecution of their criminal enterprises. We defy any individual to lay his finger upon any one part of its bills which were passed during the late sitting of parliament, and say, with truth, here we are interdicted the exercise of a right procured for us by our ancestors, and enjoyed by them, and transmitted to their descendants. The country still possesses, and it should possess them, or it would not be worth living in, rational liberty of speech, rational liberty of writing, and rational liberty of meeting and petitioning. It is to the monstrous and fearful abuses of all these privileges, and which have alone been suppressed, and which, had they not been suppressed, must, in the end, have destroyed those privileges themselves.

It may easily be conceived, that to accomplish this two-fold, and apparently conflicting object, must have been a task in no common degree arduous and difficult. There was danger lest conscientious alarm, and venial timidity should have impelled both ministers and the parliament beyond the strict exigencies of the case. It was to be feared, that in the trepidation of the moment, in the eager desire to await an imminent danger, some incroachment would be made where danger had not appeared; as we pull down an untouched building to stop the raging progress of a conflagration! These apprehensions were fortunately unfounded. Public liberty came unscathed out of the fiery ordeal; and England now, in the defined principles of her government, is nearer to what she was in the purest exercise of its theory, than ever at any period during the last thirty years. We know what we possess, and what we do not. The path is clearly traced in which we may tread; and his head must be singularly confused, or his heart radically bad, who feels, or affects to feel, that that

path is not sufficiently broad and straight.

We are no great admirers of that wisdom which cannot discern the effect in the cause, but must wait for the former, to appreciate the latter. Even to those, however, who were so dull, or so perverse, that they doubted the efficacy of the proposed remedies, while they were only in contemplation, we now confidently appeal for the acknowledgment of their utility. They have only to open their eyes and be convinced. The results indeed, have been so hidden, and so exactly corresponding to what what was anticipated by those who applied the remedies, that they appear almost magical. There has been no gradual transition from a state of tumult and alarm to one of tranquillity and confidence. The change has not been wrought progressively by the application of the new laws. As far as we know, not one of them has yet been brought into operation. The mere knowledge of their existence has been sufficient to work this auspicious alteration. The simple conviction, that there are statutes to punish particular modes of sedition and rebellion, has at once destroyed, or at least suspended them. This fact alone might be taken as a decisive proof of their adequacy.

We are aware that a contrary inference has been drawn from it; but it is an inference replete with fallacy. Those who clamoured against the enactment of any repressive or preventive measures, under the hypocritcal pretence that the existing laws were sufficient, had they been duly enforced, now turn round and exclaim: "Behold the truth of our assertions! the country is quiet; blasphemy is silent: sedition is inactive; and none of your specific remedies have been applied." To this sophism we would answer, in the first place, that neither the old nor the new laws have yet been administered against the disaffected; and therefore, the results we witness must be traced to some other cause. That cause, we maintain, exists in the knowledge of the additional statutes; for it was only when the certainty existed that they would become statutes, and since the period that they have become such, that the results manifested themselves. Impending penalties often do the work of their actual infliction, as a froward child is awed into submission by the mere sight of the rod.

Let it not be supposed, however, that every thing is accomplished! We should grossly deceive ourselves if we settled in any such opinion. We can only be said to have "scotched the snake, not killed it." The emissaries of mischief are still at work; not so openly, indeed, and in the face of day, but in secrecy and darkness. This very circumstance, however, is a great point gained. The danger lay in the unrestrained and fearless exercise of their calling, which was practised by the disaffected, and which stamped an imposing character upon their machinations difficult to be resisted by the ignorant and unreasoning, of which description of persons their followers chiefly consisted. It was natural that they should think the enterprise itself meritorious, when no pains were taken to conceal its character and object. We are habitually taught to consider, and the experience of our lives confirms the notion, that what is immoral and profligate is pursued with caution and timidity. When, therefore, they saw the schemes of the reformers pursued in no such manner, it was at least a venial delusion if they believed them lawful and meritorious. This seductive quality, however, will belong to them no time. The apostles of sedition, if they sink at all, must sink like other agents of crime, with mystery and fear. And this necessity, thus wisely imposed upon them, will powerfully counteract their success, for men generally shrink back, alarmed from enterprises which require such safeguards.

There is every reason, therefore, to hope, that each succeeding month will confirm the auspicious beginning of the present year. This hope does not rest entirely upon the anticipated influence of the new laws, but partly upon the returning good feeling of the country. We have already had some proofs of the latter. In the course of the present month circumstances have occurred which shew that juries (not London juries) are disposed and determined to do their duty. On the 11th instant the Warwick Grand Jury found true bills against six notorious reformers (George Ragg, Thomas Wells, —— Brandis, W. Osborn, C. Whitworth, and Geo. Edmonds, all inhabitants of Birmingham) for various seditious practices. The indictments were all removed by *certiorari* into the Court of King's Bench, except that against Wells, for uttering seditious language against the king. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to three month's imprisonment.

On the 10th inst. at the Exeter City

Sessions, James Tucker was tried on two different indictments; one, for selling the notorious Hone's Parodies; the other, for selling Carlile's Republican. He was found guilty upon both, and sentenced, in the whole, to fifteen month's imprisonment; and at the expiration of that time to find sureties for his good behaviour for three years. He was one of those impudent gentlemen, like Carlile himself, Wroe of Manchester, and others, who defied the law to the last moment; and was, therefore, at the last moment, fitly reminded of the power he braved.

On the 11th and 12th inst. at the Chester Quarter Sessions, six individuals, all of them reformers, were found guilty of a conspiracy to excite sedition by the speeches which they made at a meeting at Macclesfield on the 31st of July last. They were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Similar convictions were obtained at the Sessions for the East Riding of Yorkshire, against a man of the name of Coleman, of Hull, for publishing a seditious libel; and at the Oxford City Sessions, against two men of the name of Vines, father and son; also for publishing seditious libels.

At the Salford Quarter Sessions, held at Manchester, on the 17th inst. the indictments against Wroe, his wife and agents, were to come on, for libels published in *The Manchester Observer*, the most infamous of all the infamous papers devoted to the cause of sedition. He, too, has removed his trial by *certiorari* into the Court of King's Bench, thus protracting, to the last moment, that punishment he no doubt anticipates. We do not blame this proceeding; we only wonder at it in men who talk so loudly of their *innocence*.

With these reflections upon the actual and prospective condition of the country, we close that division of our retrospect which regards our domestic situation.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

UNITED STATES.

Our first attention, for the present month, must be directed to the Speech of the American President to the Congress of the United States. This is a document of so much importance, and of so much general interest at the present moment, that we shall give it entire, premising, first of all, a few observations upon its contents.

The general tone of the message is moderate and conciliatory towards the other powers, except Spain; and with regard to Spain, there is nothing in *the mere expression* that she can complain of. It must be admitted that, with regard to the treaty for the cession of the Floridas, which, after its negociation and signature by its plenipotentiary, Spain has refused to ratify, America makes a *primâ facie* case against her; but, on the other hand, it is but fair to hear what Spain has to say in her defence, before we can finally conclude that she has been guilty of bad faith; nor can we admit, *as a general principle* of the laws of nations, that sovereigns can in any case be bound by *unratified* treaties. There are a series of stages and formalities wisely established by international law, for the negociation and final sanction of treaties, and without all these formalities, no treaty can be said to be in a state to enable either party to claim its execution. As well might it be asserted that an act of Parliament or of Congress was valid, without the sanction of the King or the President.

Out of this erroneous principle, however, which the President rather insinuates than pronounces, he draws a *practical* consequence, which seems to us of considerable importance as a question of *public law*. He says, "America will proceed to execute the Treaty *as if* it had been ratified." Now it may be true that America has reason to complain of Spain's bad faith, and she may, if she pleases, seize the territory in dispute, and may, if she can, justify such open violence by the general state of her antecedent relations with Spain; but surely it is absurd to say that she will proceed to execute a treaty of cession by seizing the territory in dispute, and *that*, too, on the ground that no such cession has been made. The argument, is a very convenient dilemma. "I will take the Floridas, either because you have ratified the treaty, or because you have not—but *quocunque modo*, REM."

As to all the *previous* complaints against the Spaniards they seem to us to be thrown in as mere make-weights, and rather to betray a suspicion of the weakness of the main argument.

The terms in which this country is mentioned, without having much either of menacing or compliment, are satisfactory, as giving a proof that a good understanding continues to exist, and that our state of peace is not likely to be interrupted by the practical measures which America may take to possess herself of the Floridas, though we suppose that all

European governments will be disposed to deny the new doctrine of *military ratifications* to which the President points.

In saying, what we repeat, that the tone of the speech is moderate, we must also in fairness observe, that moderation is a cheap quality to those who have every thing their own way; and as all the *facts* in which America is interested are decided by herself and in her own favour, it is not surprising that her expressions should be moderate, and her tone conciliatory.

We now subjoin the Message itself:—

Washington, December 7.

This day, at 12 o'clock, the President of the United States transmitted to both Houses of Congress, by Mr. J. J. Monroe, the following

MESSAGE.

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and of the House of Representatives:

The public buildings being advanced to a stage to afford accommodation for Congress, I offer you my sincere congratulations on the recommencement of your duties in the Capitol.

In bringing to view the incidents most deserving attention, which have occurred since your last session, I regret to have to state that several of our principal cities have suffered by sickness; that an unusual drought has prevailed in the middle and western states; and that a derangement has been felt in some of our monied institutions, which has proportionably affected their credit. I am happy, however, to have it in my power to assure you that the health of our cities is now completely restored; that the produce of the year, though less abundant than usual, will not only be amply sufficient for home consumption, but afford a large surplus for the supply of the wants of other nations; and that the derangement in the circulating paper medium, by being left to those remedies which its obvious causes suggested, and the good sense and virtue of our fellow citizens supplied, has diminished.

Having informed Congress, on the 27th of February last, that a treaty of amity, settlement, and limits, had been concluded in this city, between the United States and Spain, and ratified by the competent authorities of the former, full confidence was entertained that it would have been ratified by his Catholic Majesty, with equal promptitude, and a like earnest desire to terminate on the conditions of that treaty, the differences which had so long existed between the two countries.—Every view which the subject admitted of, was thought to have justified this conclusion. Great losses had been sustained by citizens of the United States, from Spanish cruisers, more than twenty years before, which had not been redressed. These losses had been acknowledged and provided for by a treaty, as far back as the year 1802, which, although concluded at Madrid, was not then ratified by the government of Spain, nor since, until the last year, when it was suspended by the late treaty, a more satisfactory provision to both parties, as was presumed, having been made for them. Other differences had arisen in this long interval, affecting their highest interests, which were likewise provided for by this last treaty. The treaty itself was formed on great consideration, and a thorough knowledge of all circumstances, the subject matter of every article having been for years under discussion, and repeated references having been made by the Minister of Spain to his government, on the points respecting which the greatest difference of opinon prevailed. It was formed by a Minister duly authorised for the purpose, who had represented his government in the United States, and been employed in this long protracted negotiation several years, and who, it is not denied, kept strictly within the letter of his instructions. The faith of Spain was therefore pledged, under circumstances of peculiar force and solemnity, for its ratification. On the part of the United States, this treaty was evidently acceded to in a spirit of conciliation and concession. The indemnity for injuries and losses so long before sustained, and now again acknowledged and provided for, was to be paid by them, without becoming a charge on the treasury of Spain. For territory ceded by Spain, other territory of great value, to which our claim was believed to be well founded, was ceded by the United States, and in a quarter more interesting to her. This cession was nevertheless received, as the means of indemnifying our citizens in a considerable sum, the presumed amount of their losses. Other considerations, of great weight, urged the cession of this territory by Spain. It was surrounded by the territories of the United States on every side except on that of the ocean.—Spain had lost her authority over it, and falling into the hands of adventurers connected with the savages, it was made the means of unceasing annoyance and injury to our Union, in many of its must essential interests. By this cession then Spain ceded a territory, in reality, of no value to her, and obtained concessions of the highest importance, by the settlement of long standing differences with the United States, affecting their respective claims and limits, and likewise relieved herself from the obligation of a treaty relating to it, which she had failed to fulfil, and also from the responsibility incident to the most flagrant and pernicious abuses of her rights where she could not support her authority.

It being known that the treaty was formed under these circumstances, not a doubt was entertained that his Catholic Majesty would have ratified it without delay. I regret to have to state that this reasonable expectation has been disappointed; that the treaty was not ratified within the time stipulated, and has not since been ratified. As it is important that the nature and character of this unexpected occurrence should be distinctly understood, I think it my duty to communicate to you all the facts and circumstances in my possession relating to it.

Anxious to prevent all future disagreement with Spain, by giving the most prompt effect to the treaty, which had been thus concluded, and particularly by the establishment of a government in Florida, which should preserve order there, the minister of the United States, who had been recently appointed to his Catholic Majesty, and to whom the ratification by his government had been committed, to be exchanged for that of Spain, was instructed to transmit the latter to the department of state as soon as obtained, by a public ship, subjected to his order for the purpose. Unexpected delay occurring in the ratification by Spain, he requested to be informed of the cause. It was stated, in reply, that the great importance of the subject, and a desire to obtain explanations on certain points, which were not specified, had produced the delay, and that an envoy would be dispatched to the United States to obtain such explanations of this government. The minister of the United states offered to give full explanation on any point on which it might be desired—which proposal was declined. Having communicated this result to the department of state in August last, he was instructed, notwithstanding the disappointment and surprise which it produced, to inform the government of Spain, that, if the treaty should be ratified, and transmitted here at any time before the meeting of Congress, it would be received, and have the same effect as if it had been ratified in due time. This order was executed: the authorized communication was made to the government of Spain, and by its answer, which has just been received, we are officially made acquainted, for the first time, with the causes which have prevented the ratification of the treaty by his Catholic Majesty. It is alleged, by the minister of Spain, that this government had attempted to alter one of the principal articles of the treaty, by a declaration which the minister of the United States had been ordered to present when he should deliver the ratification by his government in exchange for that of Spain; and of which he gave notice, explanatory of the sense in which that article was understood. It is further alleged, that this government had recently tolerated, or protected, an expedition from the United States, against the province of Texas. These two imputed acts are stated as the reasons which have induced his Catholic Majesty to withhold his ratification from the treaty, to obtain explanations, respecting which it is repeated, that an envoy would be forthwith dispatched to the United States. How far these allegations will justify the conduct of the government of Spain, will appear on a view of the following facts, and the evidence which supports them.

It will be seen, by the documents transmitted herewith, that the declaration mentioned relates to a clause in the eighth article, concerning certain grants of land recently made by his Catholic Majesty in Florida, which it was understood had conveyed all the lands, which till then had been granted. It was the intention of the parties to annul these latter grants, and that clause was drawn for that express purpose, and for none other. The date of these grants was unknown, but it was understood to be posterior to that inserted in the article:—indeed, it must be obvious to all, that, if that provision in the treaty had not the effect of annulling these grants, it would be altogether nugatory. Immediately after the treaty was concluded and ratified by this government, an intimation was received that these grants were of anterior date to that fixed on by the treaty, and that they would not, of course, be affected by it. The mere possibility of such a case, so inconsistent with the intention of the parties, and the meaning of the article, induced this government to demand an explanation on the subject, which was immediately granted, and which corresponds with this statement. With respect to the other act alledged, that this government had tolerated, or protected, an expedition against Texas, it is utterly without foundation.—Every discountenance has invariably been given to every such attempt within the limits of the United States, as is fully evinced by the acts of the government, and the proceedings of the courts. There being cause, however, to apprehend, in the course of the last summer, that some adventurers entertained views of the kind suggested, the attention of the constituted authorities in that quarter was immediately drawn to them; and it is known that the project, whatever it might be, has utterly failed.

These facts will, it is presumed, satisfy every impartial mind, that the government of Spain had no justifiable cause for declining to ratify the treaty. A treaty concluded in conformity with instructions is obligatory, in good faith, in all its stipulations, according to the true intent and meaning of the parties. Each party is bound to ratify it. If either could set it aside, without the consent of the other, there would be no longer any rules applicable to such transactions, between nations. By this proceeding, the government of Spain has rendered to the United States a new and very serious injury. It has been stated, that a minister would be

sent to ask certain explanations of this government. But, if such were desired, why were they not asked within the time limited for the ratification? Is it contemplated to open a new negociation respecting any of the articles or conditions of the treaty? If that were done, to what consequences might it not lead? At what time, and in what manner, would a new negociation terminate? By this proceeding, Spain has formed a relation between the two countries which will justify any measures on the part of the United States, which a strong sense of injury, and a proper regard for the rights and interests of the nation, may dictate. In the course to be pursued, these objects should be constantly held in view, and have their due weight. Our national honour must be maintained, and a new and a distinguished proof be afforded, of that regard for justice and moderation which has invariably governed the councils of this free people. It must be obvious to all, that, if the United States had been desirous of making conquests, or had been even willing to aggrandize themselves in that way, they could have had no inducement to form this treaty.—They would have much cause for gratulation at the course which has been pursued by Spain. An ample field for ambition is open before them. But such a career is not consistent with the principles of their government, nor the interests of the nation.

From a full view of all circumstances, it is submitted to the consideration of Congress whether it will not be proper for the United States to carry the conditions of the treaty into effect, in the same manner as if it had been ratified by Spain, claiming on their part all its advantages, and yielding to Spain those secured to her. By pursuing this course, we shall rest on the sacred ground of right, sanctioned in the most solemn manner by Spain herself; by a treaty which she was bound to ratify; for refusing to do which she must incur the censure of other nations, even those most friendly to her; while, by confining ourselves within that limit, we cannot fail to obtain their well merited approbation. We must have peace on a frontier where we have been so long disturbed; our citizens must be indemnified for losses so long since sustained, and for which indemnity has been so unjustly withheld from them. Accomplishing these great objects, we obtain all that is desirable.

But his Catholic Majesty has twice declared his determination to send a Minister to the United States, to ask explanations on certain points, and to give them, respecting his delay to ratify the treaty. Shall we act, by taking the ceded territory, and proceeding to execute the other conditions of the treaty, before this Minister arrives and is heard? This is a case which forms a strong appeal to the candour, the magnanimity, and honour of this people. Much is due to courtesy between nations. By a short delay we shall lose nothing; for, resting on the ground of immutable truth and justice, we cannot be diverted from our purpose. It ought to be presumed that the explanations, which may be given to the Minister of Spain will be satisfactory, and produce the desired result. In any event, the delay for the purpose mentioned, being a further manifestation of the sincere desire to terminate, in the most friendly manner, all differences with Spain, cannot fail to be duly appreciated by his Catholic Majesty, as well as by other powers. It is submitted, therefore, whether it will not be proper to make the law, proposed for carrying the conditions of the treaty into effect, should it be adopted, contingent; to suspend its operation upon the responsibility of the Executive, in such manner as to afford an opportunity for such friendly explanations as may be desired, during the present session of Congress.

I communicate to Congress a copy of the treaty and of the instructions to the Minister of the United States at Madrid, respecting it; of his correspondence with the Minister of Spain, and of such other documents as may be necessary to give a full view of the subject.

In the course which the Spanish government have, on this occasion, thought proper to pursue, it is satisfactory to know, that they have not been countenanced by any other European power. On the contrary, the opinion and wishes, both of France and Great Britain, have not been withheld either from the United States or from Spain, and have been unequivocal in favour of the ratification. There is also reason to believe, that the sentiments of the Imperial Government of Russia have been the same, and that they have also been made known to the Cabinet of Madrid.

In the civil war existing between Spain and the Spanish provinces in this hemisphere, the greatest care has been taken to enforce the laws intended to preserve an impartial neutrality Our ports have continued to be equally open to both parties, and on the same conditions, and our citizens have been equally restrained from interfering in favour of either, to the prejudice of the other. The progress of the war, however, has operated manifestly in favour of the Colonies. Buenos Ayres still maintains, unshaken, the independence which it declared in 1816, and has enjoyed since 1810. Like success has also lately attended Chili, and the provinces north of the La Plata, bordering on it; and likewise Venezuela.

This contest has, from its commencement, been very interesting to other powers, and to none more so than to the United States. A virtuous people may and will confine themselves within the limits of a strict neutrality; but it is not in their power to behold a conflict so vitally important to their neighbours, without the sensibility and sympathy which naturally belong to such a case. It

has been the steady purpose of this government, to prevent that feeling leading to excess; and it is very gratifying to have it in my power to state, that so strong has been the sense throughout the whole community, of what was due to the character and obligations of the nation, that few examples of a contrary kind have occurred.

The distance of the colonies from the parent country, and the great extent of their population and resources, gave them advantages which, it was anticipated, at a very early period, it would be difficult for Spain to surmount. The steadiness, consistency, and success, with which they have pursued their object, as evinced more particularly by the undisturbed sovereignty which Buenos Ayres has so long enjoyed, evidently give them a strong claim to the favourable consideration of other nations. These sentiments on the part of the United States, have not been withheld from other powers, with whom it is desirable to act in concert. Should it become manifest to the world, that the efforts of Spain to subdue those provinces, will be fruitless, it may be presumed that the Spanish government itself will give up the contest. In producing such a determination, it cannot be doubted that the opinion of friendly powers, who have taken no part in the controversy, will have their merited influence.

It is of the highest importance to our national character, and indispensable to the morality of our citizens, that all violations of our neutrality should be prevented. No door should be left open for the invasion of our laws; no opportunity afforded to any who may be disposed to take advantage of it, to compromit the interest or honour of the nation. It is submitted, therefore, to the consideration of Congress, whether it may not be advisable to revise the laws, with a view to this desirable result.

It is submitted also, whether it may not be advisable to designate, by law, the several ports or places along the coast, at which, only, foreign ships of war and privateers may be admitted. The difficulty of sustaining the regulations of our commerce, and of other important interests, from abuse, without such designation, furnishes a strong motive for this measure.

At the time of the negociation for the renewal of the Commercial Convention between the United States and Great Britain, a hope had been entertained that an article might have been agreed upon, mutually satisfactory to both countries, regulating, upon principles of justice and reciprocity, the commercial intercourse between the United States and the British possessions, as well in the West Indies as upon the continent of North America. The plenipotentiaries of the two governments, not having been able to come to an agreement on this important interest, those of the United States reserved for the consideration of this government the proposals which had been presented to them as the ultimate offer on the part of the British government, and which they were not authorized to accept. On their transmission here, they were examined with due deliberation, the result of which was, a new effort to meet the views of the British government.—The Minister of the United States was instructed to make a further proposal, which has not been accepted. It was, however, declined in an amicable manner. I recommend to the consideration of Congress whether further prohibitory provisions, in the laws relating to this intercourse, may not be expedient. It is seen with interest, that although it has not been practicable, as yet, to agree in any arrangement of this important branch of their commerce, such is the disposition of the parties that each will view any regulations, which the other may make respecting it, in the most friendly light.

By the fifth article of the Convention concluded on the 20th of October, 1818, it was stipulated that the differences which had arisen between the two governments, with regard to the true intent and meaning of the fifth article of the treaty of Ghent, in relation to the carrying away, by British officers, of slaves from the United States, after the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of peace, should be referred to the decision of some friendly sovereign or state, to be named for that purpose. The Minister of the United States has been instructed to name to the British government a foreign sovereign, the common friend to both parties, for the decision of this question. The answer of that government to the proposal, when received, will indicate the further measures to be pursued on the part of the United States.

Although the pecuniary embarrassments which affected various parts of the Union during the latter part of the preceding year, have, during the present, been considerably augmented, and still continue to exist, the receipts into the treasury, to the 30th of September last, have amounted to 19,000,000 dollars. After defraying the current expenses of the government, including the interest and reimbursement of the public debt, payable to that period, amounting to 13,200,000 dollars, there remained in the treasury on that day more than 2,500,000 dolls., which, with the sums receivable during the remainder of the year, will exceed the current demands upon the treasury for the same period.

The causes which have tended to diminish the public receipts, could not fail to have a corresponding effect upon the revenue which has accrued upon imposts and tonnage during the three first quarters of the present year. It is, however, ascertained that the duties which have been secured during that period, exceed 18,000,000 dolls., and those of the whole year will probably amount to 23,000,000 dolls.

For the probable receipts of the next

year, I refer you to the statements which will be transmitted from the Treasury, which will enable you to judge whether further provision be necessary.

The great reduction in the price of the principal articles of domestic growth which has occurred during the present year, and the consequent fall in the price of labour, apparently so favourable to the success of domestic manufactures, have not shielded them against other causes adverse to their prosperity. The pecuniary embarrassments which have so deeply affected the commercial interests of the nation, have been no less adverse to our manufacturing establishments in several sections of the Union.

The great reduction of the currency which the banks have been constrained to make, in order to continue specie payments, and the vitiated character of it where such reductions have not been attempted, instead of placing within the reach of these establishments the pecuniary aid necessary to avail themselves of the advantages resulting from the reduction of the prices of the raw materials and of labour, have compelled the banks to withdraw from them a portion of the capital heretofore advanced to them. That aid which has been refused by the banks, has been not been obtained from other sources, owing to the loss of individual confidence, from the failures which have recently occurred in some of our principal commercial cities.

An additional cause of the depression of these establishments may probably be found in the pecuniary embarrassments which have recently affected those countries, with which our commerce has been principally prosecuted.

Their manufactures, for the want of a ready or profitable market at home, have been shipped by the manufacturers to the United States, and, in many instances, sold at a price below their current value at the place of manufacture. Although this practice may, from its nature, be considered temporary or contingent, it is not on that account less injurious in its effects. Uniformity in the demand and price of an article, is highly desirable to the domestic manufacturer.

It is deemed of great importance to give encouragement to our domestic manufacturers. In what manner the evils adverted to may be remedied, and how far it may be practicable, in other respects, to afford them further encouragement, paying due regard to all the other great interests of the nation, is submitted to the wisdom of Congress.

The survey of the coast for the establishment of fortifications is now nearly completed, and considerable progress has been made in the collection of materials for the construction of fortifications in the Gulph of Mexico and in the Chesapeake Bay. The works on the eastern bank of the Potomac, below Alexandria, and on the Peapatch in the Delaware, are much advanced; and it is expected that the fortification at the narrows, in the harbour of New York, will be completed the present year. To derive all the advantages contemplated from these fortifications, it was necessary that they should be judiciously posted and constructed with a view to permanence. The progress hitherto, has, therefore, been slow; but as the difficulties, in parts heretofore the least explored and known, are surmounted, it will in future, be more rapid. As soon as the survey of the coast is completed, which, it is expected, will be done early in the next spring, the engineers employed in it will proceed to examine, for like purposes, the northern and north-western frontiers.

The troops intended to occupy a station at the mouth of St. Peters, on the Mississippi, have established themselves there; and those which were ordered to the mouth of the Yellow Stone, on the Missouri, have ascended that river to the Council Bluffs, where they will remain until next spring, when they will proceed to the place of their destination. I have the satisfaction to state, that this measure has been executed in amity with the Indian tribes, and that it promises to produce, in regard to them, all the advantages which were contemplated by it.

Much progress has likewise been made in the construction of ships of war; and in the collection of timber and other materials for ship building. It is not doubted that our navy will soon be augmented to the number, and placed in all respects, on the footing provided for by law.

The Board, consisting of engineers and naval officers, have not yet made their final report of sites for two naval depots, as instructed according to the resolutions of March 18th and April 20th, 1818, but they have examined the coast therein designated, and their report is expected in the next month.

For the protection of our commerce in the Mediterranean, along the southern Atlantic coast, in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, it has been found necessary to maintain a strong naval force, which it seems proper for the present to continue. There is much reason to believe, that if any portion of the squadron heretofore stationed in the Mediterranean should be withdrawn, our intercourse with the powers bordering on that sea would be much interrupted, if not altogether destroyed. Such, too, has been the growth of a spirit of piracy, in the other quarters mentioned, by adventurers from every country, in abuse of the friendly flags which they have assumed, that not to protect our commerce there, would be to abandon it as a prey to their rapacity. Due attention has likewise been paid to the suppression of the slave trade, in compliance with a law of the last session. Orders have been given to the commanders of all our public ships to seize all vessels, navigated under our flag,

engaged in that trade, and to bring them in, to be proceeded against in the manner prescribed by that law. It is hoped that these vigorous measures, supported by like acts by other nations, will soon terminate a commerce so disgraceful to the civilized world.

In the execution of the duty imposed by these acts, and of a high trust connected with it, it is with deep regret I have to state the loss which has been sustained by the death of Commodore Perry. His gallantry in a brilliant exploit, in the late war, added to the renown of his country. His death is deplored as a national misfortune.

JAMES MONROE.

Washington, Dec. 7, 1819.

FRANCE.

In transferring our views from America to Europe, France becomes the next prominent object of consideration. Her legislature, though assembled, has been in a state of complete inactivity during the last month, on account of the illness of two of the principal ministers, M. de Cazes, and M. de Serre. The Paris journals say their indisposition is purely political, and that they are afraid to meet the Deputies upon the question of modifying the existing law of elections. This we do not believe, though we can easily imagine some reasons why they should be reluctant to agitate that vitally important measure. It has, however, undergone a kind of preliminary discussion, in the absence of those ministers, arising from the following circumstances, and which may be considered of some importance, if a change of ministry in France can any longer be regarded as an affair of moment. No change, indeed, has actually taken place; but the result of a division in the Chamber of Deputies, upon the question of receiving the petitions against any alteration in the election law, must lead to one, according to the notions entertained in this country upon such points. The French, who always talk a great deal about what they mean to do, and very often let the thing itself evaporate in the preliminary contention, have been, for the last two or three months, busy in discussing a rumoured project for changing the existing mode of elections. This rumour gained considerable credibility by certain parts of his Majesty's Speech to the two Chambers, and the measure was viewed as one which was to receive the full support of the ministers. The opponents of it immediately took the alarm, and exerted all their influence to procure petitions against it. These petitions, few in number, and comparatively barren of signatures (for they did not amount to 20,000 out of a population of twenty-eight millions), were referred, according to the practice of the French Chamber, to the Committee of Petitions, who was to report upon them to the Deputies. The report was drawn up, and presented by M. Mestadier, who analysed and dissected their component parts in such a way as shewed that faction and cabal had had more to do in preparing them than any influence of public feeling. A large portion of them was drawn up after one common formula of expression; and these, though proceeding from different communes and departments, were dispatched to Paris under one envelope. Others were signed only by a single individual; and none of them, we believe, were attested by the regular municipal or constituted authorities of the places from the inhabitants of which they professed to emanate. Added to these circumstances, the language of most of them was devoid of decorum and gravity, displaying, on the contrary, a ridiculous mixture of threats and rhodomontade, directed too—and which is not the least curious part of the whole business—against a conjectural, a mere suppositious, measure.

Such were the peculiar circumstances which attended the introduction of these petitions to the Chamber of Deputies, on Friday the 14th inst. The recommendation of the Committee, to whom they had been referred, was, that the Chamber should pass to the order of the day. Upon this motion, a vehement debate ensued, which was continued, by adjournment, till the following day, when a division took place, and ministers found themselves with a majority of only *five*. What makes this majority the more decisive in its character, is, that it resulted from as large a number of Deputies as can ever perhaps be assembled upon any question, namely, 229. The whole Chamber consists of only 258 members. Looking, therefore, at this preliminary struggle, as one of strength, and as indicating the feeling of the Chamber upon the main question, we think the minister must either abandon his place or his plan. Our wish is, that he should do neither, unless the first is necessary to the success of the second. We have always considered the existing law of elections in France, as one which carried with it this necessity, either that the law must be altered to agree with the monarchy, or the monarchy altered to agree with the law. Perhaps a clearer proof of its mischievous operation could

not be adduced than the very division above referred to, from which it appears, that while nearly one-half of the Chamber is in favour of the law, not more than twenty thousand signatures could be collected, on the same side, after all the artifices that were employed. It is clear, therefore, that the people of France are either neuter upon the subject, or friendly to some change: and either disposition would justify a change called for alike by practical experience, and abstract reasoning.

SPAIN.

The condition of Spain is critical, and it is difficult to believe that this country can much longer ward off the evils that menace her. A discontented people—a licentious soldiery—and a feeble government, are elements of convulsion too powerful not to produce an explosion. A new expedition against South America has been attempted, now that the ravages of the fever at Cadiz and other sea ports have ceased. But, according to the latest accounts from Madrid, this attempt has already terminated in another insurrection on the part of the troops collected for that service. These accounts ascribe the disaster to the machinations of South American agents; but were that even the cause, which is extremely doubtful, what chance of success can there be in sending out men so easily inflamed against the party they are intended to support? If they can be induced to revolt in Spain, for the sake of the Insurgents, will they not, should they ever be opposed to them in the field, abandon their own colours, and join those of the Insurgents? We confess we now begin to consider the struggle between the mother country and the colonies as a hopeless one. It must end in the entire emancipation of the latter; and the necessity being clear and inevitable, the sooner that end is attained the better! The effusion of much human blood will be saved, while the commercial states of Europe will derive immediate advantages from the acknowledgment of the independence of the South Americans.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 23, TO JAN. 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

N.B. In Bankruptcies in and near London, the Attornies are to be understood to reside in London; and in Country Bankruptcies at the Residence of the Bankrupt, except otherwise expressed. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

ADDIS T. Powick, Worcester, plumber (Cardale, Buxton, & Parlby, Gray's Inn
Ayes W. Watton, Norfolk, grocer (Smith & Lawford, Draper's Hall, Throgmorton street
Bailey J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier (Ellis, Cloisters, Temple
Beck J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer (Atkinson & Wildes, Chancery lane
Bewley B. Manchester, slater (Milne & Parry, Temple
Bone J. Truro, linen draper (Cardale & Young, Gray's Inn
Body E. Morice Town, Stoke Damerell, Devonshire, merchant (Bowden, Aldermanbury
Booth, G. Liverpool, woollen draper (Battye, Chancery lane
Bryan R. Llanguallo, Radnorshire, farmer (Meredith, Lincoln's Inn, New square
Pulpit T. Bridgewater, hop merchant (Pain, New Inn
Belham J. Stratford, merchant (Williams, Copthall court,
Buckley, E. Wood street, warehouseman (Hayward, Took's court, Cursitor street
Bulden T. Rochester, grocer (Hayward, Essex court, Temple
Baker T. York, linen draper [Jeyes, Chancery lane
Belcher I. B. Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex, linen draper (Comerford, Copthall court, Throgmorton street
Butler J. P. Bilston, Stafford, baker (Smith, Aldermanbury
Bartlett T. E. Banbury, Oxford, mercer (Meyrick & Brodetip, Red Lion square
Board J. Highbridge, shopkeeper (Pearson, Pump court, Temple
Bradfield W. North Ehnham, Norfolk, baker (Dixon & Son, Gray's Inn square
Bracewell J. Bramley, Leeds, innkeeper (Battye, Chancery lane
Browne W. E. Brixton, stock broker (Younger, John street, Minories
Bass M. Ashborne, malster (Sweet & Co. Basinghall street
Brown G. Bridge road, Lambeth, tallow chandler (Bowden, Aldermanbury
Bowler W. & Warburton J. Castle street, Southwark, hat manufacturers [Phipps, Basinghall street
Bailey J. London wall, coach maker [Parnell, Church street, Spitalfields
Chaldecott T. Aylesbury, grocer (Gregory, Freeman's court, Cornhill
Cobham W. jun. and Jones T. Ware, bankers (Bond, Ware
Cook J. Whitechapel road, grocer (Wright, Fenchurch street
Clough J. Bramley, cloth manufacturer [Tottie, Richardson, & Gaunt, Poultry
Coope J. Chesterfield, tallow chandler [Hall, Ross, & Brownley, New Boswell court
Chapman, W. Bishopsgate street without, haberdasher [Farren, Threadneedle street
Crump T. & Hill T. jun. Kidderminster, carpet manufacturers [Bigg, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane
Chubb C. Portsea, ironmonger [Minchin, Norfolk street, Strand
Creser W. Baldwin street, City road, grocer [Brough, Shoreditch
Clarke R. Newport, brewer [Allan, Frederick's place, Old Jewry
Dawson, T. Manchester, victualler (Hurd & Johnson, Temple
Darly C. H. Fenchurch street, taylor [Slade & Jones, John street, Bedford row
Denman S. South Petherton, miller (Dyne & Son Lincoln's Inn fields
Dick A. & Morrison J. St. Catherine's square, East Smithfield, ale & porter merchants [Hutchinson, Crown court, Threadneedle street
Dodd S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant Bell & Brodrick, Bow Church yard
Delamere P. H. Romford, auctioneer [Clare & Dickinson, Frederick's place, Old Jewry
Dawson E. Birmingham, victualler [Egerton, Norton, and Chaplin, Gray's Inn square
Dodd W. sen. William street, Bridewell Precinct, plumber [Gregson & Fonnereau, Angel court, Throgmorton st.
Devlin M. Great Wild street, coal merchant [Richardson, Walbrook
Ellison R. Liverpool, chemist & druggust [Norris, John street, Bedford row
Friend T. E. & W. J. Sunderland, dealers (Blackiston, Symond's Inn
Frost Ann, and Frost J. R. Macclesfield, grocers (Hurd & Johnson, Temple
Feise G. Lawrence Pountney hill, merchant [Tomlinson, Thomson, & Baker, Copthall court, Throgmorton st.
Foster J. Liverpool, money scrivener [Lowndes & Lowndes, Red Lion square
Forster E. & Wylam R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants [Hartley, New Bridge street

Farror R. Bread street, warehouseman [Hurd & Johnson, King's Bench Walk
Fosbrall J. Deptford, merchant [Woodward & Co. Nicholas lane, Lombard street
Farrington J. Liverpool, merchant [Mason & Hounsmen, New Bridge street
Garside T. Stockport, cotton spinner (Lowe & Bower, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane
Gates J. Grimstone, farmer (Wright, King's-Bench-Walk, Temple
Glover J. Liverpool, boot and shoe maker (Clarke & Co. Chancery lane
Grafton J. Stroud, shoemaker (Price, Williams, & White, Exchequer Office, Lincoln's Inn
Green B. Leeds, stone mason (Jeyes, Chancery lane
Green J. Brauncewell, Lincoln, merchant (Humphreys, London-Bridge-Foot
Gerrard D. Old Cavendish street, milliner [Nowell, Essex street, Strand
Geddes G. Liverpool, merchant [Croft, Chancery lane
Gee N. Lenton, lace manufacturer [Taylor, Featherstone buildings
Heath W. Islington, butcher (Oldershaw, Islington
Hooper H. Bristol, merchant (Poole & Greenfield, Gray's Inn square
Hunt, T. F. St. Martin-in-the-Fields, builder (W. & D. Richardson, Walbrook
Horton C. Birmingham, wire worker [Clarke, Richards, & Medcalf, Chancery lane
Hurry E. & Poweles J. D. Freeman's court, Cornhill, merchants [Swain & Co. Frederick's place, Old Jewry
Harrop J. Gateshead, grocer [Hartly, New Bridge street
Harris W. Straud, boot & shoe maker [Hall & Willett, Great James street, Bedford row
Hobbs B. Bedridge, coal merchant [Bremridges & Barnes, Dyer's buildings
Jones J. Wo cester, linen draper [Palmer, Gray's Inn square
Johnson R. Appleton, plumber [Hicks, Gray's Inn square
Jacobs L. Nassau street, Middlesex, glass dealer [Norton, Little Moorfields
Jenson W. Birmingham, tarpauling maker [Smith, Aldermanbury Postern
King J. Richard street, Commercial road, victualler [Glynes, Burr street, East Smithfield
King, T. Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier (Thompson, Field court, Gray's Inn
Krauss J. sen. Manchester, merchant (Hall & Willett, Great James street, Bedford row
Lakeman D. H. Liverpool, merchant (Taylor, Walbrook
Lant D. Blackman street, Newington, merchant (Williams, Blackman street, Southwark
Lace T. Liverpool, brazier [Wheeler, Castle street
Livesey J. Farnworth, paper maker [Meddowcroft, Gray's Inn
Levyson M. Lime street, merchant Poole, Adam's court, Old Broad street
Maddock E. Quinn R. & Uniacke J. Liverpool, merchants [Lowe & Bower, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane
Malcolm R. Ashbourne, tea dealer Chester, Staple Inn
Myers R. & Holmes J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen drapers (Hartley, New Bridge street
Mettley T. Portsea, dealer (Dyne & Son, Lincoln's Inn fields
Milligan A. Wolverhampton, tea dealer [Chester, Staple Inn, Holborn
Moore W. Houghton, butter merchant [Birkett, Cloak lane
Morris T. Bristol, linen draper [Pearson, Pump court, Temple
Morgan E. Knighton, Radnor, wood stapler [Pugh, Bernard street, Russell square
Morris T. Cateaton street, warehouseman [Partington, Cursitor street
M'Lean J. Lamb street, Spitalfields, potatoe merchant [Batho, Houndsditch
Mixon W. Rugeley, Staffordshire, farmer (Stocker, Dawson, & Harrington, New Boswell court, Carey street, Lincoln's Inn
Meestrip T. Cateaton street, warehouseman [Walker & Rankin, Old Jewry
Nightingale J. Howden, corn factor [Lowndes, Red Lion square
Pickering J. Woburn place, Russell square, wine merchant (Noy & Hardstone, Mincing lane
Poole J. Tower street, sack manufacturer (Gellibrand, Austin Friars
Pinnington D. Cheltenham, livery stable keeper (Williams, Red Lion square
Parker R. Manchester, innkeeper (Milne and Parry, Temple
Phillips M. Great Prescott street, Goodman's fields, merchant (Poole, Adam's court, Old Broad street
Payne S. Nottingham, money scrivener [Long & Austen, Gray's Inn
Preston J. Woollale, cloth manufacturer [Dickinson, Finch lane
Payne G. Newgate street, batter [Oldham, Earl street, Blackfriars
Peck J. Blackheath hill, carpenter [Sandom, Slade's place, Deptford
Phillips R. Ashburnham, farmer [Ellis, Cloisters, Temple
Potter J. Ashbourn, dealer [Black, Stamford street
Patrick E. Liverpool, gun maker [John, Palsgrave place, Temple bar
Pasmore J. Warnford court, Throgmorton street, ship owner [Blachford, King street, Tower hill
Peregrine H. C. Hakin, Pembroke, shopkeeper [Chilton, Exchequer Office, Lincoln's Inn
Phillips L. & J. High Holborn, glass dealers [Cuppage, Old Broad street
Quiros Jose Moreira de, Size lane, merchant (Chester, Staple Inn
Roberts C. Gurney Slade, Somersetshire, innkeeper (Williams, Red Lion square
Roberts W. Chowbent, Lancashire, innkeeper (Wheeler, Castle street, Holborn
Reed C. Plymouth, merchant (Follett, Paper buildings, Temple
Ray J. & Ray J. R. Clare, Suffolk, bankers [Stevens, Gray's Inn square
Read G. R. Barbican court, merchant [Sweet & Stokes, Basinghall street
Roberts J. Leeds, woolstapler [Lambert & Son, Bedford row
Riley J. Leicester grocer [James, Ely place
Rabbeth W. Red Lion passage, Red Lion square
Sendall J. Fulham, horse dealer (M'Duff, Castle street, Holborn
Sorrell R. B. Kirby street, printer (Bishop & Erratt, Tokenhause yard, Lothbury
Sharrock P. T. Preston, music vender Blakelock, Serjeant's Inn
Story T. Hunworth, miller (Bridger, Angel court, Throgmorton street
Smith T. Leeds, worsted spinner (Jeyes, Chancery lane
Sidney R. Newman street, Oxford road, picture dealer (Cook, Clerkenwell
Scott A. John street, Commercial road, dealer (Creery, Chancery chambers, Chancery lane
Shopbridge W. Marden, Kent, farmer [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court office
Sinclair J. Brighthelmstone, bookbinder [Gregson & Pennereau, Angel court, Throgmorton street
Swaine J. Bristol, dealer [Hurd & Johnson, Temple
Sellers H. Burnley, cotton spinner [Hurd & Johnson, Temple
Scott J. Fore street, corn dealer [Wills, Hatton garden
Simpson C. Stretford, nurseryman [Hurd & Johnson, Temple
Skinner S. Sharp's buildings, Rosemary lane, slopseller Mills, New North street, Red Lion square
Smith I. D. St. G. Rotherhithe, cork manufacturer Edmonds, Lincoln's Inn
Thompson C. Halifax, watch glass cutter Sabine & Lewis, Caermarthen street, Bedford square
Thackara J. Maltby, millwright (Capes, Holborn court, Gray's Inn
Taylor M. Long lane, dealer in cotton (Robinson & Hine, Charterhouse square
Townsend W. Sheffield, builder (Capes, Holborn court, Gray's Inn
Taylor J. Hedon, mariner Hindman, Basinghall street
Thompson H. & Moses T. Rotherhithe, wine merchants Hutchinson, Crown court, Threadneedle street
Trustrum J. Grove, Great Guildford street, carpenter Harmer, Hatton garden
Twiddy G. Bread street hill, oil & colourman Jones, Size lane
Tyler J. Petworth, spirit merchant Williams, Hilliard, and Hastings, Gray's Inn
Whitfield W. F. Commercial road, porter & wine merchant (Jacomb & Bentley, Basinghall street
Womack J. W. Norwich, linen draper (Reardon & Davis, Corbet court, Gracechurch street
Wood J. Walsall, factor (Turner & Holmes, Bloomsbury square
Wynn W. Dean street, Soho, watch maker Palmer and France, Bedford row
Wheeler H. sen. Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, butcher Wilson & Chisholme, Lincoln's Inn fields
Worrall W. Liverpool, merchant Blackstock & Bunce, Temple
Whitley J. Dubb, Bingley, worsted spinner Few & Co. Henrietta street
Watters S. Bermondsey, anchorsmith Hutchison, Crown court, Threadneedle street
Wrathell C. C. Lancaster, dealer in coals Bell & Brodrick, Bow Church yard
Want J. Russell place, surgeon Phillips, King street, Covent garden
Young J. Laystall street, milkman (Hall & Willett, Great James street, Bedford row

DIVIDENDS.

ADCOCK E. Birmingham, Feb. 12
Ansell G. Carshalton, Jan. 8
Blackburn W. & Rousseau P. C. City road, Jan. 22
Brabant E. Manchester, Jan. 18
Buckland T. Langley, Jan. 26
Buck C. Borough, Jan. 18
Brown J. Springfield, Jan. 26
Blackburn P. & J. Plymouth, Jan. 29
Barnard S. Southwark, Jan. 29
Broadbent R. Manchester, Feb. 7
Berford E. Brook's Mews, Hanover square, Feb. 5
Balfour J. Basinghall street, Jan. 29
Brown S. & Scott T. H. St. Mary hill, Feb. 26
Beatle G. Salford, Feb. 8
Bird I. H. M. & Savage B. Jeffery sq. Feb. 1
Ballmer J. City chambers, Feb. 15
Cordingley J. & Brown T. Lawrence lane, Jan. 15
Chapman D. Faversham, Jan. 22
Cherney H. High Holborn, Jan. 25

Cameron I. J. Manchester, Feb. 1
Carney I. & R. East India chambers, Feb. 5
Chiverley R. Kegworth, Feb. 8
Dawson J. New Windsor, Jan. 18
Daukis W. Bishop-Stratford, Jan. 15
Devey W. & F. Surrey, Feb. 1
Devey W. & J. Coal Exchange, Feb. 1
Devey W. Holland street, & Devey J. Coal Exchange, Feb. 7.
Downer H. Fleet street, Feb. 8
Evans G. & G. High street, Southwark, Feb. 5
Ford R. T. jun. Cross, Somerset, Feb. 11
Gilpin W. Villiers street, Feb. 22
Gregory J. D. Crown street, Finsbury square, Jan. 18
Goodwin W. Cambridge, Feb. 18
Grahams A. Haslington, Jan. 29
Gottreux J. Mincing lane, Jan. 15
Girdley T. Kingston-upon-Hull, Feb. 8
Hamerton C. Wansford, Jan. 11
Hockly D. and Hall W. S. Brook street, Jan. 19
Hallenshaw J. and Swallow J. Heckmondwicke, Jan. 24
Holmes T. Harris J. and English J. D. Long Acre, Jan. 29
Hill T. Leeds, Feb. 8
Hughes T. Ludgate street, Feb. 8
Hilbers H. G. St. Mary Axe, Feb. 22
Hadingham, M. West Smithfield, Feb. 12
Hitcock E. Abingdon, Feb. 12
Halls J. Sawston, Feb. 7.
Harvey T. Great Yarmouth. Feb. 19
Hale S. London Tavern, Feb. 19
Jones J. and Jones J. Leominster, Jan. 16
Jeffrey J. Tonbridge, Jan. 18
Jones J. Upper Brook street, Jan. 29
Kernot H. Thavies Inn, Jan. 15.
Lockwood J. Stroud, Jan. 18
Lamb I. Great James street, Jan. 29
Lever I. Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Feb. 7
Lumb W. and T. Leeds, Feb. 5
Munt I. and Adams T. Leadenhall-st. Jan. 22
Mallinson I. Birdsedge, and Mallinson A. G. and I. Huddersfield, Feb. 7
Marsden W. N. Manchester, Feb. 9
Nutt T. Manchester, Jan. 26
Neate W. Sweeting's alley, Feb. 5
Nachbar I. jun. New Brentford, Feb. 8
Neilson W. Liverpool, Feb. 16
Pim T. B. Exweek, Jan. 22
Phillips T. Bread street hill, Jan. 8
Peech W. Chesterfield, Jan. 24
Peel I. Tamworth, Jan. 25
Postgate R. Great Driffield, Feb. 8
Perks I. Bristol, Feb. 15
Radcliff I. Swansea, Jan. 25
Richardby I. Durham, Jan. 25
Richardson W. I. Nicholas lane, Jan. 22
Rumford R. W. Bartholomew lane, Jan. 25
Russell I. Palace wharf, Jan. 15
Roos E. I. Camomile street, Jan. 29
Roose I. Liverpool, Feb. 1
Spence I. Hackney, Jan. 15
Sutton R. Hampton Wick, Jan. 1
Sumner T. Preston, Jan. 29
Sundius C. Devonshire square, Jan. 29
Stokes I. Liverpool, Feb. 7
Smart I. Kingsgate-st. Holborn, Feb. 16
Sharpe C. Poultry, Feb. 19
Tatton K. N. Newington, Jan. 22
Tomlinson W. Nottingham, Feb. 5
Taylor I. East Smithfield, Feb. 5
Turner W. Llangollen, and Comber A. Manchester, Feb. 9
Tarleton I. Liverpool, Feb. 16
Uhr A. R. Prescott street, Jan. 29
Warren I. Minories, Jan. 22
White W. Chalford, Jan. 23
Winbolt W. and Lukyn W. St. Paul's Church yard, Jan. 25
Woods W. Haughton-st. Clare market, Jan. 29
Whittingham I. Liverpool, Feb. 12
Walters T. and Perkins W. Portsmouth, Feb. 5
Winstanley T. and Crole W. C. Liverpool, Feb. 5
Wild I. Rochdale, Feb. 5
Woodroffe I. Commercial road, Feb. 8
Willett T. Hurleston, Feb. 22

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Lloyd's Coffee-House, January 20, 1820.

A COMMERCIAL REPORT that has, in fact, no commerce to include in it, is one of those anomalous occurrences that perplex equally the merchant, who would willingly do business, the Custom House, which would willingly be fingering the duties, the insurer in these almost forsaken rooms, who would willingly be signing his name to contracts covering risks, and the humble writer of these monthly reports, who looks around him and misses friends, to whose opinion he is accustomed to defer, and who consults paper after paper, without making any approach to the fulfilment of his wishes. The causes of this momentary desolation are more than seen—they are *felt* by every body; and while the navigation of the river continues blocked up by ice, they cannot but be felt. Even the Corn Market intelligence is comprized in a few words:—"There was no business done yesterday, the river being closed by the ice." If, then, the first necessary of life is thus in abeyance, as an article of dealing, it will necessarily follow, that all others must be still less enquired after, and still less pressing. What transactions are in progress, refer, as a matter of course, to more genial seasons; and bargains are begun, or advanced, or concluded between parties as bargains, though they cannot be said to be completed as mercantile operations.

We hinted in our last, that the approaching spring season was expected to prove more lively, as to its commercial character, than many months at the close of the year have been. That hint is so far justified already, that the holders of most descriptions of articles of export, not only remain firm to current prices, and will listen to no abatement, but they rather express their presentiment of an improved currency.

SUGAR, for instance, has experienced a greater readiness of enquiry within the last week, than for some time back; and has obtained no inconsiderable *turn* in favour of the seller. It may be taken at 1s. to 2s. in London: in Liverpool and Glasgow at 3s. to 4s., with much briskness. The disposition to purchase has chiefly been felt in the inferior descriptions—especially of refined goods: the prime qualities have rather suffered, in comparison, though not beyond what may be deemed a *turn* in favour of the buyer.

COPPER, as an article of export, looks forward, also, to an advantageous change of hands: the holders answer enquiries for private sale with very firm tone of voice and cast of countenance. The public sales have not been extensive, but the prices have been observed to rise as the sales advanced; and towards the close of them, the article has realized an addition, according to quality, from 2s. to 4s. per cwt.

COTTON affords no observation worth inserting. At Liverpool, the demand has been very steady, and the prices of some sorts, which have happened to be in request, have experienced improvement. There is, occasionally, a fluctuation in some descriptions of this article, the cause of which is not apparent; and Liverpool seems to be more subject to it than London is. Perhaps it depends on the vicinity of that port to extensive manufactories; the principals of which may be exhausted, many of them at the same time, of the same kind of material, and to supply themselves promptly, their orders, for purchases, happen to arrive at the market simultaneously—whence arises a more spirited demand.

The better descriptions of Jamaica RUM have lately become objects of more enquiry and attention than they had been for some time; and this as well in London as in the out-ports.

It is probable that home consumption is the principal cause of this; and the holders have not only felt the benefit of it, but at present appear determined to put their good fortune to the test, by realizing higher prices. We should be of their opinion, were they somewhat less sanguine than their language imports: but we have often observed, that too strong dependence on an improved market has issued in disappointment—not to use a more forcible expression.

BRANDY and GENEVA are much the same as before.

TOBACCO is scarcely mentioned.

Russian articles are rather rising—HEMP, FLAX, and TALLOW.

Expectation is on the tip-toe to ascertain the precise statements of a new Tarif expected from Russia: that it is in the press at St. Petersburgh is known, and some portions of it have been seen: but it is not yet actually published (or, at least, was not at the date of December 21); and, till it appears, suspicion will be on the alert, and hint at the possibility of alterations, &c. &c.—At present, report states the provisions of this document as favourable to the manufacturing interests of Britain, by allowing the admission of certain descriptions of finished goods, which heretofore were prohibited; and, perhaps, more favourable terms for some others. This will certainly give employment to a number of our people in the finishing of those goods, as well as afford an additional profit to the master-workman. But let us not be too much elated. Fashion is a deity more capricious than the wind itself, which, of late, has blown over us from all points of the compass; and rivals may, and WILL, start up, without asking our leave for assuming that character.

We may observe, in passing, that the same cause produces different effects in England and in Russia. Here the severity of the weather stops all business, and we crowd to the fire-side by a kind of instinct, not to be questioned or repelled. There, the body of snow, the intensity of the frost, the compactness of the surface above the ground, ensure a facility of conveyance, not to be obtained at any other time of the year; and our correspondent writes us, that "the winter roads being now established will give more life to business, by facilitating the dispersion of goods into the interior." In short, the caravans of frozen sheep, fish, poultry, &c. which arrive from all parts at the capital, will take back with them commodities of a thousand different kinds, not otherwise attainable.

The "frozen market" of St. Petersburgh is no less an object of inspection to a stranger, than the statue of Peter the Great; and wonderful it is to see the piles of animals, &c. heaped together in all directions; neither standing, nor falling, nor lying, but, as fate determines, in all kinds of attitudes, and all kinds of combinations. Nor is it less amusing, when the snows revisit the earth, to see the children running about delighted—much as in Egypt, when a shower of rain falls, the youngsters caper and dance, crying out—*Ya barak! Ya Macallah!*—"O, the blessing! O, the goodness of God!"

We protest against that fastidious disposition which censures allusions to local customs in a Commercial Report: merchants need to be well informed of every thing relating to the countries with which they deal; and they usually are better informed than the superficial critic gives them credit for. Nevertheless, we remember exportations of rugs, blankets, and coverlits to the torrid zone; and of mathematical instruments, to people who could not comprehend by what means they might set a rat-trap: that these speculations were profitable, we do not say; but the party most to blame in them was not the intended purchaser to whom they were sent; but, the ill-informed sender, who ought to have known better, as a man and a merchant.

Our intelligence from the Continent describes the stocks of most articles furnished by Britain as low; and as becoming extremely low. That the sale of these articles at this moment is dull, can surprize no one; and, indeed, this is the general conclusion we draw from the best sources of information, at this time in our power, that the actual state of things is little other than that of suspense; but, when the season allows Commerce to take a start, it will produce a briskness and vivacity, not less desirable than profitable; and not less profitable to individuals, than enlivening and enriching to the nation at large.

We cannot close this article without subjoining what our information further acquaints us with, that the reports propagated on the Continent, in reference to the proceedings of the *Radicals*, have had a very disadvantageous effect on British Commerce during the last year. We have learned in conversation with foreigners recently arrived in London, that rumours of dreadful devastation were afloat in various places; and that, had they believed them, they should have hesitated in venturing themselves into a city which they expected to find "all blood and fire," *i. e.* in a state of revolution. Now this has operated against British Commerce in two directions: first, as creating an unwillingness in foreigners to entrust their property in a country supposed to be in circumstances under which no property could be safe: and, secondly, as exciting a disposition to wait events; because the property that would seek security on the Continent, as a place of refuge from the storm and its consequences, would enable speculators to purchase on their own terms; which the reader may readily suppose would be cheap enough. We have repeatedly stated the endeavours of continental rivals to depreciate Britain and British commodities, in all manner of ways; and this way has been one among them, and has been carried by those interested to an extent much exceeding what would easily be credited.

Daily Prices of STOCKS, from the 29th Dec. 1819, to the 25th Jan. 1820, inclusive.

Days. 1819	Bank Stock.	3 per Ct Redu.	3 per Ct Cons.	4 per Ct Cons.	5 per Ct. Navy.	Long Anns.	Imp. 3 per Ct	Omnium	India Stock.	4 per Ct. Ind. Bon.	Ex. Bills, 2d pr Day
Dec. 29	217	66⅞ 7	——	84	——	17 7/16	65¾	——	——	2 dis.	4 7 dis.
30	——	67	——	84	——	17	——	——	——	2 dis. p.	7 4 dis.
31	217¼	67	——	84	——	17	65⅞	——	——	1 pm.	5 3 dis.
1820.											
Jan. 1	Hol.										
3	——	67	——	85	——	17 9/16	66⅛	1¾ dis.	——	2 pm	5 3 dis.
4	220	67 8	——	85	——	——	66¼	1⅛ ⅜ dis	——	4 pm.	4 dis. par.
5	220½	68 7	——	84	——	17¾	——	——	——	10 pm.	1 dis. par.
6	——	68 7	——	——	——	17¾	66⅝	1 dis.	——	8 pm.	1 dis. par.
7	220½	68	——	85	——	17 13/16	67	——	——	9 pm.	1 dis. par.
8	——	68	——	86	——	17 15/16	——	¼ dis.	——	10 pm.	par 1 dis.
10	220	68	——	86	——	17⅞	——	½ dis.	——	10 pm.	par 1 dis.
11	220½	68	——	86	——	17 15/16	——	½ dis.	——	10 pm.	par 1 dis.
12	220¾	68	——	86	——	18	67⅝	¼ dis.	——	8 pm.	1 2 dis.
13	220½	68	——	86	——	18	——	——	——	9 pm.	1 2 dis.
14	——	68	——	86	——	18	67⅝	——	——	9 pm.	1 2 dis.
15	——	68	——	87	——	18	——	⅜ ¼ dis	——	9 pm.	1 dis. par.
17	——	68	——	87	——	18 1/16	——	⅛ dis. par.	——	9 pm.	par 2 dis.
18	221¼	68	——	86	——	18	——	par.	——	10 pm.	1 dis. pm.
19	221	68	68 7½	86	——	18	67⅛	——	——	10 pm.	1 dis. 2 pm.
20	221	68	67⅝ 8	86	——	18	——	——	207	11 pm	1 2 pm.
21	——	68	68	87	103	18 1/16	67¾	par.	——	11 pm	2 4 pm.
22	2	69	68¾	87	102	18	——	——	——	12 pm	3 4 pm.
24	——	68	68¼ 7	86	102	18 1/16	——	——	——	13 pm.	3 4 pm.
25	——	68	68 7	86	102	18	——	——	207¼	12 pm.	3 4 pm.

All Exchequer Bills dated in the months of June and July 1818, and prior thereto, have been advertised to be paid off.

PRICES OF BULLION, at per Ounce.

	L.	s.	d.	L.	s.	d.
Portugal Gold in Coin . . .	0	0	0	3	17	10½
Foreign Gold in bars . . .	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New Doubloons	0	0	0	3	15	6
New Dollars	0	5	0	0	0	0
Silver in bars, standard . .	0	0	0	0	5	2
New Louis, each	0	0	0	0	0	0

GENERAL METEOROLOGICAL REPORT FOR THE PAST YEAR 1819.

Month.	Barometer. Highest.	Barometer. Lowest.	Barometer. Mean.	Thermom. Highest.	Thermom. Lowest.	Thermom. Mean.	Pluviameter.	Winds. Days. N.	S.	E.	W.	N.E.	S.E.	N.W.	S.W.
January	30·70	29·38	29·9695	57	21	39 29	2·17000	1	0	0	0	3	10	1	16
February	30·28	29 41	29·8628	55	21	29·86	2 62500	1	1	0	2	1	5	4	14
March	30·50	29 54	30·1024	62	25	42·41	1 25125	0	0	1	2	9	0	7	12
April	30·41	29·32	29 9832	74	28	49 72	2·05000	1	1	2	1	6	7	1	11
May	30·37	29 65	30 1362	77	28	56·38	2·72500	0	1	3	1	7	11	2	6
June	30·39	29 73	30·0792	79	37	58·67	2·28125	3	1	0	4	1	1	2	18
July	30·39	29 51	30 1595	84	43	64·89	1·93750	1	2	1	3	11	1	7	5
August	30 52	29 36	30·1760	87	45	65·86	0·42500	2	0	2	1	13	2	5	6
September	30.64	29 71	30·1563	75	41	58·07	2·70000	1	0	1	2	8	5	0	13
October	30·53	29·51	29·8950	76	21	48·77	1·35000	3	1	1	2	6	3	8	7
November	30·27	29 31	29·9453	54	21	40 16	1·75000	3	1	1	4	7	1	6	7
December	30·36	29·16	29 9247	57	7	32·46	2·12500	1	1	2	1	7	3	3	13
Year	30·70	29·31	30·0325	87	7	49·60	23 390 00	17	9	14	23	79	49	16	198

INCIDENTS, APPOINTMENTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

BULLETIN OF THE KING'S HEALTH.

"*Windsor Castle, Jan.* 1, 1820.

"His Majesty's disorder has undergone no sensible alteration. His Majesty's bodily health has partaken of some of the infirmities of age, but has been generally good during the last month."

Signed as usual.

Refuge for the Houseless.—The extreme severity of the weather during the past month has called forth a distinguished and gratifying display of British benevolence. Innumerable charitable institutions have spontaneously appeared in every part of the kingdom, and various associations for the distribution of food, clothing, &c. have likewise been formed; among the foremost of which we may enumerate the highly useful asylum now so beneficially employed in the neighbourhood of Moorfields. The arrangements, in this admirable institution, are extremely simple. The refuge consists of three spacious floors, on the lower of which is one side a kitchen, with all other conveniences belonging to that portion of a house; while on the other, an office is fitted up, where persons are stationed to inquire into the claims of each applicant. On this floor, also, there is accommodation for the city officers, who are in attendance all night to maintain peace, should their interference be necessary; that this, however, has not been the case we may fairly infer from the following fact, that though there have been considerably more than five hundred persons lodged and fed in this asylum, many of whom were taken promiscuously from the streets, with no other recommendation than that of extreme misery, not a murmur has been heard to escape them with regard to treatment or accommodation.

The next, which is the principal floor, is divided into two compartments, both of which are for the male applicants; and the smaller compartment is appropriated solely to those who are sick. The larger one is again separated into two divisions, each of which is boarded to the height of about two feet from the ground; and the space thus formed on each side of the room between these boards and the wall, is filled with clean straw. The straw is so abundant as not merely to furnish a bed, but a covering also for those who rest in it, and an interval is allowed of about two or three feet between each individual. On the higher story are the women, the number of whom, however, does not amount to above sixty, but of these many have infant and even suckling children. To those so situated, a superior indulgence is given; besides the straw, they have the benefit of thick woollen rugs; there are also nurses to attend them. It is needless to say that there is no communication between the male and female wards. Besides these means of comfortable rest, the Committee supply their lodgers with a substantial meal night and morning, and those who are unable to leave their premises in the day, have a third meal. The rooms are at once lighted and warmed by gas, and the ventilation, though of all things the most difficult to manage, is more perfect than we have ever felt it in any room with the same number of persons in it.

On the whole, this asylum, for its simplicity, its perfect adaptation to the purposes intended, and its active and energetic management, is one of the most pleasing objects on which a benevolent mind can rest as an illustration of that great moral truth, that wherever misery exists, Providence has supplied means of counteracting and relieving it.

This plan, however, does not exclusively date its origin from the benevolence of the nineteenth century, a priory and hospital having been established prior to the reformation, in which there were kept standing no less than 180 beds, for the accommodation of the poor and destitute. This *Refuge for the Houseless* was situated in the eastern division of the city called Bishopsgate, the lands of which are still known as *Spital*fields.

Member Returned to Parliament.—Charles Milner Ricketts, esq. *vice* Arthur Howe Holdsworth, esq.

Births.] At Clapham Common, Mrs. John Shewell, of a daughter—At Champion Lodge, Mrs. Starling Benson, of a daughter—In Fitzroy-square, the lady of Charles S. Chauney, esq. of a still-born child—In George-street, the lady of the Solicitor General, of a daughter—The lady of Lees Shaw, esq. of a son—In Southampton-row, the lady of Ralph Price, esq. of a son—At Bill-hill, the lady of P. Francis, esq. of a daughter—The lady of R. Lukin, esq. of a daughter—At Thames Ditton, the lady of Sir C. Sullivan, bart. of a son—In Great Cumberland-street, the lady of the Rev. J. Jones, of a son—In Tavistock-square, Mrs. Cowburn, of a son.

Married.] At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Robert Bill, esq. to Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Phillip Dauncey, esq.—Richard Gosling, esq. to Maria Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Henry Gregg, esq.—Charles R. Morgan, esq. of Charlotte-street, to Miss Anne Jane Ogle—Thomas D'Oyley, esq. Serjeant-at-law, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Simmons—At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Samuel Shepherd, esq. of Chelsea College, to Miss Mary Halliday, of Sloane-square—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Noble to Miss Luppino, late principal dancers at Covent-gar-

den theatre—At St. Martin's, Mr. W. Allum, of Francis-street, Bedford-square, to Miss E. Hazlewood, of St. James's—At St. Paul's, Deptford, T. Holcombe, esq. of Hatcham Manor-house, New Cross, to Margaret, eldest daughter of T. P. Cummings, esq. of Milton, Kent—At St. Mary, Lambeth, Mr. J. W. Adlard, of Duke street, Smithfield, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of E. Rose, esq. of Grove-house, Brixton, Surrey—At St. George's Bloomsbury, B. Hutchinson, jun. esq. to Catherine, eldest daughter of F. Trapaud, of Potters' Bar.

Died.] In Judd-place-west, Elizabeth, the widow of William Mollet, esq. 74—In Upper Montague-street, Mr. Francis W. Sanders, 16—Frances, fourth daughter of Henry Richmond, esq.—In Nottingham-street, William Hicks, esq. 62—At Hackney, the Rev. James Creighton, 81—In Portugal-street, Mr. William Clarke, 75—In Welbeck-street, John Trenchard, esq. 94—In Southampton-row, John Haig, esq. of Bonington, near Leith—Alexr. Sutherland, esq. of Great Queen-street, Westminster, 72—In Tavistock-street, Bedford-square, Richard Barker, esq. 75—In Lower Grosvenor-street, Margaret, third daughter of the late Christopher Metcalfe, of Hawstead—In Cecil-street, William Winchester, esq. 73—In Bentinck-street, John Hooper, esq. 70—W. T. Taylor, esq. of Turnham-green-terrace, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals in the British army—At Little Syon, the Right Hon. Lady E. Percy—In George-street, Hanover-square, C. Ward, esq. of Squerries' Lodge, Kent, 66—At Brompton, Mrs. F. Harding, relict of B. Harding, esq. 66—At Hammersmith, J. Nott, esq. 67—At his house in Newman-street, T. Jefferys, esq. 78—In Sloane-street, Mrs. Thomson, late of Greenwich, 81—At his house in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Mr. D. Jacob, 83—In St. Martin's-lane, T. Hodges, esq. 84—In Bloomsbury-square, the widow of the late J. Lyan, esq.——In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, the widow of the late B. Boswell, esq. of Iver Lodge, Bucks, 65—In Upper Lambeth Marsh, the wife of Mr. C. Field, 38—The wife of Mr. J. Rutter, of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, 59—The wife of T. Breach, esq. of Sloane-street—At Hampstead, the widow of the late R. Milligan, esq.—Mrs. Chawner, of Upper Guildford-street, 77—At Highgate, the infant son of N. Harden, jun. esq.—In Euston-place, the widow of J. Welsh, esq.—At Wimbleton, Mr. J. Edwards, 80—At Dulwich, Emily, second daughter of Mr. Wynne, 9—James Curry, M.D. F.S.A. of Grafton-street, senior physician to Guy's hospital, and lecturer on the theory and practice of medicine.

DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.

With heartfelt sorrow we have to record the death of his Royal Highness the DUKE OF KENT, which took place at Sidmouth, on Sunday, the 23d of January, at ten o'clock. General Moore arrived express with the mournful intelligence at Carlton House, on Monday morning at eight o'clock. From the first account of his illness, those who were the best acquainted with his Royal Highness felt the most serious apprehensions of the event that has fatally happened—since the habitual abstinence of the illustrious Duke gave him such strong and uninterrupted health, as to make him inattentive to the first access of the cold, which thereby gained such a degree of inflammation, as to baffle all the subsequent remedies. Through life his Royal Highness abstained from all high diet. At the most sumptuous banquets, he confined himself, like his Majesty, to the most simple food, and was equally temperate in wine. The consequence was, the uninterrupted enjoyment of robust health, which was further preserved by early rising, and by daily exercise. It may, therefore, with truth be said, that the strength of his constitution resisted the influence of the remedies that were resorted to to save him. His Royal Highness, in a long walk on Thursday night, with Captain Conroy, in the beautiful environs of Sidmouth, had his boots soaked through with wet. On their return to Wolbrook Cottage, Captain Conroy, finding himself wet in the feet, advised his Royal Highness to change his boots and stockings; but this he did not do till he dressed for dinner, being attracted by the smiles of his infant princess, with whom he sat for a considerable time in fond parental dalliance. Before night, however, he felt a sensation of cold and hoarseness, when Dr. Wilson prescribed for him a draught composed of calomel and Dr. James's powders. This his Royal Highness, in the usual confidence in his strength and dislike of medicine, did not take, saying that he had no doubt but a night's rest would carry off every uneasy symptom. The event proved the contrary. In the morning the symptoms of fever were increased; and though his Royal Highness lost 120 ounces of blood from the arms and by cupping, he departed this life, as we have stated, at ten o'clock on Sunday forenoon. His Royal Highness was sensible of his approaching death, and met it with pious resignation. He generously said that he blamed himself for not yielding to the seasonable advice of Dr. Wilson in the first instance, by which the access of the fever might have been checked. Every attention that skill and affection could supply were rendered to him. Prince Leopold, accompanied by Dr. Stockmar, arrived at Woolbrook Cottage on Saturday, at two o'clock, and never left his royal brother to the last.

The situation of his amiable and afflicted

Duchess will excite the sympathy of every heart. She was most indefatigable in her attentions upon her departed consort, and performed all the offices of his sick bed with the most tender and affectionate anxiety. She did not even take off her clothes five successive nights, and all the medicines were administered by her own hands. She yet struggled to prevent his seeing the agony of her apprehensions, and never left his bedside but to give vent to her bursting sorrow. These mournful duties, though they could not snatch their object from the grave, must at least have smoothed the passage to it; and the recollection of them will be among the strongest consolations of her widowed heart, when the lenient hand of time shall have soothed the keener pangs of sorrow.

His Royal Highness was the fourth son of his Majesty, and was born on the 2d of November, 1767. He was, consequently, in the 53d year of his age.

In our next Number, we propose to give a copious MEMOIR of his Royal Highness, accompanied by a FINE PORTRAIT.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

A dispensation has passed the Great Seal to enable the Rev. Wm. Collins Cumming, to hold the rectory of St. Mary's Bedford, with the vicarage of Eaton Bray, in the same county.

We have the pleasure to announce that the Bedfordshire Bank for savings, established in 1816, in Bedford, continues to flourish, and to answer the salutary purposes which it was designed to afford to frugal and industrious servants, and to all who are desirous to lay by small sums, to accumulate in security against a day of necessity. The sums deposited since its first institution, by 699 depositors, amount to 15,440*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, and the sums drawn out during the same period amount to 3,273*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*

Died.] Charlotte, widow of the late Richard Orlebar, of Hinwick House, in this county, esq.—Mr. Thos. Willan, of the Colonial Audit Office, 21, youngest son of the late Rev. Rob. Willan, of Cardington—At Ickwell Bury, Susan, eldest daughter of the late John Harvey, esq.—The Rev. John Hawkins, A. M. rector of Barton-le-Cley, 81—At Ampthill, 84, Mrs. Susannah Colston, relict of the Rev. Alexander Colston, of Filkin Hall, Oxon—At Bedford, Mrs. Dolbeare, widow of a respectable East India merchant, after an affliction of eleven years.

BERKSHIRE.

Birth.] At Binfield, the lady of Thomas Forest, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] Mr. Davis Cannings, of Ogbourn, St. Andrew, to Miss Tanner, of Choulderton—Mr. W. Harding, of Rudge, to Miss Vicars.

Died.] At the Vicarage House, Hagbourn, 59, Mrs. Joanna Schultes. Her progress through life was invariably guided by the dictates of virtue, and though for several years she laboured under the most excruciating diseases, she bore it with such patience as genuine piety will always cheerfully exert in obedience to the Will of Heaven—At Speenhamland, near Newbury, Mr. Goatley, 60.—At Aston Tirold, at an advanced age, Mr. Gale—also Mrs. Rushell, 63, whose liberality to her neighbouring poor will be long remembered—At Abbingdon, S. Sellwood, esq. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, 34.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] At her brother's house, Eton College, Elizabeth Anne, sister of the Rev. Dr. Keate—Mrs. Boswell, relict of the late Bruce Boswell, of Iver Lodge, esq. 64—Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Phipps Long, vicar of Shabbington—At Etonwick Cottage, 83, Mrs. Betty Spear, formerly of Bere Regis, Dorsetshire.

CAMBRIDGE.

Several valuable additions have been made to the Fitzwilliam Museum, in the course of the last year (1819,) among which are—

A beautiful Model, on a reduced scale, of one of the Tombs discovered, some time since, at Nola, in Campania, presented by Mr. Carraghan.

Several valuable Prints, presented by Dr. Clarke and Mr. Filewood.

A large and valuable Collection of Sketches, &c. by the late Mr. Romney, presented by his son.

A Drawing of an Equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius, by the late Lord Fitzwilliam, when a youth, presented by Mr. Cookson.

An exquisite Drawing of Flowers, presented by Mrs. Meen.

Several valuable Books, presented by Dr. Wallis and Mr. Millett.

And a splendid edition of Ossian's Poems, in Gaelic, presented by the Highland Society of London.

The liberal, and indeed munificent present of Mr. Romney, of the studies of his father, we notice with much pleasure, and hope it will attract the attention of our distinguished artists, and induce many of them to follow his example, for we do not know where they can with so much honour, safety, and effect, place the finer specimens of their art, and of their studies, than in the Fitzwilliam Museum; which, from the nature of its establishment—its funds—and the character of the learned and distinguished individuals to whom its management is entrusted, will, we doubt not, at no distant period, become one of the most celebrated collections in Europe.

There are one archbishop and five bishops now living who were members of S. John's College.

Birth.] At Knoesworth House, lady Jane Pym, of a son.

Married.] The Rev. Henry Fardell, prebendary of Ely, to Eliza Sparke, eldest daughter of the Lord Bishop of Ely—Mr. Henry Court, to Mary, only daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Gibson, Cambridge.

Died.] After a short illness, J. H. Legard, esq. student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

CHESHIRE.

Annual statement of the Births, Marriages, and

Deaths, within the different parishes in the City of Chester, during the year 1819:—

	B.	M.	D.
Cathedral Precincts . .	0	0	8
St. Oswald's	89	141	123
St. John's	245	136	162
St. Mary's	120	104	95
St. Peter's	27	24	8
St. Michael's	20	7	11
St. Bridget's	15	3	5
St. Martin's	12	35	23
St. Olave's	20	2	3
Holy Trinity	88	19	69
Grand Total . . .	636	471	507

Birth.] At his seat, Marbury Hall, the lady of John Smith Barry, esq. High Sheriff of this County, of a son.

Married.] At Chester, John Bushby Gibson, of Penrith, esq. to Grace Handfield, eldest daughter of Edw. Ommanney Wrench, esq. of Grey Friars, Chester—The Rev. Edw. Royds, rector of Brereton, to Mary, second daughter of Thos. Molyneux, of Newsham House, Lancashire, esq.—At St. John's Church, Mr. Charles Billington, of Chester, to Miss E. Billington, of Chester—At Neston, Mr. T. W. Walker, of Parkgate, to Miss Briscoe, of the former place.

Died.] In Abbey-street, Chester, suddenly, Edward Mainwaring, esq.—At Stockport, suddenly, Mr. John Alderoft, 74—Mr. John Bowers, 55—At Charlton, near Nantwich, Mr. G. Garnett, 80—At Rotherne, Mary, wife of Mr. John Shuttleworth, 87—Lately, at Chacewater, Elizabeth, the daughter of Joseph Ralph. Though she had reached her 21st year, her height was only two feet ten inches; she was not at all deformed, but rather well proportioned. During her life she was never known to laugh or cry, or utter any sound whatever, though it was evident she both saw and heard; her weight never exceeded twenty pounds—At Over Tably, near Knutsford, in the 25th year of her age, after a short, but severe illness, Maria, the wife of Mr. John Gleave, yeoman—In the 52d year of his age, Edward Downes, of Shrigley, esq. member and graduate of the University of Oxford, one of the magistrates for this county, and the last male branch of one of its most ancient families. Of the active beneficence which eminently distinguished his life,—of his zeal to promote the honour of God and the interests of true Religion,—of his devoted attachment to the venerable establishments of his Country, both in Church and State, many will be ready to bear ample testimony—At Bolesworth Castle, Thomas Tulton, esq. 67—At Cateclough, 79, Catherine, wife of the Rev. Edmund Lolly, A. M. vicar of Whitegate, in this county, a lady beloved and respected by all her acquaintance as a pattern of religious and moral excellance, as the best of wives, of parents, and of friends, and as a sympathizing and liberal benefactress to the poor.

CORNWALL.

The Rev. Mr. Precentor Bartlam has instituted the rev. Thomas Fisher, M. A, to the rectory of Roche, vacant by the death of the rev. Richard Tredethwaite, and on the presentation of the major part of the trustees under the will of the late John Thornton of Clapham, Surrey, esq. The rev. Mr. Ley, A. M. chaplain to the earl of Mount Edgcumbe, has been presented to the living of Landrake.

Births.] At Ivy Church house, the lady of Wm. Pitt Knight of Menabilly, esq. of a son—At Collonton, near Lestwethel, the lady of George B. Lawrence, esq. of a daughter.

Died.] At Helston, at the advanced age of 93, John Tremayne, esq—At his house in Tywardreath, the rev. Wymond Cory, vicar of Landrake and Tywardreath, generally regretted by his friends, and by the poor, to whom he was a cheerful benefactor—At Penzance, Theodosia Mary, wife of Samuel Crawley of Stockwood, Bedfordshire, M. P. for Honiton—At Ruan Laughorne, Miss Luke, sister of the admiral Luke, of Tregolls.

CUMBERLAND.

Births.] At Allonby, Mrs. Lomas, wife of Dr. W. Lomas of a daughter.

Married.] John Bushley Gibson, esq. of Penrith to Grace Handfield, eldest daughter of Edward Ommanney Wrench, esq. of Grey Friars, Chester—Mr. Robert Henderson, of Lowthian Gill, to Miss Lancaster, formerly of Great Strickland, Westmoreland—At Annan, Mr. Amos Hayton to Miss Nancy Skelton, both of Skirburness—Robert Greenwood of Kendal, esq. to Anne, daughter of John Turner, esq. of London—At Maxwelltown, Mr. Wm. Watson, surgeon to Miss Mary Bramwell, both of Wanlockhead.

Died.] At Whitehaven, Sarah Scott, 100 years—about two years since, her husband died at the age of 105—In Cross-street, J. Fisher, M.D. 78, he was rector of Drax, and perpetual curate of Carleton, in Yorkshire, graduate of the university of Leyden, honorary fellow of the physical society in Edinburgh, and author of the review of Dr. Priestly's doctrine of "Philosophical Necessity," and of "The Practice of Medicine made easy."—At Houghton-hall, Ann Eliza, third daughter of Geo. Ferguson, esq—At Uncrigg-hall, Lewis Robert Allen, esq. 75, a bright example of pious resignation during a long and painful illness—At Brampton, 32, Mr. Dobson, an occasional preacher in the independent congregation in that town.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Derby, John Howard Galton, of Birmingham, esq. to Isabella, eldest daughter of Joseph Stratt, of Derby, esq—Mr. David Cook, of Hathersage, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Robert Greaves, of Macclesfield—At Stavely, Richard Frogatt of the Hogg, esq. to Mrs. Daintry, widow of the late Charles Daintry of Darlastone-green, Staffordshire, esq.

Died.] At Calke Abby, Henerietta Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Sir H. Creese, bart.—At her father's house at Thurvaston, after a few days illness, Anne wife of Thomas Potter of Swancer, Notts. in her 27th year. She was an exemplary christian, and her loss will be deeply lamented by a numerous circle of friends, and by the poor of her neighbourhood.

DEVONSHIRE.

Very great improvements are making in the turnpike roads to and from Plymouth. Almost a new line has been for some time cutting to Tavistock, so as to avoid the high hills. The plan for altering the line of road from Exeter is in a state of forwardness.

The new Custom House at Plymouth opened on the 8th ult. This building, while its structure does credit to the contractors, is an honour to the town. The long-room, for public business, is a handsome and spacious apartment; and the respective offices are well adapted for the accomodation and comfort of their occupants.

Births.] At the Manor-house, Exmouth, the lady of J. Sweetland, esq. late commissary to his Majes-

ty's forces, Gibraltar, of a son—The lady of George Welsh Owen, esq. of Tiverton, of a daughter.

Married.] At the Hague, Lt. Cl. Sir James Boupell Colleton, bart. to Septima Sexta Colleton, daughter of rear admiral Richard Graves, of Hembury fort—At Illogan, G. A. Pryce, esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Wm. Reynolds, esq. of Trevenson—The Rev. Samuel Kilpin, Dissenting minister of Exeter, to Miss Hodge of Axminster—At Honiton, Capt. Gilbert Conroy to Miss Templar—At Heavitree near Exeter, Capt. Woolcombe, R. N. to Eliza, widow of the late Capt. Bulley, R. N.

Died.] At Exeter, in her 77th year, Mary Dowager Countess of Rothes, relict of the late Bennet Langton, esq. of Langton in Lincoln. She was daughter of Mary, countess of Haddington by her first husband—Lloyd, esq. and mother of the late George Langton of Langton-hall, esq. and of Peregrine Massingberd, of Gunby-park, near Spilsby, esq—At Exeter, in his 60th year, Wm. Kennaway, esq.—By his extensive literary research, and correct memory, his chearful intelligence and peculiarly amiable and conciliating manners, he had warmly attached to him a large circle of friends. In his religion he was neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; blessed with a superior mind, he deemed its noblest exercise to be the study of his Creator's will, and he displayed by the goodness of his actions through life, and by his remarkably cheerful resignation in death, with how much care he made that will his.—In Exeter, 84, Capt. James Hudson, of the royal invalids, formerly of Newmarket, Co. Cork, Ireland. He was 63 years a commissioned officer, and served in many engagements in the four quarters of the globe; among others at Belleisle in 1761; at Martinico 1762; at New York 1770, where he was severely wounded; and at Bunkers Hill in 1775—In George-street Terrace, Plymouth, Mrs. Fuge, wife of J. H. Fuge, esq—At Torpoint, John Ancell, esq. 68, late timber master to his Majesty's yard, Plymouth—At Poll-house, Idle, near Exeter, in her 75th year, Mrs. Holmes, widow of the late Joseph Holmes, esq—At the parsonage-house Lympstone, of apoplexy, the rev. John Prestwood Gidoin, rector—At Tiverton, William Gamerins, 102. He reaped several sheaves of corn in a field belonging to George Barne, esq. when in his 100 year!

DORSETSHIRE.

At a quarterly meeting of the trustees and managers of the Dorchester Bank for Savings, held at the Town-hall, in Dorchester, on the 8th ult. it appeared the deposits amounted to 9376l. 13s 5d. and that the various sums withdrawn amounted to 1384l. 8s. 8d.

The Rev. Thos. Dade, M. A. one of the senior fellows of Gonville and Caius College, has been presented by the masters and fellows of that society, to the rectory of Bincomb, with Broadway, both in this county.

Married]—At Bridport, Mr. James Edwards, to Miss Fanny Saunders.—George Balstone, esq. of Berwick-house, to Mrs Gummer.—At Itchen Abbas, W. Wynne, esq. of London, to Harriet, daughter of Rev. Robert Wright, rector of that place.—At Sherborne, Wm. Slade to Miss Walcott.

Died]—At Weymouth, Mr. H. Marden, 82.—At Knighton, Mr. W. Richard Hayes.—At Blandford, Mary Anne, daughter of W. C. Higwood, M. D.—In the Close, Blandford, Anne, widow of the late Edmund Morton Pleydell, Esq. of Milbourn, St. Andrew, 86.—At Stinsford, the Rev. W. Floyer.

DURHAM.

Bills of Mortality, 1819, for the parishes of Sunderland, Bishopwearmouth, and Monkwearmouth. Sunderland—565 baptisms, increase 61; 150 marriages, decrease 14; 451 burials, decrease 82. Bishopwearmouth—291 baptisms, increase 58; 138 marriages, increase 16; 192 burials, decrease 50. Monkwearmouth—232 baptisms, increase 17; 82 marriages, decrease 1; 129 burials, decrease 27.

At Pettington Halgarth, Mr. James Shipley, to Miss Mabel Stewart, both of Shadforth.—At Stockton, Mr. James Keeman, to Miss Jane Swinburn, both of Norton.—In Durham, Robert Waugh, esq. alderman, to Jane, only daughter of Henry Donkin, esq.;—Same place,—Lieut. T.H.Kirkley, rifle brigade, to Jane, widow of the late Capt. Hill, 44th reg.

Died.] At Barnard Castle, Mrs.G. Blakelock, 73. At Sunderland, Mr. W. Lilburn, 81.—Mrs. Catherine Clarke, 107, she was spinning on the preceding day, an amusement to which she was partial.—At Chilton, Robert Roan, 105.—At Hylton Ferry, Mrs. Talbot, 104.—At Wallend, Mrs. Mary Kentish, 105.

ESSEX.

Births.] At Woodford, the lady of the Rev. H. W. Rous Birch, of a son.

Married.] The Rev. C. J. Blomfield, rector of Chesterford, to Dorothy, widow of the late Thos. Kent, esq.—James Anderson, esq. of Montreil to Mrs. Hewson of Havering-atle-Bower.

Died.] At Forest Lodge, Eleanor Bosanquet, relict of the late Samuel Bosanquet, of Forest-house, in this county, esq.—At Writtle Lodge, Rear Adm. John Faithful Fortescue, 64.—At Great Oakley Hall, Sarah, wife of Ralph Bull, esq 73.—At Chelmsford, Mrs. Catherine Paine, 81.—Eliz. wife of Thomas Gower, esq. of Wethersfield Hall.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The Rev. W. E. Mansel, B. A. vicar of Sandhurst, is presented by the Bishop of Bristol, to the adjoining vicarage of Ashelworth, both in this county.

Births.] At Stancombe, the lady of Purnell Bransby Purnell, esq. of a son.—At Prinknash Park, near Gloucester, the lady of Thomas Jones Howell, esq. of a son.

Marriages] The Rev. T. Coles, of Thornbury, to Sarah, only child of Robert Young, of Devonshire Place near Bath, esq.—At Gloucester, Mr. John Jones, of Westgate-street, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Edmund Stock, esq.—J. G. Hitchcock of Eascott House, to Miss Eleanor Holt, of Grosvenor Place, Bath.—At Bibury, the Rev. John Elliott, of Randwich, Gloucester, to Martha, third daughter of the late Richard Wells, of Ascott Priory, Oxfordshire, esq.—At Sherborne House, Cheltenham, Capt. Forrest, R. N. to Miss Stonor, niece to George Cary, Esq. of Tor Abbey, Devon.

Died.] At Stanley Hall, Sarah, wife of Thos. Garlick, esq.—At Wootton, near Gloucester, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Woodcock, esq. 67.—Miss Richards of Pike Corner, in this county.—At Edgeworth, 68, the Rev. Anthony Fuston, rector of Edgeworth, perpetual curate of Needham, Norfolk, and rural dean of the deanery of Stonehouse in this county.—At Abson, Mr. Josh. Perry, a respectable farmer, 71.—At Cheltenham, Juliette, wife of Alexander Fothringham, esq. master of the ceremonies.—At Uley, the Rev. Robert

Brey, pastor of the independant church, in that village.—At Chalford, 70, the Rev. T. Jones, who had been for 38 years the minister of the independant chapel of that place.—At Downend, Margaret, wife of the Rev. Jonas Jagger, 43.

HAMPSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. Mott, of Earlston-house, Burghclere, to Miss Nichols of Holywell-mills, Oxford.—At Winchester, Henry Giles Lyford, esq. to Mrs. Calclough, widow of major Geo. Calclough, late of the 33rd regt.—At Andover, Mr. Berry, to Miss Fortlock.—Sir James Stewart, bart. to Miss Woodcock, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Woodcock, of Mitchelmash near Romsey.

Died.] The Rev. James Austin, rector of Stephenton, and vicar of Sherbourne St. John, both in this county: vicar of Cubbington; perpetual curate of Honningham, Warwick, and retired chaplain to the 86th regt. of foot, 54.—At Mitcheldever, Thomas Pain, esq. 39.—At Paunfoot Hill, near Romsey, Mr. Moses Boorne.—At Andover, Mr. Robt. Godden, it the 81st year of his age: he was clerk of that parish 56 years, and during that period had faithfully served 5 archdeacons, 7 vicars and 12 curates. His diligent attention to the duties of his office, and his well known honest disposition, gained him the respect of all who knew him. His father and three sons served the above office nearly a century.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. Henry Morgan, late of Miskin, Glamorganshire, has been presented to the vicarage of Brixsop, near Hereford, by the bishop of that Diocese.

Married.] At Cradley, Mr. John Whoods, of Great Camberton, near Pershore, to Miss Thomas of the upper Nupend, Cradley.

Died.] In Hereford, W. Holmes, esq. senior alderman of that city, govenor of Price's Hospital, and for many years, an useful and attentive magistrate. He bequeathed 100*l.* to the Hereford Infirmary. At his seat, Springfield, near Ross, Imm Trusted, one of the society of friends, 74.—In Castle Street, Hereford, Mrs. Jane Berrington, youngest daughter of the late J. Berrington, esq. of Winsley. 68.—Mary, third daughter of the Rev. Thomas Lewis, of Bosbury.—Suddenly at Leominster, in her 49th year, Mrs. Smith.—At Newton hill House, near Leominster, Mr. Henry Briscoe. 55.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. J. W. Niblock, curate of Hitchin, is appointed to the mastership of the free school in that town.

Births.] At Henley Parsonage, Mrs. Newcome, of a daughter.—The Lady of Adolphus Meetkerke, esq. of Julians, in this county, of a son-and-heir.

Married.] Thomas Robert Dimsdale, esq. of Hereford, to Lucinda, eldest daughter of Henry Manning, of Sidmouth, Devon. esq.—At Rickmansworth, L. G. Brown esq. to Catherine, Eliz. eldest daughter of Brian Hodgson, esq. of Clacton, Essex.

Died.] At Lawrence-End, the Rev. John Hawkins, A. M. rector of Barton-le-Cley, in Bedfordshire, 80.—The Rev D. Bingham, D. D, 76, vicar of great Gaddestone and Hemel Hempstead, chaplain to the king, and late archdeacon of London.—Mrs. Griffiths, relict of the Rev. John Griffiths, late of Hitchin, 80.—At Hertford, Mrs. Dimsdale, relict of the late John Dimsdale, esq. 71.—At Ware, after a long and painful illness, Arthur Cuthbert Beaumont, esq. late Capt. in the 44th regt. of foot. 34.—At Buckland, Wm. Antony Michele, only son of the Rev. J. H. Michele, rector of Buckland. 13.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married.] At Kimbolton, the Rev. W. D Ridley, to Maria, daughter of Robert Tidswell, esq. formerly of Oporto.

Died.] At Kimbolton, Mrs. Bunting, 87.—At Huntingdon, 80, Mrs. Torkington.—At the great age of 105, John Edwards, a pauper in the workhouse of St. Ives.

KENT.

Births.] At Canterbury, the lady of Lieut. Col. Stevens, of a son.—At Archcliff Fort, Dover, the lady of Col. Ford, of a daughter.—At Canterbury, the lady of J. J. Peirce, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Canterbury, Thomas D'Oyley, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Simmons.—At Canterbury, the Rev. Thomas Stephen Hodges, to Julia, third daughter of the late Wm. Boteler, esq. of Eastry.—At Maidstone, Capt. Clements, R. N. to Miss Gibbons of Maidstone.—At Margate, Mr. Kennet, to Miss E. Goldfinch, of Canterbury.

Died.] At Ashford, Mrs. Dodd, 84.—At Tunbridge Wells, his Grace Useby Cleaver, Archbishop of Dublin. He was a native of Yorkshire and was patronised by the Grenville family.—Charlotte Catherine, wife of Capt. James Watker, R. N. and daughter of the late Genl. Sir John Irving. K. B. 45.—At Faversham, Julius Shepherd, esq. 87.—At Canterbury, the Rev. John Radcliff, vicar of Littlebourn, and one of the minor canons of that Cathedral.—At Maidstone, Mrs. C. Topping. 62.—At Ramsgate, Capt. Kemp, R. N.—At Deal, Mr. Edward Whiting.—At Canterbury, Mrs. Bishop, 82.

LANCASHIRE.

Births.] At Wilton-house, the lady of Joseph Fielding, esq. of a daughter—At Eton lodge near Liverpool, the lady of Joseph Walker, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Preston, William Marshall, of Ardwicke, esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas Miller of Preston, esq.—At Bolton, Dr. Norris of Liverpool, to Eliza, daughter of John Pilkington, esq. of the former place—At Lower Darwen, near Blackburn, at the patriarchal age of 102 years, Mrs. Barbara Pomfret. She was grandmother and great-grandmother to nearly 300 children—At Walton-church, near Liverpool, the rev. Edward Royds, rector of Brereton in Cheshire, to Mary, second daughter of Thomas Molyneux, esq. of Newsham-house.

Died.] At Liverpool, Anthony Littledale, esq. 43—At Selford, Mr. Margaret Collins, 57—Mrs. George Robinson of the Crescent—John Coupe, of Broughton, esq. 75. He had for thirty-two years been the upright steward of the Clowes family of Broughton, but had lately retired from his situation, influenced by the pressure of advanced years and declining health—At Ardwick, Mrs. Hyde, relict of the late Robert Hyde, esq.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The Rev. J. Davies, B. A. of Clare-hall, has been collated to the living of Evington, by the Bishop of Lincoln, vacated by the death of the Rev. Mr. Allinson.

Births.] At Barkley hall, the lady of George Pochin, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Oadby, Daniel Gossett, esq. of Leiceston, to Mary Anne, second daughter of the late John Jackson, esq. of the former place.

Died.] At Calthorpe Rectory, the rev. Samuel Purefoy Harper, rector of that place, sincerely lamented by all who knew him—The rev. W. Babington, rector of Cossington.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Rev. George Moore late of Pembroke-hall Cambridge, is preferred to the perpetual curacies of St. Peter and St. Margaret, Lincoln, on the nomination of Mrs. Houblon Newton.

Birth.] At Orton-house, the lady of Capt. Dixie, R. N. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Lincoln, Sir Richard Sutton, bart. to Mary Eliz. eldest daughter of the late Benjamin Burton of Burton hall, Co. Carlow.—At Langar, near Bingham, Mr. Isaac Hall, to Miss Sarah Howe—At Syston Park, the seat of Sir John H. Thorold, bart—John Litchford, esq. of Boothby Pagnell, in this county, to Louisa Elizabeth, youngest sister of Sir Charles Egleton Kent, bart. of little Ponton-house.

Died.] At Lincoln, Mr. Rudeyard, merchant—At Duddington, Richard Stevens, gent. after a long and severe illness, 63—At his seat at Harmston, near Lincoln, upwards of 70, Samuel Thorold, esq. His death was in consequence of injuries received the preceding day by being overturned in his carriage—At Louth, in the 38th year of his age, most sincerely lamented by his family and friends, by whom he had been as sincerely and deservedly beloved and esteemed during life, the rev. Thomas Henry Cave Orme, only son of the rev. Dr. Orme, and vicar of South Scarle, Notts. The sudden and awful death of this truly worthy man (occasioned by the *angina pectoris*), who had been so faithful and exemplary in the discharge of the relative duties of a good husband, a kind father, and an orthodox clergyman, has excited a general feeling of regret, and at the same time holds out a solemn warning to all, to be so prepared—Lately, in London, 76, Joshua Peart Scrope, esq. formerly of Long Sutton, in this county, where he resided for many years on his patrimony. He married, 15th of April, 1771, the only daughter of Thomas Vivian, esq. (some time recorder of Lincoln,) by Mary, widow of Francis Scot Earl of Deloraine, and daughter of Gervase Scrope, esq. late of Cockerington, in this county. She was last in lineal descent from lord Scrope of Bolton, and died issueless in 1795. On the death of Thomas Scrope, esq. of Celby, 1792, the last heir male of his family, Mr. Scrope (then Mr. Peart), in right of his wife, assumed the surname and arms of Scrope, by royal sign manual. He married, secondly, Ann, widow of F. W. T. Bridges, of Tyberton Court, in the county of Hereford, esq. who survives him, and by whom he had no issue.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. William Dyke, of Monmouth, to Harriet, second daughter of Mr. John Wensley, of Worcester.

Died.] In Monmouth, William Partridge, esq.—Mr. Thomas Preece—Mr. Thomas Andrews, land surveyor.

NORFOLK.

Births.] At Hillington-hall, the lady of William Browne Folkes, esq. of a son—At Clay-hall, Swaffham, the lady of Theophilus Russell Buckworth, esq. of a daughter—At Norwich, Mr. Edmund Woodhouse, of a daughter.

Married.] In Norwich, B. Leman, esq. to Mrs. A. Smith—James Thomas Wayler, esq. of Thetford to Miss Harriet Austin of Norwich—Mr. John Absolon, R. N. to Marianne Parker Jones, both of Yarmouth—At Dereham, the Rev. Richard Fairbrother to Miss Wigg—At Hingham, Thomas Moxon, jun. esq. of Mincing-lane, London, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the Rev. J. H. Browne, rector of Crownthorpe, and master of Hingham free grammar school—Mr. William Borrett of Yarmouth, to Miss Gunton, daughter of the late Capt. Gunton.

Died.] Mrs. Sarah Blofield, widow of the late John Blofield, esq. of Hoveton-hall, in this county, 85—Robert Harvey of Catton, esq. alderman of Norwich, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county.—He served the offices of sheriff and mayor in the year 1784 and 1787. His family, relatives, and friends most sincerely and affectionately regret the loss which they have sustained; to them all he was most justly endeared by his attachment, kindness, and liberality through life, and by them he will be long and deservedly remembered with gratitude, esteem, and veneration—At his house, Elm-hill, in his 83rd year, John Freshfield, gent. who by his characteristic integrity through life, lived justly respected, and died truly lamented—At St. Catherine's hill, Norwich, in the 26th year of his age, Randall Proctor Burroughes, esq. A. M. Fellow of Emmanuel-college, Cambridge, the only son of the late Randall Burroughes, esq. of Burfield-hall, in this county. The amiable disposition and engaging manners of this young man, combined with his talent and soundness of judgment, raised an expectation in the minds of those with whom he was connected, or to whom he was known, that he would have become a most useful member of society, as well as one of its brightest ornaments. His premature death has blasted this fair prospect, and it remains for those who most deeply lament his loss, to bend with pious resignation to the will of a just and all merciful God.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Birth.] At Rushton Hall, the lady of Thomas P. Maunsell, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Desborough, Mr. Edward Dainty, of Kethering, to Ann, only daughter of the Rev. Wm. Brotherhood, of the former place—At Higham Ferrars, Mr. Robinson, solicitor, of Wellingborough, to Sophia, only daughter of the late Mr. Elstow, of Irthlingborough.

Died.] In London, S. O. Taylor, esq. formerly of Irthlingborough, 77—At Gelvertoft, 84, Dorothy, widow of the late Rev. Thos. Strange, many years Dissenting Minister at Kilsby. Her truly amiable spirit, unaffected piety, exemplary conduct and Christian benevolence, conciliated the respect of all who knew her—At Brighton, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. Charles Peoby, rector of Stanwick—At Daventry, John Smith, esq. 66—Mr. Edward Blaby, architect, builder, and surveyor. He was the sole conductor, in all its parts, of Banbury Church, in Oxfordshire, from its foundation to its completion—In London, the Right Hon. Lady Ann Fitzwilliam, sister to Earl Fitzwilliam—At Earl's Barton, Mrs. Stanyan, 81—At Wellingborough, Mrs. Elizabeth Hardwick, 73.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bills of Mortality for Newcastle, Gateshead, &c. 1819:—

St. Nicholas. Baptisms, Males 62, Females 84, 146—Burials, Males 39, Females 38, 77—Marriages 49.

All Saints. Baptisms, Males 298, Females 294, 592, increase 24—Burials, Males 48, Females 44, 92, decrease 17—Marriages 195, decrease 9.

St. John's. Baptisms, Males 115, Females 100, 215—Burials, Males 87, Females 82, 169—Marriages 127.

St. Andrew's. Baptisms, Males 104, Females 97, 201—Burials, Males 76, Females 71, 147—Marriages, 47.

Ballast Hills. Burials, Males 294, Females 310, 610.

St. Mary's Gateshead. Baptisms, Males 210, Females 177, 387—Burials, Males 149, Females 134, 283—Marriages 66.

Total. Baptisms 1154, decrease 147—Marriages 484, decrease 29—Burials 1095, decrease 199.

North Shields. Baptisms, Males 302, decrease 3. Females 267, decrease 34, total 569—Burials, Males 227, decrease 8, Females 233, decrease 21, total 460—Marriage, 162, increase 37.

Birth.] Mrs. Richard Brown, of Walker-place, North Shields, of a son.

Married.] At Gosport, Mr. Anthony Hall, to Miss Frushard, both of Newcastle—At North Shields, Mr. John Mould, to Miss E. G. Bennett.

Died.] At Newcastle. Mr. Ralph Davidson, of the Postern, 73—Mr. Thomas Ayre, many years keeper of the Castle, at Newcastle, 66. He was present at the siege of Quebec, and was one of the men at the gun from which the celebrated rebel, General Montgomery, received his death wound—Mrs. Ann Cockburn, 75—At North Shields, Mr. Timothy Pollock, 76—At Broom-hill, near Alnwick, Mr. Wm. Telford, 31—At Midridge, aged 85, Stephen Horsley—near the same place, 95, George Mawson—At Litz Ford, 93, Elizabeth Marshall—At Little Syon House, the seat of the Duchess Dowager of Northumberland, Lady Elizabeth Percy—The Rev. G. Metcalfe, nearly forty years curate of Hart—Mr. Watson of the Low Bridge, 65.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Births.] At Taxford, the wife of the Rev. John Mason, of a daughter—At Southwell, the wife of E. R. Falkner, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Nottingham, Mr. John Ingus, to Miss Mary Lamb—Mr. Wm. Bradbury, to Miss Mary Coulston—At Thorpe, near Newark, Mr. Harrison, of Thorney, to Sarah, second daughter of John James, esq. of Thorpe.

Died.] At Skegby Hall, 79, Ann, relict of the late John Lindley, esq. one of the justices for the county of Nottingham—At Colston Bassett, Mrs. Crabtree—Mr. Wm. Cannor, of Malin Hill, 58—At Claypole, near Newick, Mr. Robert Bellamy, 81—At Farnsfield, Mrs. Mary Swan, 58.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. T. G. Tyndale, M. A. vicar of Woodburn, Bucks, has been presented by E. Briscoe, esq. of Holton Park, to the rectory of Holton.

Births.] At Woodcott House, the lady of Thomas Fraser, esq. of a daughter, still born—At Stoke Vicarage, the lady of Capt. Raymond, of a son.

Married.] Mr. Robert Cox, of Dorchester, to Miss Sarah Parsons, of Aston Tirold, Berks—At Worton, the Rev. John Davis, A. M. rector of St. Clements, Worcester, to Selina, second daughter of William Wilson, of Worton House, esq.—Lieut. Col. Marsack, of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Chas. Marsack, of Caversham Park, esq. to Jane, widow, of Richard Latiward, esq. of Ealing Grove.

Died.] Mr. Wm. Showell, many years porter at Canterbury-gate, Christ Church College, and who had acquired considerable property by showing the library in that College to strangers visiting Oxford—Mary Ann, second daughter of the Rev. J. Parsons, of St. Alban Hall, 15, after sufferings of nearly ten months duration—At Chipping Norton, Mr. Edward Matthews, solicitor—At Westwood Cottage, Tilehurst, Mrs. Oliver—At Nuneham Courtenay, Mrs. Dorothy Pittson, 92—and at Nuneham Lock Cottage, Mrs. Hester Baston, 91—At Oxford, Mr. John Tubb, 70—Agnes, wife of Mr. H. S Hopwood, Minister in the Wesleyan connexion, late of Hull—The Rev. John Markland, M. A. late of Bicester, and eldest son of Robert Markland, esq. of Mabfield, near Manchester, 40—Mr. Daniel A'Bear, youngest son of Mr John Burton A'Bear, of Shiplake Court Farm, near Henley, 32.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. John Pridmore, of South Luffenham, to Miss Bullock, of Yarwell, Northamptonshire.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] R. H. Gwyn, of Broseley, esq. to Marianna, only daughter of the late T. Vaughan, of the Versons, Herefordshire—At Dorrington, Mr. Thomas Burns, to Miss Elizabeth Robinson—At Shiffnal, Mr. Philip Cope, of Bridgnorth, to Miss Hannah Wright, of Hatton Grange—Mr. Webster, of Walton, near High Ercall, to Miss Briscoe, of Berwick.

Died.] In the Lower Town, Bridgenorth, John Sing, esq. a gentleman highly esteemed for his integrity and social virtues—At Wellington, Mr. Thos. Reynolds, a prominent character in the history of the Irish Rebellion, 58—Thomas Price Lyster, esq. R. N. youngest son of the late Richard Lyster, of Rowton Castle—At Eaton Vicarage, after a painful and severe illness, the Rev. R. Fleming, many years the faithful pastor of that and the neighbouring parish of Easthope—At Whitehall, Broseley, John Opious, esq. ironmaster, 78—At Ludlow, Wm. Moythan, esq.—Miss Elizabeth Duckett, of Weston Rhynn, near Oswestry, 18—Mrs. Cusset Pelham, widow of the late Henry Cusset Pelham, of Cound.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Rev. Mr. Clarke, Fellow of Winchester College, is instituted to the vicarage of Rudstow—The Rev. J. P. Mules, of Ilton, is instituted by the dean and chapter of Bristol to the vicarage of Isle Abbotts, void by the death of the Rev. John Fewtrill.

Births.] The lady of G. T. Gollop, of Hendford House, near Yeovil, of a daughter—At Stiles Hill, near Frome, the lady of W. H. Shepherd, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] Edward England Browne, of Highbrook's Hall, esq. to Miss Ann Vigor, of Long Sutton—The Rev. W. Sharpe, M. A. chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Lucy Ann, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Edmund Gapper, M. A. rector of Keinton Mandsfield.

Died.] The Rev. James Drought, D. D. 82—At Bath, Philip Hayward, esq. of Breach Hill, near Bristol, 79—In New King-street, Mrs. Wauchope, widow of the late Captain Wauchope—Vice Admiral Fayerman, 65—At her house, Queen's Parade, Mrs. Holroyd, only surviving sister of the Earl of Sheffield—The Rev. William Munton, rector of Priston and Dunkerton, near Bath—At Bristol, Mrs. Day, wife of the Rev. Wm. Day, rector of St. Philips—At the Hotwells, Robert Lowndes, esq. 86, formerly of Lea Hall, in Cheshire, and of Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, but late of Bath.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Birth.] At Shenstone Park, the lady of E. Grove, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] In London, Robert Bill, esq. barrister at law, eldest son of John Bill, esq. of Farley Hall, to Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Philip Dauncey, esq.

Died.] At his seat at Packington, Thomas Levett, esq —At Darlaston, Ann, wife of Mr. Leigh Coleman, 32.

SUFFOLK.

Births.] At Naples, the lady of Thomas Burch Western, of Juddingstone-place, of a daughter—At Rougham, Mrs. T. Henry Elwin, of a son—At Worlingworth, the lady of the Rev. Edward Batlee, of a son.

Married.] Edward France, esq. to Mary, third daughter of the Rev. J. Gibbs—In London, Lieut. R. W. Sims, to Miss Newman, daughter of the late Rev. J. Newman, of Sudbury.

Died.] At Milden Hall, Emily Georgina, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury, bart.—At his lordship's seat, Emily, wife of the Right Hon. Lord Henniker.

SURREY.

Birth.] At Thames Ditton, the lady of Sir C. Sullivan, bart. of a son.

Married.] At Aldborough, Thomas Haydon, esq. of Guildford, to Miss Dodsworth, eldest daughter of the late John Dodsworth, of Carlton—The Rev. C. T. Heathcote, D. D. of Mitcham, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late T. Trower, esq. of Clapton.

Died.] At Tilbuster Lodge, near Godstone, Joanna, daughter of A. Mackleay, esq.

SUSSEX.

Died.] At Brighton, the Rev. Frederick Hamilton, 62—At Fittleworth Parsonage, 57, the wife of the Rev. J. Asbridge—Samuel Jeffries, esq. of Pixton House, East Grinstead.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Married.] At Coventry, the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Eden, third son of Lord Henley, to Anne Maria, widow of the late Lord Gray De Ruthin.

Died.] At Whitley, near Coventry, Caroline, daughter of the late Richard Berry, of Coventry, esq.

WESTMORELAND.

Died.] At Lowther, Robert Lumb, 33, principal agent to the Earl of Lonsdale.

WILTSHIRE.

Births.] At Styles-hill, the lady of W. H. Sheppard, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Malmsbury, Mr. Wm. Parvy to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Timbrell—At Bath, the Rev. David Williams of Avebury to Marianne, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. Bartlett, vicar of Newark, Notts.

Died.] At Bishopstrow, in the 51th year of his age, the Rev. William Williams, M. A. formerly fellow of Oriel college, Oxford, and 25 years rector of this parish—At Marlborough, in her 98th year, Mrs. Church, who retained her faculties to the last.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Birth.] At Great Malvern, the lady of Edwin T. Caulfield, esq. of a son.

Married.] William Hall of Worcester, esq. to Charlotte, second daughter of R. H. Gedge of Sloane-street, Chelsea, esq.—At Worcester, the Rev. John Cawood, A. M. perpetual curate of Bewdley, to Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. David Davies, vicar of Mamble.

Died.] At Worcester, at the advanced age of 83, Mrs. Lavie, mother of Capt. Thomas Lavie, K. C. B.—Of the same age, Mrs. Dukesell, a member of the Society of Friends.

YORKSHIRE.

Births.] On the 24th ult. the lady of John Swire, esq. of Cononley house, and Hartwith, of a son and heir—On the 22nd ult. at Mithley-park, Viscountess Pollington, of a son.

Married.] At Mirfield, Jonas Brook, esq. of Meltham-mills, to Miss Wilson of Mirfield—At Leeds, Joseph Henry, eldest son of Francis Ridsdale, esq. of Winsley, near Ripley, to Lucy, daughter of David Rimington, of Leeds.

Died.] At Skipton, John Baines, esq.—At Askam, near York, 76, William Carr, esq.

WALES.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn deservedly obtained the gold medal from the Society of Arts for having planted, within the last five years, on the mountainous lands in the vicinity of Llangollen, situated from 1,200 to 1,400 feet above the level of the sea, 80,000 oaks, 63,000 Spanish chesnuts, 102,000 spruce firs, 110,000 Scotch firs, 90,000 larches, 30,000 wych elms, 35,000 mountain elms, 80,000 ash; and 40,000 sycamores, all of which are at this time in a healthy and thriving condition.

Births.] At Powis Castle, Montgomeryshire, lady Louisa Clive, of a daughter.

Married.] At Caernarvon, J. Price, esq. solicitor, to Mrs. Hughes, widow of the late H. Hughes of Penmynydd, esq.

Died.] In Bangor, 70, Mr. Joseph Parvy of the consistory court for the diocese of Bangor—At Wrexham, Mrs. Browne, wife of Richard Browne, esq. solicitor.

SCOTLAND.

Births.] At Sterling, Mrs. W. Galbraith, of a daughter—At the Crescent, Perth, Mrs. G. Seton, of a daughter—In Northumberland-street, Mrs. Farrier, of a daughter—At Kelso Manse, Mrs. Lundie, of a son.

Married.] At Drumderfit, James Cameron, esq. to Miss Barbara Loggan—At Garmouth, Lieut. James Geddes, 42nd foot, to Mary, youngest daughter of Wm. Tod, esq.

Died.] At Leckmelm, Ross-shire, Mr. Donald Mackenzie, 88—At Woodlands, Mrs. Janet Mackenzie, third daughter of the late Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Gairloch.

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His Majesty

GEORGE THE THIRD.

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